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THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1892.

SOT BACK.

BY LYNN C. D'OYLE.

PART I.

I.

A BROAD shallow lagoon in Minnesota, many square miles in area, half lagoon, half slough, and surrounded by a low flat monotonous country. Tall reeds and tufts of grass thrust up their heads everywhere athwart the surface, and in the spring and fall of the year immense numbers of water-fowl pushed about among them. Everywhere, too, rose small dome-shaped structures built of reeds. Here and there shone large open tracts of water, where the lagoon was deeper, and in them catfish, pickerel, and lake-herrings found a home.

But it was now early winter; the reeds and rushes were dying down; the wild-fowl had left for the south; and only the permanent tenants, the musk-rats or musquash, remained in evidence. They lived in the dome-shaped houses dotted everywhere about the surface of the lagoon, at intervals of a few yards, like haycocks in a meadow.

The rats were everywhere swimming, splashing, clambering about their houses, for it was their last day of liberty. There had been a thin coating of ice in the morning, which only the bright afternoon sun had been able to thaw.

And while they splashed and clambered, with their rudder-tails and their fat, sleek, prosperous-looking bodies, like so many beavers, a

solitary man on the shore, some two hundred yards from a rude cabin, was digging a grave.

That night it froze again steadily; the slough was covered with a gradually increasing thickness of ice, and its surface was deathly still. But all night a light gleamed from the cabin window, and a sound of hammering echoed dully. The man was making a coffin.

And all the next day the dull glint of the ice remained on the slough: it did not "give" in the warmth of the sun, and the musquash houses stood silent and lonely above the surface; the tenants were housed within for the winter. But four men issued staggering from the cabin, bearing the coffin to the grave. There were no mourners, no followers; but one of the bearers was the owner of the cabin, and the man who had dug the grave.

That night it froze again, and he sat alone in his cabin. At the age of forty-one he had no relation living—that he was aware of—no children, and his wife was dead.

He had buried her that day, and that is why he sat alone; not that he regretted the fact. Clem Latham was as good a man as any along the borders of Minnesota in that section; but, to tell the truth, his wife had been no favourite there, and no helpmeet to Clem himself. But what she had been mattered little now, for she was dead, and (as we have seen) there had been no great demonstration at the funeral. She had not been a good woman; but let that pass. It is a homely epitaph.

But for all that Latham felt lonely. He remembered how he had come there, as a pioneer, fifteen years ago; his wife was young and pretty then, and he was proud of her. He remembered how he had left his birthplace in Eastern Michigan, full of hope, to begin a new life, like many another better-educated but no less deluded man. He had come West with a young wife, but with little other property to speak of, to make a fortune.

And he had made a living—in that he was luckier than many have been. He had farmed at first, only; but later, as other men had settled near him, he had clubbed with four of them to rent the fishing and trapping of the lagoon from the railway company. They had it for a few dollars, and it was a second source of profit, for musquash fur is fairly valuable; and as a man will sometimes get a weasel when after rabbits, so also did the trappers pick up many a mink upon the prowl for prey.

Fifteen years he had lived there. And now, on this frosty night, he sat alone with his thoughts. He had opened the stove-door, and the light of a "corn-cob" fire played upon his features.

One would have taken him to be more than forty; but his life had been a hard one. His handsome face was deeply wrinkled and had a careworn expression; he had no moustache, but his full beard was liberally streaked with grey, and all the fore-top of his head was bald—but it did not shine; like his face, it was deeply sun-burnt. He had been a kind and forgiving husband to a nagging wife; and perhaps those deep lines upon his face and the bald tanned forehead were the trade-marks of his manhood.

In his rough (but none the less generous) recollection he treasured up one or two of his dead wife's kindlier actions; but the dates of such scanty evidences of her love were far remote, and even his large and forgiving heart could not set them off against the whole of a subsequent career.

He thought carefully over all his past life, and deeply regretted the way in which the last twenty years of it had ebbed away. Now that he was alone in the world, if he were a younger man (he said to himself) he would go West and try, on entirely different lines, to make a fortune. The last twenty years of his life had been a mistake; if he could only live them over again they should be spent very differently.

Twenty years back; that would leave him twenty-one years old. Ah, yes, if he were only twenty-one now, he would go West. But forty-one?—he was too old.

"If I was only twenty-one!"

The thought seemed to arouse a deepening interest within him, and he mused, half-aloud:

"If I had it to do over again, I reckon there's one thing I'd do, or bust—*get rich.* I wouldn't fool along like I have been doing. . . . And there's another thing I reckon I wouldn't do—*I wouldn't get married*; not much!"

He gazed at the fire through the open stove-door, an elbow on the table, and his bald forehead in his hand.

"If only them last twenty years could be sot back!"

Presently he felt drowsy, and his head dropped upon his arms.

He did not go to bed that night, nor did he move from his position, for he had fallen into a deep sleep.

II.

When Clem awoke next morning, he was greatly surprised to find that he had fallen asleep in his chair; yet he felt much refreshed. One arm, on which his head had rested all night, was very stiff, and

he was bitterly cold; so he commenced at once to build a fire. Day was just breaking after a night of severe frost.

He tried to recollect what he had been dreaming about, but all seemed a blank; several times, almos unconsciously, he passed a hand over his bald forehead.

The fire having burnt up he put on the coffee-pot, and then went out to attend to his team of horses. Sometimes he raised his hat as he went about his work; he fancied there was a strange tickling sensation about the upper part of his brow.

After he had brushed the horses off, he could not help standing behind them for a minute or two; he had never noticed that they were such a fine team before; and somehow he felt a new kind of pride of proprietorship. All things considered, he could not help feeling that he was in wonderful spirits this morning.

"Poor Ellen," he thought. "I hope she don't know how peart I feel!"

He went back to the cabin, cut several slices of bacon and fried them, and cooked a couple of eggs in the fat. That was his usual breakfast, but he ate it, every bit, and wanted more; so he repeated the operation, and still, somehow, did not feel quite satisfied. Surely, sitting all night in the cold room had given him a most abnormal appetite!

"Ain't eat such a breakfast," he mused, scratching his head, "sence—sence I was a lad."

A neighbour, one of his partners in the fur trade, came to the door. The fur harvest was waiting for them at last.

"Well, well, Clem!" he exclaimed; "ain't done breakfast *yet?* Pretty near half a day gone to thunder. Ice bears properly this morning; and bet a dollar you hain't got your spear sharpened."

Latham felt called upon to apologise.

"Never eat such a breakfast—sence I was a lad. Yer see, I sot up all night, and sort o' got an innard chill.

"Lonesome, I 'spect!"

"Well, no," acknowledged Clem; "I feel pretty peart."

"Well, well," said his partner, in a knowing sort of way. Then Clem suddenly remembered that he had buried his wife only yesterday, and his face grew serious.

"Yes," he said, "'tis kind o' lonesome." And as he thought upon his dead wife, he thought more kindly of her memory than he had done the night before—thought of her with the generous interest of earlier years.

An hour later he was out with his partners on the ice.

Each man bore a three-pronged spear in one hand, a hatchet in the other (the musquash trapper's outfit is not an expensive one); and when they had reached that definite section of the lagoon which they had determined upon for the day's operations, they began methodically to pay a visit to the dome-shaped rat-houses, one by one. Four of the men took up position on the thin clear ice, at equal intervals around the "house," but at a short distance from it. The fifth man it was who "called" at the house, and an unceremonious visit he paid too; he simply advanced and jumped upon the dome. The rats never waited to see who it was who was knocking; out they went beneath the ice in all directions—one, two, three, sometimes eight or nine of them.

Then began the work of the spear-men. A short, quick stab: the spear went down through the ice as though it were but a thin sheet of paper, and an unfortunate rat was impaled. Two smart blows with the hatchet broke a hole in the ice, the spear was drawn back, with a sudden jerk the animal was dislodged from the barbs and fell upon the ice, gave one or two convulsive kicks, and was dead—all was but the work of a moment.

The water was shallow, the ice thin and clear, the men were expert hands—few rats escaped. But of all the partners, even at the first house at which they called, Clem was the most brisk and active. In a moment he had secured one musquash; but he noticed another one making off to the left. He took a quick step in that direction, slipped up, sat down more quickly than was his wont, and made a great "star." Clem Latham, the man who buried his wife yesterday! But he laughs loud and boyishly, as he has not laughed since he was a boy. But that rat got away—to another house probably.

"Never mind" said Clem with careless good humour; and when one of the other men fell he laughed louder than ever. So the work went on; and he was the most energetic of all, shouting at his partners with boyish zest, and enjoying the sport.

Sport!

He had followed this occupation for many years, in a cool collected way, as a matter of business. But he had never looked upon it as *sport* before.

Strange!

And the boyish zest, whence came that?

"It's mighty strange," he said to the knowing partner; "I feel that peart—I feel to be not over thirty; n' more I am, to-day, I du believe."

"Well, well," said the partner once more, as if making allowance for him.

And as he became heated with the exercise, his forehead tickled him more and more.

So matters went on day by day, till nearly all the lagoon had been worked over. And the partners looked at Latham each day with increasing surprise. His boyish zest increased, and a younger ook was spreading over his formerly careworn face.

"Clem," said one of the men at last, one evening when they were skinning, and pausing as he cut the tail off the musquash on which he was working, "Clem, you're gettin' younger every day."

"Am I?" said Clem innocently.

"And the grey hairs is nearly all gone out'n your beard," went on the other, ripping the skin off, down to the head and over it.

"And the hair's a-growin' over yer forehead," as he inserted the thin oval piece of board to distend the skin, which was now inside out.

"Nonsense!" said Latham.

"True as you're there. And there's another ten cents' worth" (hanging up the skin to dry). "Tell yer what it is, Clem; 'tain't decent, your gettin' young again, like this, just because yer wife died. Is it, now?"

"No, it ain't," said Clem ruefully. "But I can't help it. I'm hat peart, I get younger every day."

He was a man of few expressions. It was too true. His beard was no longer grey, but nearly black again. He dared not let his moustache grow, because he knew that would be jet black. And he knew, too, that the hair really had begun to grow over his forehead, where a month ago he was bald.

"I can't help it," he thought half ruefully. "I wanted to be sot back, and blamed if I don't believe it's happened. I feel a young man again. The wrinkles is nearly all gone out'n my face. It's darned awkward. I'ud better git up and *clear*. It's ondecent, as Joe says, to come out now like this. But I can't help it. I'ud better *git* somewheres where I ain't known."

He had said before that if he were only young again he would go West. Now, he not only *felt* young again, but he had a tangible reason for going. The idea had taken root, and before long he acted. He sold out, and went West under the name of Briggs.

"Clement L. Briggs!" he said to himself. "Don't sound bad. Reckon it'll do as well as any to pull *my* freight by; and it's a kind of a double combination too."



But as he went he turned round and apostrophised the old cabin and the poor flat land that had once been his, and his wife that he left there.

"Good-bye," he said. "Good-bye, Ellen. I think I'll always be able to remember ye kindly. But altogether you've taught me a lesson I'll try to lay to heart. To git rich or bust—no more farming for *me*. And I reckon to keep single this time, you bet!"

Part II.

I.

Mr. Clement L. Briggs was sitting in a well-furnished office with maps and plans on the walls, and was nursing a knee thoughtfully as he stared at one of them.

It was five years since he came West, to "git rich or bust," and, strange to say, he had not "busted." Far from it; he was a "silver king"—one of the richest men in San Medane.

And a more handsome man than Mr. Briggs never "bucked" hazard in that city. The extraordinary renewal of his youth still held good—he looked scarcely more than five-and-twenty. Moreover, prosperity had softened his manner; he dressed simply, but as became a man of his position; and his English was perhaps a trifle purer than formerly.

But he was unfortunate. His views of life were those of a man of forty-six; the toughness of his earlier experience had put great seams and scars upon his face and his mind; and though they had faded from the one, they were permanently scored upon the other. In him the vigour of youth maintained a ceaseless and losing battle with the disillusioned view of experienced age.

He was in love once more, with all the fervour of early manhood; but he was bent on keeping off that shore where once he had suffered shipwreck. He had got out his one great anchor, and now he was holding on to it grimly—"to keep single, you bet!"

He sat on this particular day musing absently, and trying to contrast (as he often did now) his present position with that of a bygone time—to find out wherein he was happier; and he did not succeed. He had a wistful expression; and if one had asked him the reason of that look he would perhaps have said, simply, that he was "lonesome."

It was the anniversary of his wife's death.

"It's a queer thing," he mused. "I swore then there was

two things to make a man happy—to be rich, so as to go where he liked and have what he liked; and to be single and free. But it don't pan out.

"Dorethy . . . Dorethy. . . . Some day or other, when I'm lookin' over her shoulder to look at her type-copy, I'll forget about Ellen, and . . . Lord, what a pretty shoulder and figure she has! . . ."

His former experience had been a tough one. He had been burnt once. He knew the risk of trading for a "salted" claim.

"Ellen, now. . . . *She* was lively and good-lookin' when I married her. And perhaps she loved me then—I ain't no judge. But we hadn't been married a week—— Well, maybe it was my fault. And it's no good where you're no account. She thought I wasn't no account. And it 'ud be the same with Dorethy. Lord . . . Lord. . . ."

He got up restlessly, and walked to the window to look out upon the mountains. But their eternal calm held no kindred spirit for his restlessness.

"Dorethy . . . Dorethy. . . . What a good girl she is, and how she does work to try and please me. Just because I took her out of the street when her poor father died, and then gave her work in my office, she's that grateful. . . . But no; that ain't what you want when you marry a wife. And it 'ud all wear off. I've swore to keep single."

He stared out at the mountains till from their calm silence he seemed to get an answer. His unquiet face settled with a sudden determination.

"It's the way. And the only way. And the sooner the better. If I put it off a day I mayn't be strong enough to do it, and then it 'ud be all up with me."

He touched the hand-bell on his desk with sudden decision, and a fair-haired girl rose from a type-writer in a little den adjacent and came in. She was a timid girl, and she came in with a shyness that had seemed to increase as the days went by.

"Dorethy," he said abruptly, but kindly, and facing her as she stood, "I'm goin' to Europe."

She looked at him so blankly that he went on quickly—

"I've made my pile—as much as I care about—and I'm goin' to shut down and enjoy myself. Europe's the place for that, and that's where I'm goin'."

The blood coursed across her face with each heart-beat, showing her pale and flushed by turns.

"Don't be feared, Dorethy; I ain't goin' to leave you unprovided



for. You've been a—a sort of daughter to me for a long while, Dorethy; a sort of daughter—I'm forty-six, you know, and you are only eighteen. . . . And so I will arrange for you to live comfortably with the Wilsons——"

"Oh, no, no," she said quickly. "Oh, Mr. Briggs, you say I am a sort of daughter to you"—she raised to him great troubled eyes that stirred him strangely—"will you go away from me?"

"I'm only a-goin' to Europe," said Briggs uneasily.

"To Europe!" she said, in a low voice, as if trying the ring of that word upon her understanding.

They were facing one another, and for a moment there was silence.

"Here," said Briggs harshly, giving her a letter; "make a copy of this. I'm goin' round to lunch, and then I'll go and see Mrs. Wilson."

But outside he stopped, and leant against the wall as if dizzy.

"'Most too late," he said; "termorrer, and I shouldn't a' managed it. I was 'most done for as it was."

But Dorothy had gone back to her type-writer and sat there awhile, very still, and looking down at the letter which she held in her hands. And before she had made her copy of it, carefully, as she worked always, it was wet with her tears.

II.

Several years had passed along, and Briggs had spent them very restlessly, very aimlessly, wandering in many lands. He was ageing again fast, and the careworn face and bald forehead that had been his when his wife Ellen died were coming to him again.

He was in Paris, and was walking in the garden of the Tuileries. He took a turn up to the farther end, and then, returning in an absent-minded way, seated himself in as quiet a spot as he could find, and took from his pocket-book two letters.

One he looked at awhile, but did not read. As he looked at it there came the wistful expression to his face that through all these years had been so often there. The letter was the one that he had given to Dorothy to copy, and which he had kept ever since. It was old and worn; but had been guarded so carefully that faint smudges, as of tears, were upon it still.

"I don't know," he said to himself after awhile, with a little sigh; "perhaps . . . after all . . . I made a mistake. Perhaps it was hard on her too."

The second letter he had received only that morning, and the old trade-marks upon his face deepened and grew broader as he read the pages once more. He let his eyes rest awhile upon the signature—in careless characters, "Rupe Watson."

"A begging-letter. A real downright begging-letter. Rupe Watson, Dorothy's husband, writes a whining begging-letter like this! And what does he do with all the money? First, fifty thousand dollars that he had from me, to start him in life, when he married her. Then, two years later, another fifty thousand to start him again. Now that's all gone, and he's whining for more. . . . I don't like the look of it."

"Hello, Briggs!" said a cheery voice beside him. It startled him.

"Hello, Poyning! glad to see you. How are you? I didn't know you had got back from the States."

"Oh, yes, came over a week ago." And the two friends walked down the garden together, talking.

"You say you were out in San Medane," said Briggs suddenly, after a pause in their conversation. "Did you ever hear of a man called Rupert Watson out that way?"

The letter of Dorothy's husband, that he had just been reading, had been addressed to him from that town.

"Rupe Watson?" echoed Poyning with a grim laugh; "rather think so! He came up from the South, end of last year, with a bushel of money, and led such a life he was through it in six months. Then he suddenly got flush again—another fifty thousand sent him unexpectedly by an old friend, he says. So he turned serious and went in for mining, and has dropped it all again—every cent. When I left he was selling his horse and buggy, and that's the last thing he had got left, out of all he had before, except his wife."

"Ah, yes; his wife. What's she like?"

"A fair-haired woman, rather wasted, with great hollow eyes. When are you going back, Briggs?"

"Termorrer," said Briggs, trying to speak naturally, but with a curious restriction in his throat. "Termorrer, by the French boat out of Havre."

"To-morrow? That's rather sudden, isn't it?"

"Oh, no," said Briggs calmly; "settled it a month ago."

He went down to Havre that night, and caught the Transatlantic liner. But all the way over he was wishing he had started months earlier. "A wasted woman, with great hollow eyes." The expression haunted him.

"I've bin a cussed fool!" he kept on thinking dully. "Rupe



Watson was only a good-looking boy, so to speak, and I go and set him out with a pile o' dollars—I might 'a known he 'ud break out and act foolish. And then to set him up again, at a minute's notice, just because he *asked* for it. Why, its flyin' in the face o' Providence. It's enough to have sent the soberest man reckless. Please God, I'll set him straight again, and *keep* him straight. It's the only way, I reckon. And Dorethy loves him . . . of course she does . . . and so my bein' there won't trouble her . . . of course not . . . just a bit o' pain for me . . . just a bit o' pain . . . but that ain't no call for to put her out o' the way. And, anyhow, it's got to be; I'll take him in hand, and *keep* him straight, somehow."

He went straight up country to the Devil's Run, and it was soon known all over the district that Rupe Watson had once more unexpectedly turned up a handful of trumps. For he had been taken into partnership by C. L. Briggs, the well-known "silver king." Rupert himself trumpeted the fact in San Medane.

But there was one person from whom he carefully concealed the name of the man who was once more helping him; and that one was Dorothy. And though Briggs was now Watson's partner he avoided his house; he came there but once.

And Dorothy reproached him for it. On the one occasion when he came to see her, looking up at him with timid eyes and with a shyness that in his presence had never seemed to leave her, yet she said reproachfully:

"Do you not forget your old friends rather quickly, Mr. Briggs?'

"How?" he asked, taken aback.

"You have been here, in the town, nearly three weeks, and you do much business with my husband . . . do you not?" speaking with uncertainty in her voice. She had a dim knowledge (however much Rupert might try to conceal the fact from her) that her husband and Briggs were much together in business hours.

"Yes," said Briggs simply, "there is a good deal of business between us just now."

He was paying away thousands of dollars daily in the work of setting his "partner" straight again.

"And yet," she went on with timid reproach, "you never come here. You have never even called to see me. You have forgotten the old time, when you were so kind to me, when I was 'Dorothy' to you. I thought you were my friend, and that you liked me . . . just a little . . . then."

"That's it, Dorethy," he said, turning away a little, that she might not see the shadow on his face. "I liked ye then . . . a little.

But not so much as ye deserved; not well enough, maybe. And that's a long time ago. And perhaps, as you say, I'm a bad hand at remembering. . . . And I've got my business to see to. . . ."

He left her vaguely pained; and he came no more near her.

But the simple honesty of the man was not to be appreciated by Rupert Watson. A fiend of jealousy was always half-aroused in him, and he lost no opportunity of poisoning his wife's mind against his unconscious partner.

"Briggs," he said with a harsh laugh to Dorothy, "Briggs seems to have forgotten old times, and never comes to see you? Why, there's a hundred other women could say the same. He's the most inconstant man that ever lived. And as for friendship to *men*——" He laughed, as if that virtue was foreign to Briggs's character entirely.

III.

There was a big dinner-party on at Briggs' new house. He had taken one of the best houses in San Medane, and was just beginning to live with lavish display. Not because he had taken a fancy to that manner of life, but because he was struggling and in difficulties. He had been terribly crippled in his efforts to set Rupe Watson straight, and to keep him straight. And, after all, he had not succeeded. Money seemed to flow away in a ceaseless stream; there was a hole, somewhere, through which it all poured away.

He had at length discovered that hole. Rupert Watson was in secret a gambler, and a particularly unlucky one; he lost heavily nearly every night.

When Briggs discovered that fact he sent Watson away hastily to a quiet little place, two days distant by stage. He hoped to separate him from his companions. And also he hoped, perhaps, that the increasing hollowness of "Dorethy's" eyes might be stayed. He did not see her before she went, but he sought a private interview with Rupert; and from that interview he returned a considerably poorer man.

Now he was struggling to make head against his difficulties. He had great hope in a mine which he was trying to float. But if rumours of his unsound financial condition got about before he had succeeded, there would probably be a crash. To diminish that danger he was launching out into a display that had not formerly been necessary. And to this dinner-party he had invited the men necessary to his plans—men who would back him with the required capital.



To impress them with a sense of his stability, the affair was conducted with a lavish ostentation in his big house.

During the dinner he unfolded to them, as if carelessly, his scheme of the mine ; then made a move to the next room, a billiard-room, and there, over a game, casually hinted at accepting co-operation from them—or from other capitalists.

Then, as if by chance, he withdrew a few minutes, to give them the opportunity of discussing his words among themselves. He guessed they would bite. He stood in the dining-room, at the window, with his back to all the lavish display of the feast that was not yet cleared away. He stood there reviewing his position. A heavy storm was raging outside, and the snow beat heavily against the glass.

There came a tapping at the door—so faint and timid that, in his preoccupation, he did not at once heed it. But when it was repeated he went to the door with nervous haste, and flung it open.

"*Dorethy*!" he uttered, falling a step back. "And in such weather!"

"Yes," she said, trying to smile; but such a wan ghost of a smile, and she was trembling violently. "I have been coming two days by stage, and it wasn't bad when I started. And—and—Rupert said I *must* see you—*instantly*."

"Instantly!" he echoed dully ; he knew some new blow was about to fall.

"Yes ; he said it was . . . a matter . . . of life and death."

She spoke with such difficulty that he wheeled a chair hastily forward and made her sit down.

"Now then, what is this matter of life and death?" he asked, trying to speak lightly.

"I don't know. It is in this letter."

He took it and read it twice—first hurriedly, as if to grasp its meaning, then again slowly and as if calculating as he went. Then crumpled it in his hand and faced her.

"And what were *you* to do?"

She turned rosy-red, and trembled again.

"I was to pray you, by the memory of the old time, to help us," she whispered. "Only a little, a little money, and Rupert would be able to recover all that he has lost. Ah, Mr. Briggs," she burst out wildly, "will you not help me? If you do not, he will do something so desperate that I should die of shame. Ah, Clem—— Ah, Mr. Briggs, only a *little*! Help me, by the memory of the old time."

He took a hasty pace across the room and returned.



"He told you to say this!" he said. "But I cannot help you, Dorethy. It is impossible."

"Cannot!" she echoed, as if stunned.

"I . . . have no money."

"You have no money!" and he saw her suddenly gaze round at the evidences of wealth about her, as if doubtful of his words.

"It is true, Dorethy," he said, stung to the quick; "I. . . have been ruined."

She sat motionless and pale.

"Briggs," said a voice in the billiard-room, so loudly that she heard the words distinctly in the pause, "you may take my word for it" (one of the capitalists was speaking with emphasis), "is the richest man on the Run at this moment."

But Briggs in his trouble made no sign that he had heard.

"Rupert has had much money altogether," he said to Dorothy; "a big pile when he married you—so I understood. Where did he get that from?"

"From an uncle in New York," she said simply.

He sat down and stared at her.

"And all the other money that he has had lately: did that all come from the uncle too?"

"Yes; all from the uncle."

"Go," he said harshly; "tell him from me he must apply to the uncle once more. I cannot help him."

She rose mechanically. It seemed that she had had some last appeal to make, but at his changed voice it was stifled.

"But—the weather! Dorethy, you must stay here."

"Not one moment," she said swiftly. "The return stage leaves in half an hour. I can catch it."

She went to the door, then turned round, and her hollow eyes lit up with a strange fire.

"You were very kind to me in the old time. You called me your daughter, and I honoured you then, and loved you. I don't mind owning it now" (she went on quickly), "because it is all past. I have honoured you ever since; loved you, I think; and all the hard things I have heard of you I have not believed. I know how shamefully you have treated my husband, for he told me all about it: how you have been taking advantage of his youth and inexperience to get the better of him in your business dealings, till you have ruined him. And now you have succeeded; and you are the richer for it, and he is ruined; and you will not help me. You have forgotten the old time and your old pretended affection, as he said you



would. But in spite of the hard way you dealt with him, and in spite of the bad things he told me about you, I honoured you, in opposition to his words. And now for my sins I am punished. . . . Now——".

She was gone.

He strode to the door. "Dorethy!"

But he had no answer. She was gone out into the cold night.

Unconsciously he uncrumpled the letter and read it once more. What he had just stated was the truth. He was beggared. And the first intimation of it that he had received was the letter she had brought. Rupert Watson had got among gamblers again, had lost all his money, had forged the name "C. L. Briggs" for many thousand dollars. He prayed his rich benefactor to forgive him this once, and to hush it up, for his wife's sake.

But that asking still for more! He had set his unwitting wife to that lowest depth of infamy.

Nevertheless, for her sake, the plea of the letter had availed. He accepted the forged bills as genuine. But it reduced him to beggary.

Meanwhile she journeyed back in the stage: two days of misery and dull pain and a shattered ideal; and went out across the plains three miles, to where her husband awaited her.

"Well?" he greeted her eagerly; "how did it work?"

"It was no good," she said wearily. "He would not help us."

"Didn't you make yourself sweet to him, as I told you to?" he flashed out angrily.

"I . . . tried to appeal to him. . . . I couldn't do any more. He said he was ruined."

"Ruined!" said Watson, uneasily pacing up and down. "What I've had from him can't have ruined him *yet*, surely!"

"What *you* have had from him?"

"Well, say the fifty thousand dollars I had when I married you, for one thing."

"The fifty. . . . But that was the uncle in New York!"

"He *is* 'the uncle in New York!'" mimicked Watson tartly. "He's been helping us all along."

"He! Why did you not tell me so before," she asked in desperation, remembering the words with which she had closed her interview two days ago.

"Surely a man doesn't brag about it when he eats dirt! If old Briggs was tired of you, and paid me handsomely to take you off his



hands, and has been keeping me going ever since, to keep my tongue quiet—— Why, what the devil's the matter now?"

For she had sunk back in a dead faint.

He went out hastily, saddled his horse, and rode away. "Well, I've got to do something desperate at last, I suppose. What a fool I was not to play old Briggs a little closer to my chest!"

IV.

"Rupert."

It was a quiet call, outside the window, three nights later. Watson had been gone all day, and his wife lay, weak and in despair, in the rude cabin which was now her shelter. But she rose to her feet as a man came in; it was Briggs.

"Dorethy," he said, coming to her with simple directness, "I wasn't so stone-broke as I thought. And . . . and . . . I'm fond o' Rupe, and thought as I was passin' this way I 'ud look in and see if I could help him. . . . There, there, girl, that'll do. . . . No, of course not; we've forgotten all you said the other night—clean forgotten it. It was all a mistake; you knew nothin' about things in general; and you didn't know what you were talkin' about. I don't think nothin' of that; and you mustn't mind it either. There, there, girl . . . yes, yes, of course! I'm glad to see you again and make it up; and so are you too . . . in course, in course. And there's no need for waterworks, is there?

"And," he went on hurriedly, for her wild unrestraint was unnerving his assumption of cheery humour, "we've made it up again. But I ain't here for that, and there's no time for foolin'. When I came up from the town thar wuz a gang of men startin' out after——"

A sound was heard outside, of a horseman riding furiously up to the cabin. A moment later Rupert Watson entered.

"Rupe," said Briggs, going straight to him, "thar ez a gang of men arter you. Hangin's the matter in hand. They'll be here in a brace o' shakes. Here's a few dollars; and there's my horse outside. You and your wife must clear, *hard*. I'll hold the cabin, and keep 'em in check till you're clear away. We'll meet again some day, never fear! Good-bye."

Five minutes later he was barricading himself in the cabin, and alone.

"The tarnation idiot!" he muttered as he worked. "Now, in course, there's the devil to pay."



Presently he heard the hurried trampling of horses and men without.

"Rupe Watson!" said a loud voice.

"Hello!" answered Briggs.

"Come out. We want a talk with yer."

"Go to ——," answered Briggs, imitating as nearly as he could guess the voice and the probable language (under the circumstances) of the absent Rupert.

There was a pause.

"They must be three miles off by now," said Briggs to himself. "If I can hold out for half an hour they're safe."

Then came half a dozen shots, all at the lock of the door. To which he answered by jamming a heavy timber against it from within.

"Come out!" said the voice once more.

But he only repeated his former reply, with the addition, "I ain't the kind of man to come without a proper invitation."

In proof of which, hearing men working at one corner of the building, he produced a revolver; and, pushing aside the window barricade for an instant, fired several shots at random.

"Now it's goin' to warm up," he said recklessly. "I wish I knew them two was safe."

But there were too many cracks and crannies in the rude cabin walls. There was a good deal of aimless shooting outside, to which he replied as well as he could from the window, which he had cunningly barricaded so as to be able to fire *out*, while no one could fire *in*. But while he was thus occupied the nozzle of a revolver was worked through a cranny, and a volley of haphazard shots were fired, one of which took effect, for he staggered and fell.

"Now it's all up," he groaned; "I reckon I'm invited this time. Come in! Don't stand out there in the cold a-knockin'."

But when they broke in upon him he raised himself on his elbow.

"Who the devil are you?" exclaimed the leader of the gang in amazement.

"Clement L. Briggs, I reckon," he answered, and fell back.

Several of the men withdrew a pace or two, and talked together.

"I say, boys," said one, "we've made a pretty mess of things. That's who it is; and we shall have to hush it up. But how in thunder did he come out here?"

Another of the party was kneeling beside the prostrate man, and looking intently into his face.

"Briggs be hanged!" he said. "Clem Latham is more like it. Why, bless you, you ain't altered a bit from what you was before your wife Ellen died. I 'ud swear to you against a thousand."

"Who are you?" whispered Clem.

The other put some whisky to his lips. "Here, drink this—I'll stand by you. And you don't recollect your old partner way back on the lagoon? Well, well! But p'r'aps I've altered some all these years."

But Latham had fainted.

A man rode up and came in. "Rupe Watson's got away," he said to the chief; "went out through the Neck. But his wife was with him, and she's got thrown. Badly hurt, I fancy. They've taken her down to the town."

V.

The room wherein Clem lay was void of all superfluous furniture. A candle, stuck in the neck of a Budweiser bottle, threw a weirdly soft light across the bed and fought the moonlight that struggled through the dim window; a broken-seated chair, placed at arm's length from the sick man, held a cup of water.

He reached out a thin arm, took the cup, and drank feverishly; then lay back again; there was no one in the room. He was evidently expecting someone, and he listened intently for a footstep.

Before any sound was audible his face brightened, and making an effort to sit up, he watched the door with glistening eyes. Presently light footsteps resounded on the stairs.

The door was open, but a woman knocked and then came in. She was very thin and pale, and had one arm heavily bandaged. She had known that he was very ill; but she was not prepared for what she saw. She had much ado to choke back a convulsive sob.

"'Most too late, Dorethy," he said; "'most too late."

She took his hand and kissed it.

"It was the hospital people," she said. "They would not let me out, though I prayed them to. And you have no one to wait upon you, and I was kept in there!"

The sob came this time, and she could not control it. But her eyes were dry—her heart was breaking.

"That's it," returned the sick man soothingly. "I told 'em I was better, and wanted to be alone and quiet. I 'lowed you 'ud come."

The woman could neither speak nor cry.



For a long time neither spoke. Clem stirred uneasily upon his rough couch, but yet seemed to be in no particular pain. For the first time he turned his eyes steadfastly upon his companion, and spoke in the old frontier accent of the days before his prosperity.

"Thar's some things," he said very slowly, "ez is to be jest so, and some things ez ain't. 'Tain't no kinder use ter be sot back. Don't you never wish to be sot back."

Dorothy did not understand.

"I hain't never bin as mought be said religious," he continued, and his speech began to wander, "but lately I've thought a pile, and things ez has puzzled me, man and boy, in luck and out, is a-getting clearer." For a moment he seemed to think, and then went on, as one who had at last solved a knotty problem.

"Yes," he said, "thet's it; and it's plain as a circus placard—easy as a hot bath."

"Dorethy! Dorethy!"

"Yes," she answered softly, taking his hand, for he seemed blind; "I am here."

"Dorethy"—his tone would have conveyed that he was about to expound some great discovered truth—"mind, conscience, mem'ry, and soul is all one; and the greatest of 'em's mem'ry. Thet's what we'll be judged by. Everything we've ever done, good or bad, is wrote down there, for or agen us. Thet's the soul, as goes back when we ain't able to hold it any longer—— Lord! girl, mine's a-wandering; and there's a thing or two up agen me in it as ain't wiped out.

"I've loved ye all along, Dorethy," he continued abruptly, "and I 'lowed to tell ye . . . but thar was somethin' agen it from the start. Thar was somethin' agen it."

He closed his eyes, and for a long time did not speak. He looked tired.

Presently the woman, thinking that he had fallen asleep, stooped down and kissed him, timidly, shyly. It was the first time in all the years that she had loved him.

His eyes opened.

"'Lowed I 'ud tell ye," he repeated drowsily. "I've loved ye all along. . . . 'Lowed to tell ye . . . afore I faced the music."

His words seemed to stun her. It was a long time before she moved. Then at last sweet tears from heaven came raining down her cheeks.

Her hand was still locked in his. She knelt down beside the



bed, and with a great sob pillowed her head within his arm, upon the shoulder. And in that sob her tears were changed to drops of blood.

A pack-rat, tempted by the stillness, came down from the roof, jumped upon the bed, and looked inquiringly at them. His eye was suddenly caught by the ring upon the woman's finger. Cautiously working round the hand, and smelling at it, he ventured to try the metal with his teeth; then, as if satisfied with the experiment, began scratching at it with his front feet, jerkily. A few seconds thus diligently spent, and Dorothy's wedding-ring went rolling across the floor.

Still she made no effort to retain it.

The rat gave playful chase; then, settling down suddenly into a stern business-like air of preoccupation, made off with his treasure, adding one more trophy to the strange collection of his hoard.

Presently he returned again; and this time, espying a little tortoise-shell hair-pin, jumped unhesitatingly upon the woman's head.

But she did not scream nor wake.

For together, hand in hand, two souls had passed out through the myst moonshine, across the dim golden barrier of Shadow-land, and far out from the strife and turmoil of the Devil's Run, for ever.

And for ever.



A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF ORACLES.

NEAR the close of the fourth century of our era, fourteen hundred years after Homer had sung the first alighting of Apollo on Delphi, the confession was at length wrung from the oracle that the days of its prophesying were over, and that the inspiration had for ever passed away from the sacred laurel and the speaking fountain. This last despairing cry from the god of divination and of song is the formal acknowledgment of the triumph of Christianity, "the sinner's mournful creed," over the joyous nature-worship of the world's childhood. It speaks much for the vitality and truth of the Hellenic spirit that Apollo did not abdicate his throne as mankind's teacher and guide till after the lapse of so many troublous years. He had survived the invasion of his chosen country by barbarians from East and West and North: he had seen his chosen seat twice pillaged, only to rise again triumphant: he had remained unscathed while pagan philosophers directed their covert gibes and sneers at him; and he only yielded finally after a death struggle, protracted through four centuries, with the new religion of the world.

Indeed, one of the most remarkable things in the history of pagan oracles is the long duration of their influence after the birth of Christ. Yet in the first few years of our era every circumstance seemed to portend for them a speedy fall before the onslaughts of the first young and vigorous faith. The oracles of Greece were almost deserted, as Strabo, Diodorus, and even the credulous Livy inform us, and nobody paid heed to soothsaying or divination. The average opinion of educated men on the subject we may take to be fairly represented by Cicero, who, though professedly an adherent of the fashionable stoicism, was more or less of an eclectic in philosophy. "Let us have done," he exclaims at the close of the "De Divinatione," "with all this divination by dreams and with every other kind of divination. For, in truth, superstition, taking advan-

tage of the frailty of human nature, has spread throughout all nations, and has made her yoke heavy on the minds of men."

Seeing that oracles were in such bad case, even before the advent of Christianity, it would naturally be expected that they would have been the first part of paganism to disappear before the Cross, and that the upholders of the dying faiths would have been only too willing to sacrifice them as useless relics and encumbrances, which could merely give additional opportunity to the adversary. But in reality this was the exact opposite to what took place. Three causes specially contributed, soon after the close of the Civil Wars, to give a renewed lease of life to oracles, and again to make them a potent factor in determining men's actions. The first of these causes was the influence of the early emperors, the second the tendency of philosophic speculation, while the third cause, a somewhat later one than the others, is found in the controversial methods of early Christian writers.

It is a well-known fact that the early emperors of Rome made it a fixed part of their policy to revive as far as possible the ancient beliefs and religions, in order to gain the apparent sanction of antiquity for their newly-acquired dignity. It was in exactly the same spirit that Napoleon I. gained a fictitious prestige for his Cæsarism by his alliance with the Holy Catholic Church and his concordat with the Pope. With this view Augustus made a careful collection of the Sibylline books, and laid down rules for their solemn inspection on all occasions of doubt and difficulty. He revived such ancient Roman modes of divination as the feeding of the sacred chickens, which, as Cicero tells us in his letters, had fallen somewhat into disrepute. Above all, he restored to Delphi some of its former importance, reconstituted the Amphictyonic Council, and even consulted the oracle himself. Nero also patronised the oracle by asking for a glimpse into the future. The oracular response was that he should beware of seventy-three, which he at the time erroneously understood to mean a promise of life to that advanced age. Later, however, whether he became dissatisfied with the ambiguity of the answer, or from jealousy of a rival god, he silenced the oracle by pouring blood into the cleft, whence the divine exhalations arose. But the silence did not last long, as we find that in the days of Nerva Dio Chrysostom was told at Delphi to go in the guise of a beggar to the frontiers of the north: and the god's foresight was amply vindicated, for by simply observing these directions, Chrysostom gained an army for the emperor. Throughout the following reigns oracles were treated with the greatest respect by the emperors; and it is told that

Hadrian had so much confidence in the omniscience of Delphi, that he asked Apollo to resolve the vexed question of Homer's birthplace. Unfortunately the answer was not conclusive, as it contradicted another answer which Apollo had previously delivered on the same point.

But the most amazing instance of the credulity with which any description of oracle was welcomed, even at the end of the 2nd century, is the story of Alexander of Abonotichos, as presented by Lucian. This account is especially interesting, as it shows us what steps were necessary to found an oracle, and how, when once founded, it was worked. Alexander is described as a man of striking personal beauty, and his education pre-eminently fitted him for the *rôle* which he was destined to play. He had been brought up by a sorcerer who was a personal friend of Apollonius of Tyana, the noted mystic and magician. Subsequently, by conjuring on his own account in the provinces, he acquired a considerable amount of skill and money. During his travels the idea of founding an oracle suddenly struck him in concert with a friend, called Cocconas. The first step was to decide on the locality: Cocconas suggested Chalcedon, but Alexander was of opinion that the people of that place were hardly stupid enough. Finally they pitched upon Abonotichos, a town of the Paphlagonians, whose crass stupidity and superstition could be thoroughly relied upon. The sequel, however, showed that such excessive precautions were hardly necessary. They commenced operations by burying brazen tablets announcing the near arrival of Asclepios in a place where they were sure to be dug up again. At this point Alexander was left to his own unaided ingenuity, through the loss of Cocconas, who succumbed to the bite of a sacred viper. He forthwith took up his abode in Abonotichos, and persuaded its inhabitants to commence a temple in honour of the approaching god. Nor had the good people cause to complain, for he rewarded their credulity by giving them the opportunity of witnessing the birth of a god. After secreting a tiny serpent in a goose's egg, which he carefully glued together again and placed in a pool near the new temple, he appeared in the market-place with the intelligence that Asclepios was coming. Thence he rushed in a simulated state of ecstatic frenzy to the pool, followed by the whole population. He naturally found little difficulty in discovering the egg, and astonished the gaping crowd by producing from it a live serpent. After keeping the serpent for two days in his own house, he represented it to have miraculously grown to huge proportions; for he brought out an enormous snake, which he had previously obtained from a Thessalian sorceress. By the addition of a mask in human likeness'

snake's head the machinery required for working the oracle was now complete. Inquirers were invited to bring their questions to the serpent in sealed papers; next day these were returned unopened, but containing the appropriate answers. Lucian gives a detailed account of the various devices employed by Alexander for unsealing the letters and re-sealing them again without attracting attention. Those who paid higher fees were allowed to come and hear the responses delivered from the mouth of the serpent—by means of a ventriloquist concealed behind a curtain. People from every part of Asia crowded to the new oracle, and their number may be estimated from the fact that Alexander soon became rich from the modest fees of tenpence which he exacted for each response. Indeed, the oracle would have failed in a very short time if it had not been well supplied with funds, because, in order to make it distinguished for the correctness of its answers, Alexander had to employ a large staff of spies and agents throughout Rome and the provinces, who communicated to him all the latest intelligence. The only people whom the prophet strenuously excluded from his shrine were the Christians and the Epicureans, who asked awkward questions and displayed an unbecoming scepticism as to the miraculous nature of the responses. Against the Epicureans he cherished an especial animosity, and when asked by an earnest inquirer what Epicurus was doing in hell, the oracle replied that he was bound with leaden fetters and was wallowing in slime. Alexander had still really little to fear from the carpings of adversaries, since his fame is said to have reached the imperial household, and he was consulted by the Emperor Marcus Aurelius himself. But in all probability the emperor did not consult him more than once: for on the only recorded occasion of his doing so, when he was planning an expedition against the Marcomanni, the oracle bade him cast two lions into the Danube. This was done; but, unfortunately, the lions swam across to the opposite bank, where the barbarians took them for large dogs and slew them, and, moreover, slew the greater part of the Roman army also.

Perhaps Alexander's most successful dupe was a certain Rutilianus, a Roman senator, who held high office under Marcus Aurelius. He was so persuaded of the genuineness of Alexander's pretensions that he consulted him on every occasion and allowed him to direct all his actions. He even married the charlatan's daughter in obedience to the command of the oracle. On one occasion his credulity was accommodating enough to explain away a difficulty in which Alexander found himself landed by his

prophesying. The oracle had been asked who was to educate Rutilianus's son, and had replied, "Pythagoras and the war-describing bard." As luck would have it, however, the son died almost immediately after this. "Obviously," exclaimed Rutilianus, "the oracle portended his death, for my son has now gone to rejoin Pythagoras and Homer in Hades." The answer returned to him on inquiry as to the duration of his own life was:

> First, thou Achilles wert, and next Menander,
> Now Rutilianus. Thou shalt live on earth
> One hundred four-score years, and after, shine
> A sunbeam in the heavens.

"He died notwithstanding," Lucian maliciously observes, "at seventy years of age, of a bilious colic, without waiting for the completion of the oracle." However, he survived his youthful father-in-law—who had predicted for himself a life of 150 years—and, though probably at last disabused of his simple faith, honoured his memory and tried to keep up his oracle. But as soon as the ingenious inventor had departed, the oracle lost credit and ceased to impose on the world's credulity.

The phenomenal success of this oracle, short-lived though it was, serves to illustrate the wide-spread belief in divination at the time, and to explain the sympathy with which the views of mystics and Neo-Platonists were received in the second and third centuries after Christ.

This brings us to the second cause which produced a revival of all kinds of divination after the birth of our Lord: the growth of philosophical mysticism. This school of thought derived its inspiration chiefly from Plato, who seems to have found a strange kind of fascination in all forms of divine possession. He frequently expresses his profound respect for responses delivered at Delphi, and readers of the "Republic" will recall his injunctions to the law-giver, to refer new laws to the oracle for approval, and his criticisms of Homer for language attributing falsehood to the divine revelation. He also devotes many passages in his dialogues to discussions on the nature of inspiration. His theory has some points of similarity with the Biblical view of the prophetic afflatus. The mortal agent who delivers the divine message is not regarded as free, or as speaking in his own name. The divine spirit takes entire possession of the chosen person, and deprives him of all will of his own; so that in some cases, like that of Balaam in the Scriptures, he even speaks the opposite of what he would have deliberately chosen. Thus Plato calls the prophetic gift a kind of madness, akin to that of love or of

poetry; for in each case the possessor is incapable of using his reason, but utters words of more than human wisdom or beauty, under the direct impulse of the god.

Plato's teaching did not have that immediate influence which might have been expected, but seems to have long remained unnoticed; partly perhaps owing to the chilling influence of Aristotle's criticism, who observes in his aggravatingly judicial manner, that it is not easy either on the one hand to despise oracles, or on the other hand to believe therein. But on account of the general decay of all religious belief at the close of the Roman Republic, and the crying need felt by thinking men for the discovery of some creed which would satisfy their religious aspirations more effectually than the formalism of a revived Roman ritual or the barbarous licentiousness of rites introduced from the East, attention was again directed to the philosophical explanations of the Greek religion offered by Plato. The most mystic parts of his philosophy, such as his allusions to demons, who stood midway in the scale between gods and men, and his theory of prophetic inspiration, were eagerly seized upon by writers in the new school of mysticism, or Neo-Platonism as its subsequent development was called. Scepticism rapidly decreased, and Juvenal affords an almost solitary instance of it among the distinguished writers of the early empire, such as Tacitus, Pliny, Suetonius, Plutarch.

The last named writer, who was priest of the Pythian Apollo, either at Chæronea or at Delphi, has devoted three treatises to the investigation of subjects connected with the oracle of Delphi. In one of them he discusses the meaning of the mysterious letters E I, which had been inscribed at the entrance to the temple. Tradition represents them as the result of the united efforts of the seven sages to discover some appropriate text to rival the world-famous Γνῶθι σεαυτόν. The wisdom contained in the letters, though possibly profound, has hitherto proved inscrutable; and Plutarch, after suggesting various other interpretations, is reduced to choose, as the least improbable, the somewhat pointless rendering of the letters, as the second person singular of the verb εἰμί, to be. In a second treatise he gravely inquires why the Pythia no longer returns her responses in verse. The chief reasons which he offers are, that in old days men wrote in verse more naturally than in prose, while now an answer in verse would be regarded as an eccentricity, besides giving rise to possible difficulties of interpretation; and further, that whereas in old times men came to Delphi to inquire about wars and treaties, and suchlike great matters, now that "wars be stayed

and there is no more need of running to and fro from one country to another," the god is asked nothing but ridiculously petty questions relating to household economy or agriculture. Hence it is no longer worth his while to frame his answers in verse.

But the most interesting of the three treatises is that written to investigate the causes why the oracles do not give so many responses as of yore in their palmiest days. This dialogue has an especial interest, because in it first occurs the story of the death of Pan, which most people know from Mrs. Browning's poem. Plutarch's account is thus rendered by Dr. Philemon Holland :

As touching the death of such (demons), and how they are mortall, I have heard it reported by a man who was no fool, nor a vain, lying person : and that was Epitherses, the father of Æmilianus the oratour, whom some of you, I dare well say, have heard to plead and declame . . . that minding upon a time to make a voyage by sea into Italy, he was imbarqued in a ship fraught with much merchandize, and having many passengers beside aboord, how when it drew toward the evening, they hapned (as they said) to be calmed about the isles Echinades ; by occasion whereof their ship hulled with the tides, untill at length it was brought close to the islands Paxæ, whiles most of the passengers were awake, and many of them still drinking after supper : but then, all on a sudden there was heard a voyce from one of the islands of Paxæ, calling aloud to one Thamus, insomuch that there was not one of all our company but he wondred thereat. Now this Thamus was a pilot and an Egyptian born : but known he was not to many in the ship by that name. At the two first calls he made no answer, but at the third time he obeyed the voyce, and answered, Here I am. Then he who spake strained his voyce and said to him, When thou art come to Palodes publish thou and make it known that the great Pan is dead. And, as Epitherses made report unto us, as many as heard this voyce were wonderfully amazed thereat, and entred into a discourse and disputation about the poynt, whether it were better to do according to this commandement or rather to let it pass, and not curiously to meddle withall, but neglect it. As for Thamus, of this mind he was and resolved : If the wind served, to sail by the place quietly and say nothing, but if the wind were laid and there ensued a calm, to crie and pronounce with a loud voyce that which he had heard. Well, when they were come to Palodes aforesaid, the winde was down, and they were becalmed, so that the sea was very still without waves. Whereupon Thamus, looking from the poop of the ship upon the land, pronounced with a loud voice that which he had heard, and said : The great Pan is dead. He had no sooner spoken the word, but there was heard a mighty noyse, not of one but of many together, who seemed to groan and lament, and withal to make a great wonder. And as it falleth commonly out when as many be present, the news thereof was soon spread and devulged through the city of Rome, in such sort as Tiberius Cæsar the Emperour sent for Thamus : and Tiberius verily gave so good credit unto his words, that he searched and enquired with all diligence who that Pan might be. Now the great clerks and learned men (of whom he had many about him) gave their conjecture that it might be he who was son of Mercury by Penelope.

Later editions of this story, which was a particular favourite of the early Christian Fathers, represent this mysterious event to be

occurred on the day of Christ's crucifixion; and while some considered Pan to be the type of the Hellenic gods, because πᾶν means "all," others strangely held that it was used as a name for our Saviour. However that may be, Plutarch introduces the anecdote in order to prove that an oracle owes its inspiration to the presiding demon, and consequently fails on his death. The story is also intended to show that demons are liable to die, but seems hardly adequate for this purpose; consequently we can hardly condemn as unfair the rationalising criticism made by a certain Reginald Scot, Esquire, a sceptic of the 16th century, who wrote a most amusing book directed against witchcraft, magic, astrology, and all manner of divination. "Surely," he says, "this was a merry jest devised by Thamus, who with some confederates thought to make sport with the passengers, who were some asleep, and some drunk, and some other at play, &c., while the first voice was used: And at the second voice, to wit, when he should deliver his message, he, being an old Pilot, knew where some noise was usual, by means of some echo in the sea, and thought he would (to the astonishment of them) accomplish his device if the weather proved calm: whereby may appear that he would in other cases, of tempests, &c., rather attend to more serious business, than to that ridiculous matter; for why else should he not do his errand in rough weather as well as in calm? or what need he tell the Devil thereof when the Devil told it him before, and with much more expedition could have done the errand himself."

Plutarch does not seem to have formed any very definite conception of the way in which oracles are rendered, except that the ultimate source of all kinds of inspiration is to be found in the demons. The exact nature of these demons exercises him considerably, nor does he appear to make them much more comprehensible by comparing them, as he does, to isosceles triangles and to the moon. Besides their liability to death, they seemed to Plutarch to be partly dependent on favourable natural circumstances for the bestowal of their prophetic gifts. Hence an earthquake or some other disturbance of nature, whereby a sulphurous stream was dried up or a cleft closed, might seriously check the inspiration vouchsafed to any given oracle. Similarly in later times Porphyry relates an oracle delivered as follows by Apollo: "I will tell the truth concerning the oracles of Delphi and of Claros. In olden times there came from the bosom of the earth an infinity of oracles, and fountains, and exhalations which inspired divine frenzies. But now, because of the continual changes which time brings, the earth has taken back unto herself fountains, exhalations, and oracles. The



are now left none but the waters of Micale, in the country of Didymos, and of Claros and the oracle of Parnassus."

The interest of Plutarch's lucubrations on the subject of oracles is that he was the first to treat of them in a scientific spirit. Thus, although he was himself rather hopeless about their prospects, his work was so far effective, that he helped to revive among thinking men an interest in them, and prepared the way for their serious study by the Neo-Platonists of succeeding generations.

The Neo-Platonists proper may be said to have been founded by Plotinus. His theory of the universe was one eminently favourable to divination, as he held that the slightest motion or change of any existing thing imparted a corresponding change to everything else in the universe. Thus the flight of birds, the motions of animals, the peal of thunder, all had their distinct effects on every human being. The consequence of this was that divination became an important part of natural philosophy, and an accurate study of natural phenomena implied a capacity to foretell events.

Far the most interesting figure among the Neo-Platonists is Plotinus' pupil, Porphyry. Unfortunately, his writings on oracles are known to us only through quotations made for controversial purposes by his adversary Eusebius. But even from such scanty remains as we possess we can realise the deep pathos of a mind tortured with agonising doubt and vainly struggling after the truth, which was always appearing within reach, only to elude his grasp. His lot was cast among those, most miserable of men, who live in an age, when

> The morning comes not, yet the night
> Wanes, and men's eyes gain strength to see
> Where twilight is, where light shall be,
> When conquered wrong and conquering right
> Acclaim a world set free;

most miserable because they never live to see the full splendour of the light. Porphyry was one of those who felt most deeply the hollowness of the religions then fashionable at Rome, and he spent his life in trying to discover if there was any underlying good which coul be extracted from them. With this aim he travelled all over the world, examining into all the oracles and studying the theories and methods of divination. But though he came to many which still seemed to possess some prophetic insight, he derived little comfort therefrom, and ended his life as a believer in a cold philosophic godhead, whom "no prayers can move and no sacrifice honour, nor the abundance of offerings find favour in His sight; only

the inspired thought, fixed firmly on Him, can have any cognizance of Him." In this utterance of one of the most earnest of the preachers we seem to hear the death-knell of the old Hellenic religion, when all its living instincts are merged into the death-like contemplation of an Eastern mysticism.

But there remains yet a third reason which helps to explain the considerable amount of credit enjoyed by the pagan oracles for so long a period. It may seem somewhat paradoxical to assert that the ancient centres of divination owed much of their prestige during the early centuries of Christianity to the influence of Christian writers; but true it is nevertheless; nor is the fact very difficult to explain. The early Christian Fathers found it advisable, on account of their audience, to base a great many of their arguments on appeals to the supernatural elements in Christianity, and on proofs derived from the miracles. They were, therefore, to some extent placed in a dilemma when treating of the miraculous elements in Paganism. For, while they wished to deprive the old religions of the sanction they gained from the oracles, they at the same time thought that rationalising arguments which called into question the supra-human agencies of the oracles and accused them of conscious fraud would recoil with redoubled force on their own heads. So they adopted the explanation which Plutarch and the Neo-Platonists offered of a demoniac inspiration; and they reconciled this explanation with Christianity by identifying the demons of the mysteries with Satan and his agents. The consequence of this theory was to give additional confirmation, at any rate for a time, to believers in such modes of divination; for as long as they were assured that the agents were supernatural, and had superhuman knowledge, men did not inquire very closely into their morals.

To our ears some of the remarks of the early Fathers about the oracles sound extremely ludicrous. Tertullian, for example, accounted for the frequency of correct responses by gravely declaring that the demons who inspired the oracles had ransacked the works of the Jewish prophets, and employed their knowledge of the future, acquired in this manner, to enhance their own credit. Again, a great many of the Christian writers admit the genuineness of the cures suggested by dreams in the temple of Asclepios, "for," as they remark, "the devil can surely cure diseases of which he is the author." Augustine is perhaps the most explicit on the subject, for, after attributing the oracles to the agency of demons, he gives an accurate description of the demoniac nature, and details at length, in the "De Civitate Dei," the appearance and occupations of these evil beings. A

we are no longer surprised at reading in the same book that the true explanation of the story of Apis is that the devil acted on the imagination of an Egyptian cow, so as to make her produce a calf answering to the description of the god.

Unfortunately the demons were, it appears, not allowed an entirely free hand in the delivery of oracles, for their utterances could always be stopped by the exhibition of any Christian symbol. The Fathers have numerous stories about failures to deliver responses in pagan temples and shrines, which could not be accounted for, till it was discovered that some member of the congregation was making the sign of the cross. Chrysostom relates that "Apollo was forced to grant that so long as any relic of a martyr was held to his nose, he could not make any answer or oracle." On pagan authority also we learn that the oracles were compelled to admit their inability to cope with such hindrances: for instance, Porphyry says that "it is no marvel though the plague be so hot in this city, for ever since Jesus hath been worshipped, we can obtain nothing that good is at the hands of our gods." Another story, told of St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, is a good illustration of this point. He once spent the night asleep in a pagan temple. Next morning he had not proceeded far on his journey, before he was caught up by some emissaries from the shrine, who said that his presence had exercised so potent an effect on the presiding deity, that he could no longer be persuaded to deliver the usual responses. This meant a loss of livelihood for them, so they implored him to restore to the god his oracular power. After some demur Gregory yielded to their entreaties and wrote on a tablet the words Γρηγόριος τῷ Σατανᾷ, Εἴσελθε, enjoining them to place it on the altar. They followed his directions with the result that the god resumed his wonted functions. The fate which befell the oracle of Daphane near Antioch is also instructive. It had remained silent for many years under the rule of Christian emperors, but when Julian came to the throne he rebuilt the temple, which had been pulled down by the Christians, in order to give the oracle another chance. But it still remained silent, and on inquiry it was discovered that this silence was due to the fact that a certain St. Babylas and other Christian martyrs had been buried within the sacred precincts. The bones were promptly removed, and then the oracle recovered its voice.

But the early Christians did not confine themselves to giving the pagan oracles the credit of occasionally returning true answers, they even went so far as to derive arguments for Christianity from their responses. This is perhaps hardly to be wondered at, when we recall

ir extraordinary readiness to find [illegible] ns in the most

innocent things. Some of the Fathers once discovered an old altar in Rome with the inscription, "Semoni Sanco, Deo," the title of an old Roman god. But the brilliant idea occurred to them that the inscription should have run "Simoni Sancto, Deo," and, on the strength of this, they wrote long accounts describing how Simon Magus went to Rome, and there by his sorceries and infernal arts persuaded the people to regard him as a god and to raise altars in his honour. Among numberless other intimations of the birth of Our Lord, there is the story that Augustus in his old age consulted the oracle of Delphi as to the choice of a successor. After many vain efforts to extract an answer to his question, he had to rest satisfied with the following enigmatical announcement: "The Hebrew child, whom all the gods obey, drives me forth from hence, and sends me down to hell. Depart from this temple in silence."

But occasionally the stories were told without a due regard to chronology. It would be interesting, for example, to know on what possible basis of fact the story of Thulis could rest. We learn that he was a king of Egypt whose empire extended even unto the ocean. "It is he, as tradition hath it, who gave the name of Thule to the island which men now call Iceland. As his empire seems to have extended over all the intervening country also, it must have been of considerable dimensions. This king, puffed up with his success and his prosperity, went to the oracle of Serapis, and said: 'Thou who art the lord of fire, and dost govern the course of heaven, tell me the truth. Has there ever been, or will there ever appear, one as powerful as I am?' To this the oracle answered him: 'First God the Father, then the Word, and with Them the Spirit, Three in One, Whose power is everlasting. Get thee forth quickly from this place, thou mortal, whose life is ever uncertain.'" "On going forth," the narrator quaintly adds, "Thulis had his throat cut." As a criticism of this story it is enough to point out, as Fontenelle does, that apart from the initial improbability that God should have revealed the mystery of the Trinity to a heathen divinity, even before it was known by the Jews, there could not have been any god of the name of Serapis in Thulis' time, which must have been before that of the Ptolemies, who first introduced the worship of Serapis.

Fontenelle finds a parallel to the absurd stories accepted by the Fathers on mere hearsay evidence in an incident that occurred nearer his own time. It may be worth quoting for its absurdity and for the light that it throws on the growth of miraculous stories. A report spread through Silesia in 1593 that a golden tooth had appeared in the mouth of a child aged seven. Two years later a treatise appear

from the pen of one Horstius, a professor of medicine in the University of Helmstad, giving the history of the tooth, and asserting that it was partly natural and partly miraculous, and had been sent by God to console the Christians for their oppression by the Turks. In the same year another history of the tooth was published by a certain Rullandus. Some time after this another man of science, called Ingolsterus, wrote in opposition to Rullandus' view of the tooth, whereupon Rullandus published "une belle et docte réplique." Then another great man, Libavius, collected all that had been said so far about the tooth, and added his own opinion thereon. Finally the tooth was examined by a jeweller, who discovered that it was simply an ordinary tooth that had been coated with gold leaf.

However, to return to the oracles. Perhaps those which played the most important part in the history of the Catholic Church were those delivered by the Sibyls. None of the Fathers ever attributed more than a demoniac inspiration to the oracles in pagan temples, but their belief is almost unanimous that the Sibyls' answers were actually suggested by God. Indeed, the common derivation of the name from Θεός and βουλή is a sufficient indication of the wide-spread nature of this belief. Augustine quotes long extracts from the "Sibylline books," to prove that they contained prophecies of the Coming of Christ. To judge from the following quotation, which is typical, they appear to have borne a suspicious resemblance to Isaiah and other Jewish prophets: "He shall be cast into the hands of the unbelievers: they shall strike the face of their God, and their tongues shall spit forth foul venom upon Him." Constantine the Great, who, as emperor, had abundant facilities for consulting the Sibylline books, which were kept among the state-archives at Rome, was so impressed with their appositeness that he quoted them freely at the Council of Nicea. Since that time the Sibyls have always been regarded as prophets of Christianity in the Catholic Church, as is attested by the well-known line of the *Dies Iræ*—

Teste David cum Sibylla.

For many centuries a belief in the real inspiration of oracles, whether demoniac or divine, lasted throughout Christendom. It is interesting to notice in a book, written by Caspar Peucerus as late as 1570, that Satanic agency in the oracles is taken as a matter of course, and that no hint is expressed that any other view was held. In fact, it was not till the close of the seventeenth century that this theory was seriously called in question. In 1683 a Dutchman, Van Dale, pro-

he view that ancient oracles were simply instances of clever

fraud. His learned work in defence of this view would not have attracted much attention, if it had not been translated and popularised by the Frenchman Fontenelle. But Fontenelle's book was the signal for the commencement of a violent paper-war, which rivalled in length the famous Battle of the Books: writers of almost every nation took part in it, till at length the doctrine, which had held ground for so many centuries, was finally dissipated. Still, however much we may pride ourselves on our freedom from the romantic beliefs of our forefathers in demons and witches and Satanic inspiration, we proclaim our inability to dispense with occult means of investigating the future, by our ineffectual efforts to replace the demons by the prosaic devices of palmistry or spirit-rapping, "scientific religion" or Madame Blavatsky.

BASIL WILLIAMS

LEAVES FROM A DIARY.

FEW people understand how to keep a diary; but with practice, and above all, a habit of sincerity to oneself, it is an easy, pleasant and useful business. There are, of course, "things in diary clothing"—dry, regular double-entry affairs—as in the annually purchased "Letts": these are so much book-keeping, records of movements, walks, &c., uninteresting, though of value to the business or busy man. In that now forgotten piece of humour, "Little Pedlington," a worthy old Fencible officer kept his diary with inflexible regularity, every day's entry being almost the same, as—"Rose 8; bre'k'ted 9; walked 11; dined 2," &c.; and so day after day, "Bre'k'ted 9," &c. It has been said that as we grow old or elderly it seems to be "always Monday morning." The week flies by, headlong almost; it slips through our fingers. We may look forward, indeed, and see a long stretch before us, with crowded trees and houses; but behind it is all like the smooth, open ocean seen from the deck on which we stand. "Our days have passed by swifter than a post, or like ships laden with fruit." We have dim memories of scenes so enjoyed, but the details have vanished. Yet it is possible to retain some indications: a few spirited notes, catch-words as it were, dashed in when the sensations are fresh will revive them. But those elaborate records, kept so laboriously by Moore and Crabb Robinson, with every joke and reflection entered as in a ledger, are too artificial. They were written to be published; to be read by others, not by yourself.

"Impressions" are what we should most love to preserve and what we always long to recover. The most literal and accurate description of a scene, a town, or a building is but little; it is not *suggestive*, minute though it be: the real charm is found in how it has affected us, in the *impression* left. How many delightful days have been thus lost to us for ever from want of some little record! This, however, is a sort of art; it requires a knack of composition, a power of picturesque arrangement and of selecting what is representative. I my own notes, kept for many a year, I have sketches of all dinner parties, excursions, *bons mots*, curious pieces

anecdotes, travels, &c. It is extraordinary what a quantity of strange things associated with families are constantly being told to us; what strange adventures, what mysterious incidents connected with "such a one;" scandals even are freely and publicly retailed, with names, dates, &c. But among such records I find my old "impressions" to be the most agreeable and pleasing. Many commonplace or unthinking people are content with the simple enjoyment of what they have enjoyed, and then dismiss it from their recollection; yet such recollections ought to be nourished and nurtured, laid up carefully with lavender, as it were, or as in a cabinet, to be taken out occasionally. We should not let our happy days and happy seasons "pass away like a weaver's shuttle." It has often been noticed that Time adds a charm to all recollections, and that all the little "disagreeables" fade out. In the old familiar phrase, "Distance lends enchantment." No one who has not practised this art can conceive how the original pleasure can be thus multiplied; as we take our solitary walk these souvenirs will accompany us and furnish amusement, and are most useful. Such memoranda, again, will suggest others long forgotten. Elia has, in his picturesque way, described to us the effect of an old play-bill in kindling these old embers; and so an old hotel bill, a dinner menu, or some scrap of the kind operates as a talisman. We always paste them in. Localities, too, seen under certain conditions have their magic. Let me supply a specimen or two.

Night journeys, usually thought inconvenient, have ever an attraction. There is a sort of romance about them; they seem to take us out of the prose of life. The journey to Paris, for instance, seems to an ordinary person a necessary evil, to be endured; yet it is interesting and full of dramatic incident. I am never tired of the scene at Dover when the London trains arrive. It may be some calm summer's night as we stand on the pier looking at the amphitheatre of the town, with all its lights like holes pricked in a piece of cardboard. In an instant there is a change from complete, solitary desertion to bustle and animation and crowds. The place becomes alive with shadowy figures. There are the lights, the hurrying on board, and the amazing spectacle of baggage tumbling on to the deck in a cataract. I recall one night during the excursion season when we lingered and loitered on that pier till near midnight, every half-hour or so bringing a fresh train and its company, until the crowds mounted up to thousands. We seemed to have been forgotten; the dark-shrouded figures were moving about. Now and again a packet would come in and discharge its belated passengers. Dover is, indeed, an up-all-night place. Its hotels are semi-nautical,

and the traveller at his inn, waking in the small hours, will hear the train rolling by charged with travellers who have just arrived from the sea. And how exciting, enchanting almost, is the memory of our first going abroad, when everything was novel and astonishing! Such was the picturesque landing at Boulogne at long past midnight—with the busy quay, the lights, the soldiers and *douaniers*, the "customs," the strange, scene-like houses, the fishwomen, whose privilege it then was to take the luggage ashore in great baskets on their backs! There was the commissioner with a gold band round his cap, in a sort of uniform, who was to get the luggage through, and who mounted the cab to take us to an hotel. To this hour comes vividly before me that delightful midnight drive through the novel, solitary streets, and the clattering over the paving-stones. There was something mysterious and awe-inspiring in the ranges of long, tall windows with their jalousies closed, especially when the driver began to crack his whip to give notice to the great sleeping hotel, its huge arch fast closed up, that guests were approaching. Then came the clang of the bell and the long wait in the silent street, until a surly voice came from within, "Pas de place!" and we had to set off and try another; and so all round, to the Hôtel du Nord, the Hôtel des Bains, and the rest. Most interesting seems to me that midnight promenade, everything lying in shadow. Our commissioner had, as usual, a favoured hotel of his own, in whose service he actually was, and at every failure was urging us to come with him, as we should have to come at last. And so we had, and at about 2 A.M. entered, with the usual whip-cracking, a back street, strangely called *Tin-pot* Street, or Rue Pot d'Etain, where we found a gamboge-coloured house and a courtyard with a garden and trees, all charming and interesting. Within, everything was new and a surprise, the white staircase, the red velvet sofas, the gaudy mirrors and clocks, and that first bottle of French *ordinaire*—how exquisite!—and the long French bread there and then produced. I would not part with that night scene for anything. Trivial and ordinary are the details, no doubt; but it is a picture, a little bit of furniture for the memory, and it always gives pleasure when thought of. And yet, to one of the common "primrose" or "river-brim" persons it would amount to no more than "stopped at Boulogne"—more likely "Boolong"—for the night, and nothing more. I have given all nis, such as it is, just as I have written it in my old note-book.

These retrospects seem to me always to suggest those little "peep-shows" set round some exhibition room: you go from one to the other, putting your eye to the glass and

The memory supplies colours and effects, and picturesqueness and tenderness. All the great writers, I firmly believe, have been supplied in this way; having hints or sketches of this kind by them, which they expand and develop. The slightest reality, a mere touch, will open a whole world.

And few people can guess how curious is the life of the man who is *always* writing. With most persons writing is an occasional, exceptional thing, like going to the sea-side or doing without one's dinner. But there are numbers with whom the exception is the *ceasing* to write for a time. I do not mean professionals—journalists, who have to furnish so much copy for the evening or morning papers, but those who have always a "book or two on hand," with innumerable essays, &c. This induces a habit of looking at things and at the bearing of things; the restless mind must ever be in motion, appraising and taking stock of everything about it. The power of suggestion is exerted in a most extraordinary way, for everything seen furnishes a crop of ideas and thoughts. They fall into picturesque shape; you find yourself judging everything. This, it need not be said, adds quite a new enchantment to life, and contrasts curiously with the blank, vacant, and unenjoyable fashion in which ordinary persons see things. An instance will illustrate this and be found useful.

I have always held that the first view of a great monument is an event in one's life, like an introduction to a personage, and should be treated as such. It causes an alteration in our minds, for it furnishes us with new ideas and new trains of thought. The regular process, for instance, of "seeing" Antwerp Cathedral is to go and look at it as one of the regular sights of the town. We set off from our hotel, wonder at the astonishing lacework of the spire, are taken round by the guide, the curtains are drawn away from before the famous picture; then we return to the hotel, somewhat fatigued. We feel, however, that it is rather too much for a single meal. We have not taken it all in. We have passed over nothing; but somehow the effect is confusing. Now contrast with this the fashion in which I first made acquaintance with this great and poetical monument. Awaking betimes on the Scheldt I saw through the porthole the rich green of the fat pasture banks of the low-lying Flemish country, with little patches of red tiling afar off, and that curious tone of desolation or sadness which is ever associated with the Low Countries. This is always a curious and welcome sensation, and gives a sort of thrill of surprise, the contrast being so striking when compared with our own gayer pastures. Coming on deck I find we are meandering up the solemn river, and afar off—very far off—I

make out a sort of little white needle, which a "salt" announces to be Antwerp spire. For two hours we move on slowly, the Flemish pilot guiding us, the snowy spire seeming to grow—rising out of the grass—no town visible at its feet. To a poetical mind this is a most curious and interesting development. England is forgotten; we think of the old history of this fairy-like landmark, of its grandeur and desertion, and of all that it has looked down upon: on Charles V., the wars of Napoleon, and the rest. Gradually it comes nearer and yet nearer, with patches of the romantic-looking city at its feet, when all of a sudden it breaks on us like a scene in an opera, and turning a corner, as it were, we are in the midst of quays and docks, and snowy, picturesque houses and red roofs: while quite close to us, almost at the water's edge, rises the lovely, elaborate cream-coloured spire, lending a feminine grace and charm to all about it! I never can forget this introduction.

Then, how charming to lodge in the Place Verte and listen to the chimes as you lie down to rest. And you take care to visit the cathedral, not guide-led, but betimes in the morning, when it is used for its natural, proper functions—viz., the early mass—when the honest Flemings with their baskets are hurrying in before going to work; a stray canon or two in the stalls; another mass going on in the little retired side chapel; the grim sacristan, with his parchment-like face, pulling at the bell-rope in the aisle, while you hear something booming a mile away aloft in the clouds. What a contrast this to the raree-show business, to the neck craned back, and the meaningless staring of the common guide-book sight-seer!

The "writing man" is often entertained by the odd humours, half-grotesque business of his trade. Often there is a glimpse of Grub Street itself. One morning a gentleman with a much inflected nose, and a dialect like the traditional tone of Moses in the "School for Scandal," was shown in. He had come, he said, on the part of a great firm, to propose a literary or "*liter'y* work" (so he elided the syllables). My name, he said, had been mentioned handsomely to the firm. I was just the person for the thing, and the work was just the thing for me. The plan was entirely in the interests of their customers—a large body scattered over the kingdom. They were provincials, often coming up to town; so the firm conceived the kindly, rather graceful idea that when these simple folk came to call on them and make their purchases, a nice, well-written guide to the sights and shows of town should be presented to them. "Observe you," said my Jewish friend, "none of your low, catchpenny t'
a reg'lar liter'y man, for which the firm will pay!"

the firm—its special line?" I asked. On which he named a well-known house in a large furnishing way. There is always an awkwardness in this form of transaction. Yet, was it not obvious that this was quite a different thing from the "puff direct" or oblique? What harm in Messrs. —— having their little guide-book? "You see," said my friend, interpreting my thoughts, "there's none of *that* 'ere business. No, no; the firm is dealin' with a reg'lar *liter'y* man. Of course another gent has been arranged for, not *your* sort, but who's on the papers, and who's to give a reg'lar account of the firm, and of our noo warehouses, and of all the 'ands we employ. That comes in separately, you know, and has nothing to do with *you*." "Oh! *now* I see," I said. Nothing came of it.

I recall a grotesque incident, Pantagruelic almost, which occurred at a ball at which I was assisting. It was given by some quiet, homely people who were starting on their course, and not without trepidation. It was a great effort. The festival had just commenced; "Skipper's Band" had cheerfully intoned an early valse. The rooms were beginning to crowd when I noticed a commotion, an agitation indeed, in a corner. There were whisperings, a woman or two rushed from the room. I did not pay much attention, but after an interval I—and we all—witnessed this extraordinary spectacle: A lady had been hoisted on a chair, and was being carried by four hired waiters through the room, her face covered with a pocket-handkerchief. Wondering eyes followed this unusual procession, the host leading and clearing a passage, as mild a mannered man as ever took a dowager down to supper. It was not difficult to read the riddle, especially as the Fawkes-like armchair took its way aloft up to the principal bedroom. The poor lady had made a sad miscalculation. All pitied her poor hosts, who feebly entreated everyone to proceed, just as if nothing had happened. Accordingly the fiddlers struck up once more, but there was a solemn check on the many twinkling feet; everyone felt that this noisy revelry might imperil the critical matters that were going on aloft. An hour elapsed, the flirters on the stairs stood aside to make way for a burly man, a professor and D.D., who tramped upstairs, and who had arrived express from the country. On his heels came the doctor post-haste, and we were presently jostled by nurses, apothecaries, &c. Strange mixture! Fiddlers, dancers, doctors, the sufferer. However, it must be said the sense of responsibility was more and more felt; it became at last too oppressive, and it was impossible to take the thing seriously as a ball at all; and so towards one o'clock there was a general decamping, I think to the relief of all. But our mild host's ball was sp

Everything above, however, ended happily. There was something really comic in the situation. The poor ball-givers had their guest for a fortnight at least.

For youth, a ball is perhaps the nearest approach to an ideal fairyland that can be conceived. How the hours fly by, like minutes, to exquisite music, dazzling lights, a *long* room, and smooth floor, to say nothing of *supper*, and a "list" filled up to the smallest hours! What can compare with it? And what amazing strength and energy! That notion of hearing the chimes at midnight seems only childish: we have heard the milkman's early cry, and seen the laden cab hurrying to the morning train! How many of us have danced literally all night and morning too! That is, from eleven till five and six o'clock. What patient mothers and chaperons, and what open neglect and disregard of their authority!—but it is a privileged time. The poor lady is murmuring feebly, "We must *really* go now; 'tis four o'clock;" when out sounds the "Adieu Valse," up comes Mr. —— and cuts short the discussion peremptorily by literally carrying off his young lady: in a moment they are floating through the empyrean. How strange, too, to stand on the steps in the broad daylight—half a dozen carriages left, the linkman still there: but he has put out his light. Then to look up at the windows where the lamps can still be seen.

What oddities we have seen at balls! Once, at the supper table, I saw a heavy dragoon deeply engaged with his lady. He was actually proposing, but at the moment was busy with an obstinate shoulder of lamb. In his agitation he lost control of his carving; the joint slipped and bounded from the table, and fell on the floor between me and him! This was an awkward, unromantic *contre-temps*, but, notwithstanding, the business came to a happy issue.

I always think, as a philosophic spectator, that about the happiest moments in life are those "holiday" expeditions which occur now and then. They are easily enjoyed; there is little effort or expense. There must be good humour and good nature, and, above all, there must be no excessive expectation. We always find ourselves looking back to these with a tranquil pleasure, and even years later the feeling of satisfaction is renewed. The official rich cannot command these pleasures by any outlay—with them it becomes *business*. We wander in these summer evenings into the recurring exhibitions, and passing by the brilliant restaurant "Bignon" or "Potsdam," a capital miniature of foreign life, we see all the little tables crowded with happy diners—little parties in evening dress, full of spirits; lively young gallants from the country, perhaps, with their agreeable girls—all

faring sumptuously for this occasion only, exuberantly pleased with themselves and with each other. That day, depend upon it, is often thought of as a "red-letter" one. They have their little incidents that seemed hilarious, perhaps, magnified by distance. I confess the spectacle is a pleasing one. The *blasé* will no doubt smile at this homely and provincial business. Dining about London seems always a pleasant form of amusement; it is something out of the common, humdrum course. I like to see those luxurious-looking dinners at the Hôtel Continental or such places, with the pink-shaded wax lights and a richly dressed company, *en partie fine*. A dinner in the marble and gilded hall of the Holborn Restaurant, crowded in all its galleries, the music playing, is a thing worth trying—if only for the novelty of it.

How pleasant is a *summer* dinner party—though they are often abused—after some sultry, dusty, monotonous day, when a gratifying lassitude overtakes us. The thoughtful host has set out his cool chambers with grateful flowers, has gathered half a dozen agreeable people. His table looks inviting: his *chaud-froids* are welcome, and his champagne is "struck" to a nicety. These meetings—coffee and cigarettes on the balcony, though in some populous street—are often thought of with pleasure.

In these summer evenings it is not unamusing to wander round the fashionable streets about "dinner-party" hour, when the expectant matting, half rolled up, gives note of the festival. The elements are nearly always the same. The heavy brougham from which is laboriously extricated the puffing, voluminous dowager; with the corresponding ancient father, well trained to dinners, who goes up the steps leisurely in a doctor-like fashion, taking care to give some last directions to his footman. Then the young man who is to fill up an interstice rattles up in a hansom. Then the gay young married pair, who also arrive in a hansom. Then the heavy family coach—father, mother, and daughter.

In my little records I find abundance of character and touches of character. For instance, at the top of our street lounges a sort of "corner boy," whose life is mysteriously and enjoyably spent in looking up and down, whistling for cabs, and making himself useful in the "handy way." I often wonder at the amazing instinct which prompts him always, with an almost unerring certainty, to divine the approach of a cab laden with luggage. There he is at the door almost as it drives up; yet he has been invisible till that moment!

From the very first I had set my face against this self-appointed official, and steadily ignored his homage, bows, &c. But he knew he

had only to bide his time. He had with him the whole street, and the women particularly, "to a woman"—the maids of course; the ladies had quite a regard for his mysterious sense of ubiquity. He turned up whenever he was wanted or could be useful. He called cabs, saw people into cabs when others "called" them; he knew the art, in short, of encumbering with help. It was felt, above all, that no trunk could be properly placed on the top without his aid. That was his right. At a party, or wedding, he had no distinct function; but he was *there* and recognised, which he found better than having functions. Of course he knew it was a mere matter of time, his gaining me, and I felt the force of the Frenchman's remark: "Dépêchez-vous à le reconnaître, car bientôt il ne vous reconnaîtra pas."

Well, it came about in this way. I was going down for two days to a delightful vicarage on the river near Pangbourne, and had been looking forward with infinite enjoyment to it. There was to be a pleasant party. Having gone out about an hour or so before the time of setting off—I was only taking a bag with me—I returned in due course and found that I could not let myself in. The house was locked up; the servants, fancying that I had departed, had gone out also. This was a most aggravating situation. It was in vain to fume or fret, for there was no remedy. The pleasant party was lost to me. Threatening punishment, instant dismissal—but to myself—I was turning away, when the ubiquitous one came up. "I see the maids," he said, "a-going down that way, and then they takes the bus." (Those of his kind thus present things in this dramatic shape, "I see or sees.") I answered him somewhat moodily, that *that* was no help to me, and turned away and set off club-way, still threatening all and several concerned. The minutes were slipping away. In a restless fashion I came back. They *might* have returned. Not they! As I was ruefully withdrawing my fruitless latchkey the ubiquitous corner-boy, as I disdainfully called him, approached. "They ain't come back," he said. "But I tell you wot, sir; I *could* get into the house, sir, and then I lets you in." "What?" I said. "Yes," he said. "Why, I *sees* that the left han' winder ain't *catched*, and yer sees I can just step from this here baluster on to the sill, and then lift 'im." He paused, waiting consent, like an expectant terrier wanting you to throw a stick for him. Now here was the crisis; it was really momentous. If I accepted I was bound to the fellow; I could see in his humorous grin that he knew he had me in a weak place, or, as he would say, a "tight" one. But then there was the t[illegible]iting me. so I nodded. In an instant

he had stepped lightly on to the sill, had raised the "winder," and was in the house! As he went round to undo the chain I stood awestruck and even appalled. What a gift of scrutiny was here, in that noting that the "winder was not catched"! Why, we were in the fellow's power at any moment. And suppose some policeman had seen the whole business from afar off? What explanation would have sufficed? It would be vain to assure him that I was the owner, that it was done by my direction. It was enough for him that one fellow had got in by the window, and was coming round to let in his confederate.

I was at last in my own house. The next thing, for there was still time, was to secure a fleet cab; and I actually reached the Great Western Station with just a minute or two to spare, and had the pleasure of relating my little embarrassment at the Pangbourne table.

I must say that I felt really thankful to the ready corner-boy who had thus saved me. It was a clever stroke, as I owned, and I *was* grateful. So, having surrendered to him, I loyally submitted, and recognised him for ever after and took him into favour. But still I have my forebodings—that nice observation of the window not being "catched"! We shall see.

Looking backwards to the vast quantity of persons I have known, I have been struck with the number who have met with tragic finales. I should think that this must be the case with most persons who see a good deal of their fellow-creatures, though they are apt to think that such casualties are chiefly found in the newspaper, and happen only to "the public." Taking stock of these friends I find that no less than over a dozen have committed suicide! Of these, three threw themselves out of window, two cut their throats, one pistolled himself. Then, quite a number have met with violent deaths—two were burnt in the Abergele accident, another set himself on fire and was burnt to death, another fell out of a window, another was drowned.

I always relish listening to some intelligent man of the world who has "knocked about" a great deal and knows all that has gone on, or is going on. This training gives him an effective power of description; he knows how much to tell, and his style is so *finished*. There is an agreeable cynicism, and he is purely unaffected. Such was Lord ——, who, without affectation, but with much liveliness, related how, on returning from the Continent, he had met at Calais Jack —— and Charlie ——, two men of the real *blasé* school. They had been to Paris to enjoy themselves; neither had money, neither cared for *seeing* anything, nor did they know a word of

They borrowed £50 and set out. They spent a week. "Well, and what did you do? What did you see?" "Why, we breakfasted at Bignon's," was the reply. "Good. Well?" "Why, then we dined at the Maison Dorée." "What plays did you see?" "None." "What else *did* you see next day?" "Nothing; but we breakfasted at Bignon's and we dined at the Maison Dorée—splendid burgundy." This was the whole programme; they spent all their money in a week, and neither had a halfpenny in the world beyond their debts. In the train one was seized with a fit of gout, owing, no doubt, to the burgundy at the Maison Dorée, and had to have his boot cut off at the next station! Such was the party of pleasure to Paris. I have not succeeded in giving the highly humorous tone of the little account, in which there was a sort of philosophy.

Another of his light sketches was equally agreeable. He recalled the great fashionable catastrophe of a well-known "man about town," connected with the highest families, who had been detected cheating at cards at a club. One of the players who had lost watched him through a glass door, and distinctly saw him drop a card on the table. He had practised an ingenious spasmodic trick to cover his manœuvres, of suddenly putting his hand to his head, or of stooping abruptly. He was called on to submit to an investigation. My friend described his interview with him. He was asked what he would advise. "Stand your ground, of course, my dear boy, and fight." The other pleaded his aged father, nearly eighty. "It would kill him!" "Oh! if *that* be your view," said Lord ——, "then my advice is, by all means go away at once." He then described a most grotesque scene with the wife, whom he found in tears and sobs, surrounded by great ladies of fashion, her connections. She had not been told the real nature of the misfortune, but only that all their property had been burnt in a great fire at some warehouse, and that they were ruined and must go away!

Two relations of my own were once staying at an obscure German watering place, Neuenhar. There were only a few English at the large hotel. It was a Sunday, a weary day, and they were sitting in the great salon, reading; the only other occupant was a gentleman, who suddenly rose, and going towards the door, said in a low, mysterious voice, "There must be three!" then sat down. They did not notice this odd speech, but after an interval he rose again, and going to the door, but returning, repeated again, in the same tone, "There must be three! There must be three!" There was something ghostly in this. At last he came straight to their alarm said more decidedly, "There must be

three!" It came out that he was the watering-place chaplain, more or less peripatetic, who fancied they were there and then expecting him to begin the service, and he was trying to explain that three were necessary to form a congregation. There was no service—to his relief apparently.

An Irish friend once used this expressive but rather German form, "I was visiting a gentleman on-the-south-side-of-Merrion-Square's-wife.

My mother used to tell us stories of her grandfather—a strange, eccentric character of the old times, worthy of Smollett, a quaint Lismahago figure—as she remembered him when past eighty. Every day he rode out, attended by his man-servant, who, however, always rode *in front*. On the day of his wife's death he took his ride as usual. In the morning something would occur to him that should be done, of which he duly made a memorandum, which he would affix by a pin to his sleeve. By noon his whole arm became thus decorated! He was an orthodox, pious man, and every morning his prayer-books were laid in a row before the fire, to be *aired* before use. He used to wear what was called a "spencer," which he ingeniously adapted to the changes of season by cutting holes in it here, there, and everywhere, as the days grew warmer, until it was altogether shredded away.

A genteel pair with a family whom I knew had "run through everything," as it is called, but lived just as usual, ingeniously exerting a sort of passive pressure on their relatives, who felt compelled not to let them starve or be "turned into the streets." This is part of the "Art of Living on Others," but requires skill and resolution to carry out. The lady simply gave out openly to her friends, "I have no notion of being poor, I do not intend to be poor;" this she repeated everywhere. A sound philosophy is this, and it is more likely to have success than humble, servile acquiescence in or acceptance of poverty. Strange to say, she was successful.

A friend pointed me out one of the most comical misprints I have ever seen. It is in the first edition of Alison's "History of Europe," where the author is speaking of Napoleon and Sir Peregrine Maitland. The gallant sailor's name was actually printed "Sir Peregrine *Pickle*."

Once I had a strange form of dream, in which I fancied that I was in some way on the stage, and was being addressed by a lady, like Rosalind in "As You Like It." I, it seems, had written the play, and awoke repeating her lines, which ran exactly thus—

> I pray you, sir, go hence; but keep wide open
> *The back door of opportunity.*



These lines have a curious and spurious Shakespearian twang. "Back door of opportunity" is good.

There is a class of person preying on the community who may be called "Foragers." It is all the better for their profession if they have a small title or "handle" to their name. The way with these persons is to offer themselves for visits, short or long, according as they see the feasibility. They suggest Carlyle's "dragoons" who patrol the earth seeking horse meat and man meat, hugely to the detriment of the victims. If repulsed they offer themselves again, or arrange on the spot for a more favourable season. Delicacy and sensitiveness in others is, after all, our great protection, and with most persons a bare hint is accepted as a refusal. But with these folk there is no defence. Their palpably thick hides cannot be pierced. By a comic reversal of things, "invitations" to stay at a house come from *them*, and it is the host that has the pleasure (?) of accepting. Their favourite form is, "Will you have us?" After a few experiments, of course, one house is exhausted; but their area is large. I lately was shown one of these "self-invitations," and noted the business-like particularity. "Would you have us from the third to the twelfth; *have you a large bed?*" On this occasion these Foragers stayed for three weeks, and superadded, when they had fixed to go, three days more!

It is curious to note how unequally gifts and accomplishments are distributed. Some persons—indeed, most persons—can "do" but half a dozen things, others can do everything almost. One of these versatile, all-round men was with us lately, and we made out a sort of catalogue of all the things he could do; some, of course, in a very imperfect or rudimentary way, others in a small way; but still he had done them and was able to do them. I copy the list we made.

He had been: 1, novelist; 2, biographer; 3, verse writer; 4, essayist; 5, short-tale writer; 6, pamphleteer; 7, religious writer; 8, writer on art; 9, art critic; 10, musical critic; 11, dramatic critic; 12, architectural critic; 13, "Own Correspondent" of newspaper; 14, farce writer; 15, tragedy writer; 16, comedy writer; 17, satirical writer; 18, leader writer; 19, sketcher; 20, water colourist; 21, pianist; 22, violinist; 23, flautist; 24, singer; 25, composer of songs; 26, composer of waltzes; 27, modeller; 28, actor; 29, skater; 30, football player; 31, cricketer; 32, French speaker; 33, a little German; 34, a little Italian; 35, a traveller; 36, writer of travels; 37, book collector; 38, writer on bibliography; 39, tri-

40, sportsman; 41, waltzer; 42, speech-maker; 43,

Under date of June 9, 1870, I find the following:—

This day died dear Charles Dickens. I think at this moment of his genial, airy, cheery manner, so fresh, cordial, and hearty. The last time I saw him was about four weeks ago, in his office at Wellington Street. I came to him to induce him to come to some plays that we were getting up. We talked them over, but he complained sadly of the "going out" and of the dinners. In very genuine way he uttered his regrets; but said that he would drop in afterwards if he could. I see his spare, wiry, nervous figure, the small hands . . . ; then his bringing me to look at one of the usual huge orange placards, printed in gigantic letters of rich, jetty black, a flaring announcement of a new story we were concocting; it was hung up against the walls for experiment's sake, and was fresh from the printer's. Then he talked of Regnier the actor, describing his seeing him in "Les Vieux Garçons." "But he is getting old," he added; "you know he is a *vieux garçon* himself."

And about a week later, Tuesday, June 14, 1870:—

Have just come in from Westminster Abbey. It had been a sultry, fiercely glowing day, and I entered below a vast and cool vaulting. There was a great crowd in one of the transepts; four forms, tied together, made a sort of enclosure. These were covered with black cloth, and, stooping over, I saw the oak coffin below. It was handsome and massive, and there was a bold, well-cut inscription. How it affected me to look down into that grave on that bright name, as it always seemed to be—CHARLES DICKENS—bright as his own gleaming face! To think that he was lying there below, looking up at me! There was a wreath of white roses lying on the flags at his feet, a great bank of ferns at his head, rows of white and red roses down the sides.

The excellent, cheery, and popular Dr. ——, who was recently made a baronet, confessed that he had received seven hundred letters of congratulation! "How many did he answer?" he was asked. "Not half a dozen."

It is an interesting but laborious pastime to count up all the people you have known in the course of your life. This I did recently, but in a rough fashion, for there must be many forgotten, and found that the grand total reached to five thousand! An army! But, alas! how many left upon the field!

A friend of mine had once a conversation with what is called a "sandwich man," in the days of some extraordinary street exhibition in the way of bold, or boldest, advertisement. All will recall the long lines of "convicts," correctly attired, with the broad arrow on their backs and chains on their wrists! Another train carried babies. At last they were ordered out of the City by the police as a nuisance. The sandwich man detailed his ingenious plan for frustrating this oppression. "I took my convicts," he said, "by rail to the Mansion House Station, and then set off in the usual procession. We were then ordered out, and made our way slowly back through the streets to the Strand."

I once heard a halting preacher say, "Now, my brethren, we must all *determine to resolve to make a resolution.*" Another preacher exclaimed, "Ah, my friends, we have all our Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde within us—Hyde goes to church, Jekyll in the other direction." A third actually quoted "Pickwick,"—the only time I ever heard the immortal book alluded to in the pulpit. It was in this way. He was inviting the congregation to use some particular religious exercise; there was no trouble, in any case it would be more than repaid. "Just as Sergeant Buzfuz said to Sam Weller in the famous trial of Bardell *v.* Pickwick, there is 'little to do, and plenty to get.'"

Everyone has heard of the good Lady Georgiana Fullerton—a saint indeed. It is well known how, when a crossing-sweeper said she could not leave her work to go to Mass, the excellent lady took her broom and did her duties. There was a touch of comedy in the heroic act, for this good woman's garments were of so indifferent a kind that she passed without question as a sort of "decent body"; she was always proud—and well she might be—of the coppers she earned on this occasion. On her death-bed she was finely and religiously stoical. Her husband was aged and feeble, and as she was discussing her own obsequies with those about her, she said, lifting up a warning finger, "Now, mind; *he* is not to go to the funeral!"

During the course of a long acquaintance with "all sorts and conditions" of—dogs, some disagreeable, unpleasant to know, others really an addition to one's circle, I have met some odd, not to say eccentric, beings. I have often, by the way, admired the fashion in which a well-bred, gentlemanly dog will receive the advances of an ordinary stranger; here showing a delicacy of feeling and a reserve which the man of the world might envy. You can see perfectly what is passing in his mind. "Here is a person," he thinks, "whose knowledge of me is of the slightest; he is only just introduced, yet he ventures on such liberties as patting my head, pulling my sides and quarters, taking up my paw, passing my tail through his hands, &c. Now, these familiarities would not be tolerated among men and women." He accordingly exhibits a sort of guarded distrust, a plain hint that they are distasteful to him and unmeaning—not called for. At the same time, as they are evidence of good-will, though ill-mannered enough, he tolerates them; but shows that he tolerates them only. He recollects, too, that these caresses have occasionally been followed by some rude and coarse horseplay, throwing him down, rolling him over on his back, pulling his ears, and the like. So he receives them warily. The best-natured dogs make an effort to be courteous, but you can see at once

that it is put on. Some dogs of a blunt, too candid character disdain this reserve, and show at once, by a short growl or retreat under a chair, that they dislike the business.

But to return to odd and eccentric dogs. Once, staying in a country house, I took note of a yellow, bristly-haired Irish terrier, a favourite in the kitchen and stables, and one who detested genteel society. Every day about half-past four I met him hurrying down the avenue as if to keep an appointment; sometimes a little late, when he would take to running at full speed. Once I followed, and found him about a quarter of a mile away, standing by a railway cutting that passed under a bridge, and gazing intently at the line below. In a few moments a train flew by, on which he seemed satisfied, and turning about, set off home again. It seemed that for two or three years he steadily pursued this custom, having somehow ascertained the time at which the afternoon express passed. Sometimes, when he was artfully detained on some pretext—even by the pretext of something to eat—he was only off his guard for a moment, but, recollecting himself, would rush off, making up for lost time by extra speed. When absolutely detained he would fall into the greatest distress. How did he know the hour so accurately? And, above all, what sort of pleasure could he have found in the exhibition?

Once in a country town I noticed, on the steps of the Court House, a very ordinary plebeian dog, white with a black patch on his left eye, who was, indeed, addressed as "Spot" or "Spotty." He was noticed and spoken good-naturedly to by the countrymen, and they told me that he was one of those rare and gifted dogs who went and bought his own breakfast! Being somewhat incredulous, I was asked to furnish the penny necessary for the experiment, and I should see. I did so, and the dog, eagerly taking it in his mouth, set off down the street. He halted at a rather "poorish" huckster's on the opposite side of the way, but found the lower half of the door closed, on which he went and looked in at the next shop, as if inviting assistance. A man came out, greeting him in a friendly way, and opening his shop door went in, followed by his visitor. I witnessed the purchase, the dog handing, or rather "mouthing," over his penny, and receiving a small roll with which he emerged, making for some retired corner where he could enjoy his meal at ease. I can vouch for all the incidents of this curious exhibition of sagacity.

Yet another dog. I once knew a little fox terrier of marvellous intelligence—his mistress's pet. I have seen him, when he was im-



patient to go out a-walking, suddenly appear with her boots in his mouth, which he would throw down at her feet! Could there be a better hint, or could language convey more? Told to "fetch sticks," he would rush into a flower-bed and pull up a stick or two to which the flowers were trained, and return with them. I have even seen a dog who sang, or who made sounds like singing, when he was sung to.

Out at Camberwell, in a shop window, I saw a little white stuffed dog on a stand, with an inscription below. It was to the effect that this dog, at a fire at Luton on November 10, 1883, ran up and awoke his master and mistress (grocers, named Perry) by licking their faces. They were saved, but it would seem, in their alarm, forgot their preserver. A fireman went up and recovered him, but the faithful creature was so burned that he died in a few minutes. A very touching story. It had been better, however, to have thought of him than to have stuffed him.

Occasionally, once or twice in our lives it may be, we find ourselves in some situation where our feelings are of a very original kind, such as we have *never* experienced before. One of these "queer" occasions once occurred to myself, when, entering innocently into a West End theatre for a possible night's enjoyment, or the reverse, I was confounded by hearing my own name noisily vociferated by various characters on the stage. Looking at the bill, there it was to be read at length, and writ large. In the case of an ordinary name there would be nothing in this; but there are names where the species is the genus. "Rudyard Kipling," for instance, would seem personal enough. On the opening night this caused, as might be imagined, much hilarity among the motley crowd of critics and "first-nighters," to whom the name was pretty familiar; by some accident the bearer of the name was absent, otherwise his situation would have been awkward. There was no point in the thing, and apparently no object in this introduction; it rather interfered with the vraisemblance of the piece. No doubt there was some secret malice; but the licenser interposed promptly, and the name was removed.

I have been stopped by a cheery-hearted fellow in the street. "Well, sir! I *am* glad to see you, sir! You don't remember me, sir? Corporal Smart, that was in your honour's company before the regiment went to India?" &c. "Don't you remember me, sir?" It was hard to resist this worthy fellow, who was so glad to see his old officer. At worst, the likeness had led him astray. This was the second or third occasion that the device was tried. You tell him it won't

do. He tells you that you are the image of his old commanding officer—a fine soldier! I have no doubt Corporal Smart succeeds with a great many on the score of his very naturally expressed delight and surprise—recalling the tones of "Charley Wyndham" in a rattling comedy part.

When Lord Aberdeen was dying a party of gentlemen were travelling up to town in the train; among them was Delane, who took a printed slip out of his pocket and read portions of it. It was the obituary notice. All criticised it and found various faults One said it did not deal fairly with him. "All I can say is," said the editor, "that *he has seen it himself!*"

An old clubbist related some interesting anecdotes, notably of the good Harness. I once sat beside this divine at a public dinner, and it was a curious feeling to talk to one who had been the friend of Byron. He could have been a bishop or dean, but he asked—as though he were badly treated—"How could I go to the theatre then?" He spoke of Moore also, whom he had seen at parties. The poet always addressed his songs to some particular lady whom he fancied for a time, and the wife of a certain dean whom he distinguished in this way was so agitated by the process that she burst into convulsive sobs. The little bard was delighted. I suppose "When he who adores thee" had been used in this fashion on scores. Once when he was in a shop in Paris with a friend, he noticed two handsome Englishwomen passing whom his friend knew. "Go and talk to them," said the poet good-humouredly, but rather artfully. The friend did so and returned. "Well, what did they say?" "Oh, they were delighted to hear that it was you." "Well?" The friend hesitated a little, but, being pressed, said, "They have been for years taking in your almanack, and they were so glad to see the author"!

There must be only one or two persons alive now who have seen Kemble. Lately I had a long conversation with that interesting veteran F., who was well acquainted "with them all," Siddons and the rest. Warming up as he spoke, he sat down in a chair and gave an imitation of Kemble in the "Stranger" when Mrs. Haller was approaching. The agitation affected not the voice or face, but the knees of the great man, which, as the lady drew nearer and yet nearer, began to shake and quiver palpably. In "Penruddock," when he said the line, 'Come hither, boy; I think you are like your mother," there were sobs and "blubbering" all through the house.

A little lord whom I knew was lately taken to a tailor's bef

going to school. An energetic official of the house was measuring him privately, when he took occasion to say, with much sympathy, "I am sure, my lord, you will often be in want of little things—pocket-money, &c., and if your lordship will apply to us we shall only be too happy," &c. This, I think, is the most execrable instance on record.

Such are a few specimens from my diary. Should they be relished, I have more at the courteous reader's disposition.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

OUR FIRST GREAT SEA-FIGHT.

NONE can deny that Britannia ruling the waves since first she rose from them forms a fine poetic figure of speech. But, full of the muse of lyric verse, Thomson probably forgot when he penned that daring hyperbole that the muse of history could lay lean pedantic finger on the date, the very day, when Britain's empire of the sea began. It began with the fame-worthy sea-fight at Sluys. That fight carries us back to the source of the Hundred Years' War—the claim set up by Edward III. to the French crown on the death of Philip the Handsome in 1328. But, luckily for the reader—and ourselves—we need not sift that claim, nor drag him through the details of the twelve years' fitful warfare which preceded the grand encounter. Enough to glance at a few of the main episodes in that warfare. But this we must, else we shear the drama of its first act.

Those episodes occurred in 1339, and stamped it as a black year in the annals of England. In that year Philip of France sent forth a mighty fleet to scour the Channel, harry our shipping, and waste our southern shores with fire and sword. His admirals faithfully followed their instructions; and, at the outset, Fortune smiled upon their enterprise. A detachment of the fleet, numbering thirteen sail, soon fell in with five English vessels homeward bound from Flanders, where they had bartered English wool for Flemish goods and bullion. Three of the five, small craft unfit for fighting, spread sail and fled when the hostile cruisers hove in sight, leaving their portly companions, the *St. Christopher* and *St. Edward*, to their fate. These well-armed argosies maintained the unequal struggle for nine long hours before they reluctantly yielded to their unchivalrous foes, who flung overboard most of the wounded English—all but those who could pay fat ransom. After this sorry triumph, "the French," says a quaint old writer, "sore troubled this realm by sea and land, especially where the champain country stretches towards the coast." On the feast of Corpus Christi they landed at Hastings, burnt part of the town, and butchered some of

its inhabitants. In the harbours of Devon and Cornwall, and high up in the Bristol Channel, they took and burnt many ships, slaughtering the seamen who fell into their hands. They swooped upon Plymouth and burnt the greater part of it; though here they met a "Rowland for an Oliver" in the person of Sir Hugh Courtenay, Earl of Devon, a brave old knight on the brink of fourscore, who mustered his dependents and neighbours for miles around, and drove the marauders back to their ships with heavy loss. Yet the French pursued their depredations. One Sunday morning fifty of the roving cruisers sailed up the Solent and burst upon Southampton while the townsfolk were at church. The bulk fled panic-stricken. The piratical invaders sacked the forsaken city, inflicting every sort of outrage on the luckless few they met, rifling the houses of the richer citizens, and hanging several of them from their own rafters. Thus, for a time, rape, robbery, and murder reigned supreme. Arson followed; for, after wrecking all the heavy plunder that balked their greed, and spending the rest of the day and the bulk of the night in reckless revelry, they finished their fiendish feat by setting fire to the town.

Even after all these years one feels a glow of satisfaction in recording that neither did these ruffians escape scot free. At day-break on the morrow, as, clogged with drink and booty, they staggered shorewards, up rode Sir John Arundel colonelling a resolute troop of friends and yeomen, backed by the runaways of yesterday, panting for revenge. They wreaked it by slaying some five hundred of these "foreign devils" on the spot and chasing the rest into the sea, where many of them sank while striving to reach their ships, which, at sight of the English, had stood off from shore to avoid being boarded.

From the ruck of the undistinguished slain the old chroniclers single out one—"a son of the King of Sicily," they style him—who, whatever his rank or race, found bitter cause that day to rue his ignorance of English. Felled by a sturdy Hampshire hind who laid about him with a flail like mad, the gravelled foreigner raised a lusty roar of "Rançon! Rançon!" "Ay," replied his horny-handed foe, without ears for his French or eyes for the mystic blazon on his shield, "I know thou art a *Françon*, and therefore shalt thou die." And, suiting deed to word, he literally threshed the high-born pilferer to death.

Meanwhile, though partly wiped out in blood, the memory of these wrongs and of the loss of two of the stateliest vessels England then could boast, rankled in the breast of kin and

people. Moreover, the fast-growing naval power of France threatened ruin to our trade, hence to the realm. And now the rumour ran that King Philip was gathering an overwhelming fleet upon the Flemish coast, to smite us hip and thigh. Rumour soon solidified itself to certainty; and to forestall the threatened invasion, Edward mustered in the mouth of the Orwell a fleet of 260 vessels. With these, convoying a small train of transports freighted with a bevy of ladies bound for the Court of Queen Philippa at Ghent, he set sail for Flanders at daybreak on June 22, 1340. Early on the morrow they neared the Flemish coast and spied a forest of masts and spars flouting the welkin above the armlet of the sea which then served as the port of Sluys. At this sight Edward turned to the master of his ship and said, "What, think you, may yon vessels be?" "So please your Majesty," replied the mariner, "I take 'em to be Normans and others fitted out by the French King to rob and spoil your coasts and seize your Majesty's person if they can. And among 'em I doubt not we should find those very men who burnt your good town of Southampton and took your two goodly ships, the *St. Edward* and the *St. Christopher*." "Ha!" exclaimed the King, "long have I yearned to fight the French; for, truly, they have wrought me such foul wrong that I would fain revenge me an I may. And now, methinks, I shall do battle with some of them by the grace of God and good St. George." Then, summoning Lord Reginald Cobham, Sir John Chandos, and Sir Stephen de la Burkin, he bade them land and ride along the coast to scan and count the foe. Having naught to dread from the then thoroughly friendly Flemings, the three knights cheerfully obeyed, and returned, unscathed, before dusk, to report an enemy's fleet of some 400 sail moored in the harbour of Sluys. Thereupon, the King, who—to quote the language of a quaint old author—must needs for the nonce play the admiral himself, gave orders to anchor for the night, and voiced his purpose to tackle the foe betimes next morning.

The fleet he itched to tackle was a motley swarm of French, Spanish, and Genoese vessels, with a contingent from Brittany, still an independent dukedom. Next in importance to the French squadron ranked the galleys of Genoa, captained by Boccanegra, brother to its Doge; and in the council of war witnessed by the peaceful stars that balmy summer night the voice of this brave and able warrior, impatient of delay, overrode the Fabian counsels of the French Admiral Bahuchet. On the other side, King Edward's rock-firm faith in the skill and courage of his men made him slight

the numerical odds arrayed against him and hunger for the fray as keenly as Boccanegra himself. Hence, when morning dawned—the morning of June 24, a day to be marked with the reddest of red letters in the naval calendar of England—he beheld with an unquailing eye the whole hostile armada sallying from the haven in three compact squadrons drawn up in battle array, and he made ready, with a sober glee that well became the man and the occasion, to give them a rough reception.

Every age fights in its own fashion. In the Victorian age 'tis all Armstrongs. The Edwardian was pre-eminently the age of strong arms. And full many a surname—Bowyer, Archer, Arrowsmith, Fletcher (*flèchier* = arrow-maker), Bendbow, Armstrong itself—it has bequeathed us in proof that the graceful pastime in which the ladies now share and shine was once the staple art of the stern trade of war. Alike by land and sea the longbow was *the* weapon of our forefathers in the days when our third Edward earned the honourable by-name of "Sovereign of the Seas"—"Notre seigneur le roi de la mer" he is repeatedly hailed in the Parliament Roll of the forty-sixth year of his reign. In the fleet he admiralled at Sluys—supplanting, but for that day only, the standing admiral, Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick—there sailed many a stately ship filled with well-trained archers. These he stationed in the forefront of his line of battle, but sandwiched between each pair a shipful of "men-at-arms"—soldiers equipped with sword, spear, and buckler for hand-to-hand encounter; a reserve squadron he told off to shield the van from risk of rear attack; while to a third, manned by 500 bowmen and 300 men-at-arms, he entrusted the protection of the transports, where the poor women stood all aghast and a-quake at the impending combat, in which dear friend and kinsman must peril life and limb. By which token the graphic pen of the unimitated and inimitable Froissart fails not to paint us the stout-hearted King doing his utmost to soothe and comfort this crew of tremblers.

The ships thus marshalled, Edward now bids them hoist sail and beat to windward. The intelligent reader will see at once that the aim of this masterly manœuvre was to compass the notable advantage of fighting with both wind and sun astern. But the foe entirely mis-read it, and sullenly grumbled, "The English shirk the fight!" So growls the tiger cheated of its prey. Now, however, the flying fleet, having gained its offing, tacks, veers, and comes bearing boldly down upon their serried squadrons, the fair wind bellying every sail, and the broad banner royal of England—its golden leopards burnished by the sunbeams—streaming bravely from the mainmast of the

admiral-king. Even to the Devil his due! The French chuckle at this change of front. They gloat over this seemingly sure prospect of clutching so splendid a prize. Only, in their reckoning they forgot one thing—the English host.

The battle began, at ten in the forenoon, by Boccanegra's sending forth four of his largest galleys to attack the *Rich Oliver*—a "clipper," as we should now call her, which, having far outsailed her fellows, offered a tempting bait to the bold Italian. On rushed the galleys at racing speed. It seems as if, true to the common naval tactics of the times, they mean to pierce the fat ribs of their bulky prey with their sharp iron beaks. But no! Within a hundred yards of her they halt, and batter her with a hail of heavy stones and darts from their mangonels and catapults, killing or maiming a third of the crew, and scaring the remainder. Quick the Genoese captain gives the word: "Bend to your oars!"—the galleys shoot through the foaming waves, and in a trice the crews are swarming up the *Oliver's* ribs. It seems that naught can save her. But yonder three ships, with every inch of canvas spread, are hasting to the rescue. They board the black galleys in the very nick of time, and capture the would-be captors.

Thus ends the prelude to the general onset, now heralded by a defiant blast from the brazen throats of the French trumpets. The English answer with a deafening cheer which rolls across the waves and rings back like long-reverberating thunder from the tall dykes that wall the Flemish shore. And while the last echo yet lives, a cloud of arrows from the English longbows comes hurtling through the air, dimming the summer sun and dealing death among the foe—but not dismay. They promptly retort with a dense shower of bolts from their crossbows; though, truth to tell, slight is the slaughter which ensues compared with that inflicted by the clothyard shafts of Edward's archers.

And now the combat thickens, as the men-at-arms begin to ply their long hooked poles and grappling chains to drag the enemy to close quarters. Dread is this tug of war, and notable for many a doughty deed on either side. For though the English fight like lions, none can deny they find their foemen worthy of their steel. Meanwhile our men enjoy one signal moral advantage over the French: they fight with their King not only looking on, but in their midst, bearing his full share of the burden and danger of the day. But where is King Philip? Not there; not even watching how his men behave themselves in this fell struggle for the kingdom of the sea. Yet, under this chilling drawback, the French possess one substantial

source of pride and consolation. The vessels lately wrested from the English they still hold, and, as if to make the most of this insolent advantage, they have ranged the huge *St. Christopher* at the very head of their van. This, however, is like flourishing a red rag in the face of a bull. The English still smarting—and knowing that their beloved King still smarts—at the loss of yon gallant ship, strive manfully to win it back for him under his very eyes. They succeed. But it costs them dear; though dearer still the dogged defenders. For when at length the victors once more tread the old familiar planks they find scarce a Frenchman alive to sue for mercy. Naught now remains but to crown their triumph by filling the *St. Christopher* with English archers and pointing her angry prow against the French.

As the day wears on, other kindred triumphs reward the bulldog courage of our seamen. They wrest from the French the *St. Edward* also—the namesake not only of their reigning King, but of the sainted Confessor, whose laws they love and whose memory they revere—a weighty matter to these simple, unsophisticated souls! Then several other craft of lighter burden, snatched from us by the Channel rovers during the last few years, return to their old allegiance, and leave their late masters stripped of all their trophies. But the end is not yet. The foreigners still stubbornly maintain the struggle by the aid of those formidable engines whose ponderous missiles make sad havoc among our men and shatter four of our vessels, which sink outright with all on board. Thus, for a while, the dogged valour of the allied fleet staves off the doom which awaits it. Slowly, however, but surely, the resistance slackens, droops, and dies. The foremost squadron, pitiably crippled, hauls down its colours. The second, ceaselessly raked by the English arrows, loses heart; and plunge after plunge proclaims that the crews are driven to the desperate shift of seeking shelter in the unfriendly waves from the pelting of the pitiless storm of steel. These gloomy tokens of defeat warn Boccanegra that all is lost, and wring from his unwilling lips the welcome order to retreat. Fear nimbles every finger and nerves each brawny arm, and soon, under full stress of oar and sail, the Genoese galleys dip their dark hulls beneath yon reddening horizon.

For now the sun is setting; the hard-fought fight has lasted full fifteen mortal hours. Yet, failing the gunpowder and Greek fire—invisible to eye-witnesses—with which the alderman-poet Fabyan embellishes his story of the battle, one needs to remember not only the length of the struggle, but its peculiar features and the large numbers engaged in it, before one can accept even the lowest estimate

of the slain—4,000 English and 10,000 French. Contemporary rumour more than doubled the amount; but even this sober estimate will serve to make the carnage of Trafalgar seem a mere flea-bite. Fabyan hangs both the French admirals. But one of them fell in the thick of the fight; and our craving for *poetic* justice must be satisfied with the *fact* that the other, Bahuchet, expiated his share in the shameful sack of Southampton by being gibbeted from his own mainyard. Edward received a thigh wound, touching which he breathes not a word in the manly and pious letter—the first naval despatch in our archives—whereby he conveyed to the prelates of his realm the first sure tidings of his victory. "Give God the praise," he writes, "and me your prayers." Meanwhile the ill news travelled apace to Paris. But none of Philip's courtiers durst break it to the royal ear. So they saddled the King's jester with the thankless task. "Out upon those English cowards—abject cravens, milk-livered scoundrels that they are!" Thus he began, and thus he ran on, till Philip checked him with the question, "Why such arrant cowards in your wise deem, Sir Fool?" "Why?" echoed the shrewd jester. "Because the chicken-hearted knaves lacked spunk to leap overboard and swim for their lives like our brave Normans and gentlemen of France."

PHILIP KENT.



A QUEEN'S SERVANT IN CARGLEN.

"HE'S late the nicht," says the man.

"Ay, that is he," declares the woman.

John Eunie sits closer to the fire, spreads his great hands more fully over the warm peat "low," and pulls hard at his brown clay pipe.

Eppie, his wife, crouching on a low stool by the other side of the hearth, gathers her rough wincey gown very tightly around her feet, rattles the needles in the middle of a big stocking with renewed vigour, and she too does justice to an old black cutty.

This goes on for a little while, during which no word is spoken; only the click, click of the busy needles is heard; the smack of old lips pulling away at seasoned pipes; the lapping blaze of the peats in the big-bellied chimney; with an occasional "Oich! Oich!" from John, and a sympathetic "Umph! Umph!" from Eppie.

There are two windows in this little kitchen; a six-paned one, looking out on the front-garden and the broad toll-road, and a single-paned one, opening like a big eye in the northern gable. These are set, clear to the blast, without shutter in the open, or blind within (God bless you! we have nothing to hide in Carglen), and the big raindrops, driven by the loud wind, play with a wintry music against the glass.

Meanwhile, far away down the toll-road Robbie the "post" is toiling along with the letters from Kail.

Presently a shrill and long-protracted whistle is heard; not heeded at first by either of the placid smokers; but as it continues loud and increasing in volume, followed by the fierce bark of a collie-dog, John takes his pipe out of his teeth, says "Oich! Oich! Oich!" and Eppie, ceasing at once to knit and smoke, adds her "Umph! Umph! Umph!"

Then John looks at Eppie, and E[illegible]

"Get up an' ope the d[illegible]

"If it shudna be oped this hunder year, it'll no be oped by me," gleams defiantly through Eppie's spectacles.

"Oich! Oich!" grunts John dolefully.

"Umph! Umph!" rejoins Eppie, beginning to be submissive for once to the authority of her "man," the parish undertaker and postmaster; and then she adds, "It'll be Staneton, I'm thinkin'."

"Ay! ay! it's Staneton. Gang oot, woman!" cries John in his most valorous tones.

"Whew-ew! Whew-ew-ew-ew!" sounds once more through the window and down the chimney.

Then Eppie hobbles up, and hurries to the back-door. She opens it just wide enough to show a long honest nose and the glitter of moonshaped spectacles, and says she, "Aweel an' it's yersel, sir."

"Ay! ay!" cries the farmer, shaking his wet and shaggy sides. "Hae ye ony?" adds he.

"Deil a ane," rejoins Eppie with some scorn, not free from a touch of malevolence, for she knows (who so well as she!) what brings the farmer of Staneton time after time to the little post-office. "The auld bit body is still thinkin' an' thinkin' o' that lassie that writes tae 'im,—God save her frae ane that has a foot an' mair in the cauld yerth!" So she gently shuts the door in his face, and returns to her "Umph! Umph!"

But the farmer whistles more shrilly than ever. "Guid preserve us!" roars John Eunie, springing to his feet like a lusty youngster and "hirplin" to the door without his oaken staff; "as the Lord made us, it's the *Blankshire Journal.*

"I hae brought ye a read o' the paper, John," says the farmer, disregarding the presence of his female enemy, and passing from under his thick coat a greasy journal, sadly wrinkled and partly torn, but not more than a week old.

"I thank ye, Staneton, an' I thank ye, but wull ye no come awa' in?"

"What, John, horse an' all!" cries the farmer.

"Ha! ha! an' that's a guid joke, that it is," says John, chuckling happily to himself, for a man who has got an unlooked-for read of the *Blankshire Journal* naturally feels considerable elation of spirit. For, mind you, the paper costs threepence, and it is only the great ones in Carglen who can afford that price, while even they band themselves together in little coteries to unite their subscriptions for a single weekly copy. Eppie, too, is mollified, for she is a great



reader of the news, drawing a line only at the extravagance of her "man" if he were to buy a paper himself.

So Eppie passes out her hand with a gesture of command, and John meekly surrenders the coveted sheet.

"John Eunie!" says the farmer in a hoarse whisper.

"Ay!" says John with the same restraint upon his voice.

"Is he come?" adds the farmer.

"Na," says John.

"The Lord be thankit," cries the farmer; "ye'll send the queanie up wi't when Robbie does come, wull ye no?"

"Whist!" says John, turning his left eye upon Eppie, now sitting by the hearth, and with the other winking shrewdly at the man on horseback.

Then, without another word, the farmer of Staneton rides away into the rain and the darkness.

John returns to the fireside and listens to the news, dealt out at intervals by Eppie his wife, who has the paper and is not likely to part with it.

. . . . . .

And still, far down the toll-road, Robbie the "post" is toiling onwards from Kail, with the big letter-bag on his shoulder.

. . . . . .

"Awful affair at the Links o' Dornie"—reads Eppie from the "Journal"; "a man"—umph! umph!—"g-o-r-e-d—gorit to death by a mad——"

Rat-tat-tat! here sounds loud upon the kitchen door.

"Dam ye!" says John, blowing a mouthful of smoke up the chimney, and then in a sweet postmaster voice, "Come awa' in."

The door opens slowly, and a young country girl enters, wrapped in a gaudy woollen shawl covering the head in place of a bonnet and fastened with a showy silver buckle under the chin. She stands modestly in the middle of the floor for a few seconds without uttering a syllable, shaking her wet wincey gown and moving uneasily from one foot to the other. John Eunie is silent too—a slow man he!—and all that Eppie does is to press the horn-rimmed spectacles more firmly upon her nose, and stare rudely at the country lassie.

The lassie blushes, but at length gaining courage, she says, "It's a 'head' I'm wantin'."

"Gie the queanie a 'head,' John Eunie," cries Eppie in a stern voice.

Her "man," with inward sorrow, must needs ob
for the Queen, whose servant he is, has a

the queen bee in his own hive. So he hobbles to the mahogany table by the big front window, unlocks a drawer with key obtained from Eppie, takes out a "head," and solemnly presents it to the bashful blushing lassie.

Kirsty Dean—for that is her name—feeling very guilty, now pulls a letter from the folds of her shawl, then, with awkward trembling fingers, affixes the "Queen's head" to the envelope and passes it into the hands of the Carglen undertaker and postmaster. John receives it with dignity, carefully glancing at its general outward appearance as one would at a packet possibly containing some infernal machine. Then he puts his glasses on and reads the address, making a mental note of the same for the information of his good gossip and wife Eppie; and, now satisfied, places it in the mahogany drawer. The lassie, never having moved from the middle of the floor, still lingers, and at last she says, "Is he no in?"

"Robbie?" says Eppie.

"Ay, Robbie," replies Kirsty Dean.

"Na," says Eppie laconically, for breath is scarce in old age.

"Gae near the fiehr," says John, now divining that she is on the outlook for a letter.

. . . . . .

And still away down the toll-road auld Robbie the "post" plods wearily along.

. . . . . .

They say that when a man has obtained a great success, or been rewarded with a piece of rich luck, he had better beware, for it is just then that misfortune is dogging his footsteps. Holy Writ puts this in a somewhat different form—"Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." Now John Eunie has just had his piece of good luck in the unexpected acquisition of the *Blankshire Journal*, and in his declining years he has begun to think a trifle too highly of his spouse and himself as joint masters of the post-office, more especially as the *Blankshire* has once spoken of them as "that worthy couple who have so long and faithfully, &c. &c." What wonder, therefore, that malignant fate should now be in arms against Eppie and himself! Well, the point I am coming to is this: John is scarcely seated cosily in his chair once more when a smart young footman enters with a letter to the postmaster himself from the redoubtable Laird of Carglen.

John takes the epistle and reads it:—

"Mr. Malcolm Seth presents his compliments to John Eunie (who is, Mr. Seth presumes, the local postmaster), and [illegible]

inform him that unless he, John Eunie, causes his wife Elspeth or Eppie Eunie to discontinue interfering with Mr. Seth's letters, such unlawful curiosity will have to be brought to the notice of the Postmaster-General."

Poor John is as dumbfounded as if he had been struck by a cannon ball, and he turns his eyes feebly upon the Laird's footman. After a few seconds he pulls himself together and reads the letter a second time; and then, with anger visible in his mild old face, he raises his fist, smites the mahogany table till the letters inside dance against each other, and cries he, "Eppie, woman, ye've been at it again!"

"At it! ye auld fule," bawls Eppie; "ye ken ower weel wha was last at it; was it no yersel', freen?"

"I spaik na o' the bottle, woman," says John with emphasis; "it's the let——"

"John Eunie," cries Eppie solemnly, "are ye mad?"

John, now realising that he has been treading on dangerous ground, admits "Aweel an' I may be." "But read that," he adds, handing the paper to Eppie.

Mistress Eunie scans the writing like Burns's sullen dame "gathering her brows like gathering storm." Eppie's face on ordinary occasions is none too sweet or pleasant, but now it is at its worst. Anger is swelling in her bosom and rising into her puffed cheeks and dilated nostrils. Everyone expects a terrific outburst—John most of all—but no; Eppie represses her emotions, and says quietly to the young footman, "Ye'll be waitin' for what they ca' a reply?"

The man in livery nods assent.

"Aweel," adds Eppie, "see here." Then she takes the tongs up, puts the letter within its points, and calmly places the paper in the middle of the peat "low." "An' that's the answer tae the Laird," declares Eppie defiantly.

"The Lord guide us, Eppie, this wunna dae," cries John Eunie.

"It'll dae, an' its deene," adds she proudly.

"Oich! Oich!" says John.

The footman winks slyly at Kirsty Dean, who, though in deep heart's trouble, nearly laughs outright, and then he sits down quietly to await the arrival of the "post."

Robbie has at length covered the long miles of the dreary toll-road, and he now enters, footsore, tired, and naturally out of temper altogether. Our old friend has been a soldier in his day, but he has never lost the distinguish[illegible] [illegible]oner. His

upper man—that is to say, the head which he carries high in air—is a mark for the enterprising photographer. Surely nature never turned out from her wonderful human manufactory such another piece of workmanship. Hear him talk of his exploits in the battle-field, and his wrinkled features will look so seriously valorous that you must needs laugh; see him dressed in the old summer suit which he puts on when he digs the soil and trims the flowers in his well-kept garden at home, and he will look as shrewd as Andrew Fairservice, and more respectable; meet him in the "auld wuid," rigged out in a tattered old coat testifying to many patches, and you will dare swear that any jury would convict him as a poacher on the mere strength of his looks, though he will blandly talk about being in search of "brush-wood"; behold him in his sleek black suit on the Sabbath morning on the way to God's kirk, and an angel might mistake him for a saint. And the soul of the man, like his countenance and his garb, responds to the various parts which he plays in the parochial life. When his heart feels martial his eye flashes fire, and he speaks with big swelling words that alarm the peaceable Carglen mind. But in his garden his talk is all of flowers, plants and shrubs, so that you would think, to hear him, that God made the world imperfect in order that man might perfect it by turning it into a garden with bright flowers and shady walks. "An' haith, lads," he will say, "when the A'mighty made oor great forbear in His ain image an' supperscription (*sic*) whaur pat He him? Ye ken yersels brawly. Was it no in Eden? An' it was a real naiterel thing for Him tae dae, for it's here that a man can smell the sweet scent o' the yerth an' live. No that I liken this ane tae God's; the Lord forbid," he adds reverently. God and the minister and the "maister" are Robbie's admitted superiors in gardening as in other things, but there are none other than they and the Queen whom he serves. But when Robbie is cross, a mere glance at him shows that he is disgusted with providence; when he is pleased, his wrinkled old face beams so jolly that young folks laugh at it; but oh! when he is fu'—a circumstance of too frequent occurrence—then never man looked so preternaturally sober as he. Robbie has not the "head" of our great luminary Francie Kemp, politician and man of peace (*i.e.*, of *war*), but in other respects he is a sort of epitome of the general parish character.

Everyone knows that the "post" is out of sorts as he enters this evening. He has not had enough of the dram to keep the cold out of his vitals, and the wind, thumping away at him as he jogged along the toll-road with the big bag on his back, has made matters wo-



"Ye're late, Robbie," says John, valorously.

"Wha's late?" cries Robbie, as he throws the bag without ceremony on the mahogany table.

"'Deed, yersel," replies John.

"An' what may *ye* be, John Eunie?" says Robbie. "Man, ye're aye late," he adds.

"Oich! Oich!" says John.

"It's nae Oich! Oich!" continues Robbie, with a thin voice that resembles the yelping of a snappish cur, "it's doom's truth. Ye're nae a man at a'; ye hae played second fiddle a' ye're life, an', lord, ye've aye been ahint time. Ask Eppie," says he.

"Aweel," pleads John, fairly abashed, "let's hae the letters."

"A' in guid time," says Robbie, with the air of one who is his own master; but he now takes his seat on the edge of the mahogany table, and begins to assort the letters. John, with spectacles on nose, superintends this process as well as a man may who cannot see a single address, so fast does auld Robbie maliciously deal out the letters. "An' wha's ahint noo, John, my man," he seems to be saying to himself.

The footman at length obtains the Laird's letters, and he departs. One is handed to Kirsty Dean. Kirsty breaks the seal, and reads the letter by the light of the blazing peat "low." Then, says she, speaking apparently into the middle of the big fire, "Jock's lost, as sure as death."

"A death!" cries Eppie, thirsting for a piece of news.

"Death! Wha' spak o' death?" says the lassie. "Gie's back that letter!" adds she.

"*Gie ye the letter back, girl!*" says John Eunie; "gie a letter back!" says Eppie; and "gie a letter back!" says the "post," each with as much amazement as if asked to sign his or her death-warrant.

"Ay! but ye'll de't," pleads the girl.

"The Lord preserve us, queanie, what postmaister did ever gie back a letter?" cries John Eunie, jumping up as if he had been shot from his chair.

Then Kirsty begins to cry, and she tells her story, how that Jock was her joe, and had promised to marry her at the "term"; how he had not written for a long, long time; how *she* had written that very letter bidding him good-bye for ever, and telling him certain things he would not like to be told; how the letter which she held in her and put matters all right; and how she was ruined for ever if the d just posted were delivered to Jock.

"It's a sad case, vera," says John, "but law's law, and I canna help."

So Kirsty Dean renews her sobbing and crying.

Now it is known to all Carglen that the good folks who dwell in it are blest with a local and special providence in the person of Francie Kemp. Many and many a time has he cut the Gordian knot and enabled us to retire from difficulties which seemed to baffle all our wits and press hard, too hard, on our consciences. Thanks be to heaven, Francie himself now walks into the kitchen.

The case is fully stated.

Francie has a habit of magnifying such dilemmas as the present, in order, as Pete McQueben once profanely said, to increase his own importance in unravelling them, and says he now, "Aweel, an' there's nae hope."

"Nane," cry they all.

Kirsty, whose spirits had risen when Francie appeared, now breaks down again.

"That's tae say, freens," continues Francie, as he finishes the lighting of his long clay pipe, "there's nae hope but in me, as Wullie said whan he took the reins o' the gohvermint oot o' the ither folks' hands. It's a graand thing, freens, tae ken a' aboot the law an' them that maks it. Noo, there's the Laird, he's great in the law, but he's only a lyer (lawyer), for he's nae up in them wha mak it, but there's some in Carglen that ken a' aboot baith, an' that means politeeks, freens, 'deed does it."

"Speak yer mind, Francie," says John.

"Ye daurna return it, John, wi' a clean conscience," declares Francie solemnly.

"It's clear he canna, man," grunts Robbie the post, who is still in bad humour.

"Gude e'en tae ye, Robbie," says Francie, magnanimously, for he is about to triumph in the sight of three douce folks, and he at least is self-satisfied.

Then says Francie to John Eunie, blowing away the smoke that curled about his head, "There's nae hairm in lookin' at the address upo' the letter."

"Nane at a'," cries John.

They all gather around the mahogany table and the letter is produced, John holding it with his finger and thumb.

"There might hae been a mistak' in the address?" says Francie.

"There might," says John.

'*Mair nor* ane," adds Francie.

"Mair nor ane," adds John.

"A guid mony," says Francie.

"Ay!" says John.

"Ye allow corrections?" adds Francie.

"What for no?" says John.

"Aweel, lassie!" cries Francie Kemp, at length rising to the height of the occasion, "*jest put the mistaks richt; jest score oot a' these wards and put yer ain name an' address on it, an' the 'post' 'll deleever it tae yersel, an' nae law'll be broken.*"

Then Francie, looking as meek as a man can in such an honourable case, quietly sits down by the ingle neuk and blows the tobacco smoke up the chimney.

"See what it is tae hae a head on your shoothers!" says John Eunie, looking at Francie with admiration.

"Weel an' there, noo," says Eppie. Robbie the post is silent, but then he is cross and out of sorts.

Kirsty Dean, now looking as sweet as a daisy in the green fields, does as she is told, John still retaining the letter in his possession. Then she goes up to Francie, and says she, "Ye dear auld man, let me kiss ye."

"Ay, kiss me," says Francie, wiping his lips, but dinna say 'auld.'"

"*You dear auld man,*" says Kirsty wilfully, but with depth of gratitude in her eyes. She then runs away home knowing that next morning the "post" will deliver that letter to herself as he passes down the toll-road.

. . . . . .

Robbie has gone away up the brae to his house by the "auld wuid"; Francie to his home in the glen of Rashes; and John and Eppie are once more smoking by the fire.

"He's a terrible clever chield, Francie," says John.

"Real," admits Eppie.

Then the wife adds, "I thank God ye haena his head!"

"Why, woman?" cries John.

"We'll no say," replies Eppie.

ALEXANDER GORDON.

THE STOLEN KEY.

With this key,
Shakespeare unlocked his heart.

TWO excellent editions of Shakespeare's Sonnets have been published recently: Professor Dowden's, which bears the date of 1881, and Mr. Tyler's, which appeared only last year. That the later of these books should be separated by so short an interval of time from the earlier, may perhaps be taken to show that the interest which the various questions relating to the Sonnets have excited is still strong and vigorous, and that public patience has not yet broken down under the weight of conflicting theories.

Certainly among all the literary inquiries or controversies of the last hundred years, it would be hard to name one which has been carried on with more zeal and less judgment than this one. Mr. Swinburne, in his emphatic way, has spoken of the "preposterous pyramid of presumptuous commentary," and of "the Cimmerian speculation and Bœotian 'brain-sweat' of sciolists and scholiasts," and this strong language will certainly not appear too strong to anyone who has read all, or nearly all, that has been written on the subject. For most of the books and pamphlets which have so plentifully appeared are very dreary works indeed—utterly flat and unprofitable. Professor Dowden, in the introduction to his larger edition, gives an admirable account of most of these writers, but the reader who betakes himself there for detailed information must remember that no *résumé* could do justice to the extravagant absurdity or ponderous dulness of many of these lucubrations.

For the purposes of this brief paper, the various writers on the subject may be divided roughly into three principal groups.

The first is of those who think that, as one of them puts it, "the Sonnets belong to the hermetic class of writing," that [illegible] cover a hidden meaning, which it has been left to late [illegible] discover. This allegorizing school is the wildest and mad[illegible] the commentators; for downright absurdity, I don't know

their views or arguments can be matched anywhere. Both are alike too ridiculous to be confuted, and it is only on the chance of their affording some amusement to the reader that I mention them at all. What can we say of Mr. Barnstoff, who thinks that the dark lady of the later Sonnets is the Drama, or of another writer who identifies her with the Bride of the Canticles? Still more diverse are the views respecting the subject of the earlier series. They are addressed to the poet's genius, "to his spiritual self," "to his ideal self," "to the soul materialised," to "Being seen in a mystery, the mystery of the Trinity."

One specimen of exegesis will suffice:

> Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
> Calls back the lovely April of her prime.

Here, Mr. Barnstoff tells us, "the mother" symbolises Nature, the glass, the poet's genius, and April the best period of Greek art. After this no one will be surprised to learn that Mr. Barnstoff is capable of interpreting the W. H. of the dedication to mean "William himself," on the ground that the poet could only dedicate to himself the poems of which his own genius was the principal subject.

Mr. Barnstoff is bad enough, but there are one or two American expositors who, in their efforts after absurdity, leave him far behind.

All the views of these extravagant commentators are not unfrequently set forth with a fatuous self-complacence which will sometimes amuse, sometimes irritate the reader. One of the wildest of them thinks that her theory "is a realisation of the deepest reach of sympathetic intuition of which the human intellect and soul are capable—only short of that attained by the immortal dramatist himself"!

Another group of writers, among whom Professor Minto and Professor Elze may be mentioned, agree in considering the Sonnets to have no personal reference. They are creations of fancy, exercises in verse-making, parodies of popular poets, but have no relation whatever to incidents of the poet's life.

All that need be said about this view is that it seems plainly opposed to the evidence of the Sonnets themselves. Many of them are far too beautiful for parodies, far too fervid for academic exercitations. If we read them with an unprejudiced mind, the
ows upon us that they come out of the depths of the
e called forth by his own personal experience.
his The growing concensus

of opinion is that these poems express the poet's feelings, and that throughout he is speaking in his own person.

Nearly all the greater names, the *Dii Majores* of Shakesperian criticism, take this view, and the opponents have not very much to say for themselves. The reason of their reluctance to take the Sonnets as they stand is, however, clear enough. The story of which they give us a few faint and fitful glimpses is by no means a pleasant one, and the wish to protect the adorable name of our great poet from the slightest speck or spot of disrepute is natural and inevitable. But the facts seem to stand against the more amiable view.

In this last and largest class of commentators—those who maintain the autobiographical character of the Sonnets—there is still a very plentiful diversity of view. Three principal questions have been raised—who is the youth to whom the earlier Sonnets are addressed? who is the rival poet of Sonnets 80–86? and who is the dark lady of the earlier series? On the first point especially, the discussion has been very lively, and has contributed a great deal to the "preposterous pyramid" which Mr. Swinburne has complained of. The reader who wants to investigate the matter fully will have a heavy business with the rival claims of Pembroke, Southampton, Queen Elizabeth, William Hughes, and all the rest of the involuntary competitors, and his task will probably soon become a very tedious one. They are not pleasant reading, the mass of these books and pamphlets and papers. If the theories are not in themselves improbable and absurd, they are generally characterised by a most plentiful lack of evidence, and the arguments which support them are seldom very forcible and often ridiculously inadequate.

The two books which I have mentioned at the beginning of this paper are in many ways pleasantly and honourably distinguished from the great mass of preceding works. Professor Dowden has far too much literary tact to deal in the strained interpretations and empty arguments which his forerunners in the field have been guilty of. He has been a careful and sympathetic student of the Sonnets, and his book is marked as much by critical insight as by literary grace. His position is largely neutral; he contemplates all the performances of his predecessors, and for the most part reserves his judgment.

Mr. Tyler, on the other hand, comes before us as the advocate of a special view. His book is an exposition—by far the ablest that has yet appeared—of what may be called the standard or orthodox theory. He identifies the "lovely boy" of the earlier series, the Mr. W. H. of the dedication, with William Herbert, the E

Pembroke ; and he advocates this view with remarkable ingenuity. Certainly, none of its earlier supporters have made out half such a good case for their client. And this is, in reality, the only view for which much can be said. Very little can be brought forward to show that Southampton was the man, and for any other claimant there is hardly even a decent show of probability. Mr. Tyler has produced at least ten times more evidence than the most careful advocate of any other view can produce, and his book may fairly be said to settle the question so far as the other competitors for the dubious honour of having been the faithless friend of the great poet are concerned. The reader who on this point is not convinced by Mr. Tyler's arguments will be compelled to leave the matter entirely undecided.

Mr. Tyler is not, I think, nearly so successful in his identification of the dark lady with Miss Mary Fitton, or Fytton, one of the Queen's maids of honour. He has shown great diligence in collecting materials and skill in arranging them, but the whole of the independent evidence does not amount to much.

I say "independent evidence," for if the Herbert theory be taken as proved, then one must admit again that Mr. Tyler has made out a very strong case. The relations between Pembroke and the frail maid of honour are matters of history, and Mr. Tyler's other arguments, weak enough in themselves, may be admitted as corroborative proof. How diligently and carefully every scrap of information bearing on the subject has been collected will be seen by those who read Mr. Tyler's books, which, with Professor Dowden's, must be considered absolutely indispensable for the students of the Sonnets. And the reader who has these two volumes may easily do without the rest.

Let us now pass on to the special object of this paper, which is to point out as briefly as may be a certain obliquity of vision which is common to most even of the sanest and soundest writers on the subject. This is the assumption that the Sonnets as we have them form one organic whole, divisible into two distinct and coherent series. This assumption, tacit or expressed, underlies most of the interpretation of the Sonnets. Some meaning is given to every Sonnet to make it fit into the theory that, as Professor Dowden says, "we have a continuous story conducted through various stages to its termination."

It is this view that I wish most distinctly to contravene. There is no external evidence for it whatever, and it stands, in my opinion, strongly in opposition to the indications of the Sonnets themselves. Certainly, no unprejudiced person will deny that there is a continuous

story to be discovered in the book. Many of the Sonnets are plainly and evidently connected, and they tell their tale clearly enough. That Shakespeare had an enthusiastic friendship for some handsome youth of lofty lineage, that he cherished also some more earth-born kind of passion for a dark lady of doubtful character, and that both friend and mistress were faithless to the man who loved them—this tragedy of the affections is written down so plainly in some of the sonnets that nothing but obdurate and wilful blindness can refuse to see it. This is clear enough; the error which most writers—even Professor Dowden and Mr. Tyler—fall into is to find some stage of this story everywhere, and to refer every single Sonnet either to the fair friend or the dark lady. Many Sonnets are certainly addressed either to the one or the other of this pair, others indubitably are not, and there are a great many whose reference is altogether uncertain.

The views which I am advocating may be briefly stated thus: The theory of two connected series of Sonnets arranged in chronological order must be abandoned, and each Sonnet left to tell its own story, irrespective of the number of its position in the Quarto of 1609. This was probably a pirated edition made during Shakespeare's absence from London, and without his consent or co-operation. The order of arrangement, though not purely at haphazard, is in no way authoritative. The book may contain Sonnets not by Shakespeare, and it certainly does not include all that the poet had written prior to its publication.

Let us briefly examine what evidence can be adduced in support of these assertions.

First, then, we know that literary piracy was an art which had been discovered before the year 1609. The example of "The Passionate Pilgrim" shows that a publisher of the tribe of Barabbas could be found in London even in the seventeenth century, and the fact that Jaggard foisted all his stolen wares upon the public under Shakespeare's name makes it clear that, in the opinion of one publisher at least, Shakespeare's poems would find a ready sale. There is nothing at all improbable in the supposition that the "well-wishing adventurer," Thomas Thorpe, was, like Jaggard, a purveyor of stolen goods.

And we may, in the first place, point to the state of the text as evidence that the case was really so, or at least as evidence that Shakespeare gave no assistance in the production. The Quarto of 1609 is very carelessly printed, the punctuation is very irregular, and the bad spelling goes beyond even the large limits of Elizabethan license. In these respects it contrasts very unfavourably

Venus and Adonis, which, as we know, was printed with the author's sanction. And besides the many typographical infelicities which might be pointed out, there are one or two places where the perverseness of the text goes deeper than those printer's errors which an author's careless eye might overlook, and points to an imperfect or undecipherable manuscript.

There are many passages which very probably stand in need of considerable critical emendation. I will only give two or three, where some error of the text is almost absolutely certain. Sonnet 126 gives perhaps the clearest indications of the entire absence of an author's correction or co-operative assistance. The second line runs thus in the Quarto :

Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour.

Here it is plain that there is some confusion between "sickle" and "fickle," "hour" and "hour-glass," though it is not easy to hit on any very happy emendation. But it is at the conclusion of the Sonnet that the printer has betrayed most completely the unauthorised character of his enterprise and his own want of faculty. For this Sonnet differs from the others in the arrangement of its rhymes and also in having two lines less. The printer observed this second fact, and was evidently much perplexed by it. A reference to the author would have reassured him, but it is evident this resource was not available, for he has marked by brackets the absence of a final couplet. Similarly in 96 he has repeated the final couplet of 36, which is quite unsuitable to the place he has forced it to fill. This mistake may not, however, have arisen from an hiatus in the MS., but was probably due to the fact—or what we may well conjecture to have been the fact—that both couplets commenced with the same words : "But do not so."

Again, the Quarto reading in the second line of 146 is disapproved of by all the editors. Various substitutes have been proposed for the words "My sinful earth," which appear to be repeated from the line above ; everybody seems to be agreed that the text is wrong. And this, again, is not an error which author and printer alike would overlook.

But a stronger argument still for this view of unauthorised and unassisted publication is to be found in the character of many of the Sonnets. One can hardly read some of them, even cursorily, without feeling sure that Shakespeare never would have permitted their appearance, or have failed to prevent it had it been in his power.

For the story of these poems is not a pleasant one. Even at the present day the Sonnets are read [illegible] living—even now,

when the name of Shakespeare has become too majestic and too dear for censure. "It is impossible," Hallam wrote, "not to wish that Shakespeare had never written them." The vagaries of many of the commentators on the Sonnets are due to their wish to save the memory of Shakespeare from the scandal which these verses disclose. And if, at the present day, the Sonnets are spoken of with some hesitation, as if they needed apology or excuse, what could their effect have been on Shakespeare's contemporaries, who saw the great poet through no kindly mist of reverence? Would any prudent man have permitted the publication of what would inevitably damage his character? Would any sensible husband allow so plain a confession of unfaithfulness to appear in his wife's lifetime? And it must be remembered that the blame for his breach of morality is only part of what Shakespeare would have to face. We may take this first, because, though it might have been small enough with most men, with him it might have cut more deeply. The bitter tone of Sonnet 126 is evidence of how intensely the poet was pained by some floating accusations extant against him, accusations which he seems to have been too proud either to admit or deny. Again, Sonnet 146 comes out of the very deepest depths of remorse, and if we refer it to the "dark lady" series, it shows how very poignant Shakespeare's regret over this bad business actually was. And if this were so, would he, a few years later, have brought, without any satisfactory motive, upon himself a certain amount of public obloquy about the same affair? "Our enemies are our outward conscience," is a sentiment that Shakespeare adapted from Plutarch and set down in Troilus and Cressida; the blame of others is never so hard to bear as when it is echoed by the inward accusing voice.

I don't want to press this too far, for, as I have said, the condemnation of these moralists would only be a part of the business. Perhaps not many of his contemporaries would think much worse of him for a breach of his marriage vow. But I am afraid that to the great mass of them who bought and read the Quarto of 1609, Shakespeare must have appeared, if not criminal, ridiculous. A man whose friend has robbed him of his mistress does not generally want to announce the fact. Shakespeare showed sufficient common sense in all practical matters, and I don't think he would have held himself up to the derision even of stupid people. To all such it would seem a most evident sign of moral weakness that the offence against the poet moved him to grief, but stirred no longing for revenge, and that his love for his friend was stronger and deeper than his passion for his mistress. The distress of a noble nature is always an annui

spectacle to dull, commonplace people, whose troubles are of another order, and, when Thorpe published the Sonnets there were, no doubt, plenty of Philistines to make merry over their poor, pitiful story. But I cannot think that Shakespeare had any share in helping them to this ignoble pleasure. From the Sonnets themselves one may see how much Shakespeare was averse to any laying bare of his own feelings to the public gaze, how little likely he was

> To wear his heart upon his sleeve
> For daws to peck at.

This is expressed clearly enough in the first four lines of Sonnet 110, which the commentators have, as it seems to me, only partially understood.

> Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there
> And made myself a motley to the view,
> Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
> Made old offences of affections new.

This is generally interpreted to express Shakespeare's dislike to the profession of an actor, and this view is, no doubt, correct as far as it goes. But it covers only a small part of the meaning. "To strut and fret his hour upon the stage" was, no doubt, often very unpleasant to the great poet, but what was far more repugnant to him was that disclosure of his own feelings, that revelation of himself, which could be seen in his plays by those who knew him intimately.

He had "gored his own thoughts," and turned his own fresh griefs into dreams of by-gone ages.[1]

Taking all these considerations together, we may then, I think, safely conclude that all the Sonnets were published without Shakespeare's co-operation or consent, and that the Quarto of 1609 was a literary piracy to be classed with these "diverse, stolen, and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors that exposed them"—of which Heminge and Condell complain in the preface to the first Folio.

Let us, then, take this unauthorised publication as practically proved, and see what inferences naturally follow.

In the first place, there is the probability that we have a part, and perhaps only a small part, of all the Sonnets that Shakespeare wrote. As far back as 1598, Meres made his often quoted reference to Shakespeare's "sugared Sonnets among his private friends," and it is

[1] This seems to be the meaning of "made old offences of affections new." Professor Dowden's interpretation, which Mr. Tyler follows, "entered into new friendships and loves which were transgressions against my old love," appears to me beside the mark.

not at all likely that Thorpe managed to lay his thievish hands on all of them. One or two passages themselves may be cited which make it clear that he did not. Sonnet 115 begins—

> Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
> Even those that said I could not love thee dearer ;

where we have a clear reference to some Sonnet (or other poem) not extant in our collection.

Again, in Sonnet 105 the poet admits that there is a monotony in his themes, that he has rung the changes too often on the three ideas of "fair, kind, and true." Now these complaints cannot be brought against the Sonnets of our collection, which are certainly not occupied with praising either the affection or fidelity of the person or persons addressed. We have, therefore, a clear indication that we have lost, not one Sonnet only, but a considerable number.

Then, on the other hand, it is possible that many of the Sonnets we have are not Shakespeare's. Jaggard had ten years before published a lot of miscellaneous poetry by various authors under Shakespeare's name ; Thorpe may have supplied any deficiency of matter by giving the work of some other poet. The Quarto contains just eighty pages, which looks as if the amount of matter was adjusted for the convenience of the printer, so as not to extend or fall below an exact number of sheets. But though there is nothing at all improbable in supposing that Thorpe attributed to Shakespeare what was not Shakespeare's, yet I do not think there are many Sonnets which internal evidence would lead us to reject. Perhaps Sonnet 145 is the one we should condemn most readily, the metre being different and the workmanship inferior. And certainly one might be very glad to dissociate No. 151 from Shakespeare's name ; it is not only obscene but sickly and nauseous, and may well have come from some other hand. The few other Sonnets which would have to be expelled from a Bowdlerised edition are not really repulsive in the same way, and their double meanings can be matched in the plays. But though it would be going too far to infer that Shakespeare did not write these Sonnets, it is hardly likely he would have wished to see them in print, and their presence in Thorpe's edition is another argument against Shakespeare's having had anything to do with its publication.

We may notice, too, that the two Sonnets published in the "Passionate Pilgrim," Nos. 138 and 144, are both of this ambiguous character. I put 144 into this dubious category on account of line 12,

> I guess one angel in another's hell,

where the reference to a well-known story of Boccaccio seems to me

clear enough, though it has apparently escaped the notice of the commentators.[1]

But this view of piratical publication is still more important in its bearing upon the order in which the Sonnets stand, and the question as to whether we may divide them into two series addressed each to one particular individual. On the latter point this much may be said.

Shakespeare wrote Sonnets to several people. This is clear from the evidence of Meres, for his words "Sonnets among his private friends" could hardly be referred to two individuals, one of whom was a woman. If the poet had published the Sonnets himself he might possibly have restricted his selection to the Sonnets addressed to one or other of these two people. But if Thorpe brought out the edition on his own account, it is not at all likely that he would limit his choice in the same way; he probably was glad to publish all he could lay hands on. And in fact, if we once accept the idea that the edition of 1609 was made without authority, we shall have no difficulty in seeing that there are several Sonnets which clearly do not belong to what we may call the main body, and more which probably do not. For example, Sonnets 26 and 116, different in themselves, are still more different from those which we can certainly refer to the "lovely boy," or the "dark lady." Sonnets 129 and 146, two of the finest we have, are not addressed to any person at all. The latter is a religious Sonnet, a kind of Lenten meditation which can hardly be connected in idea with the faithless mistress or the false friend.

And so with regard to the order in which the Sonnets stand; this hypothesis of piratical publication accounts for the confused arrangement which is perceptible even to the casual reader of the Sonnets. This disorder is not absolute chaos; there are signs of continuity, there are numbers which clearly stand together, but the breaks and gaps, the omissions and the wrong arrangements, are just as clear. And on the hypothesis I am maintaining the reason of this muddled state of things is obvious enough. Thorpe, left without any help from the author, could only print the Sonnets just as they stood on his MS. Those that, either in books or on sheets of paper, stood together he printed together, and so produced those traces of orderly arrangement which we see. The confusion which is equally evident was probably due, not only to his want of literary capacity, but also

[1] Perhaps this allusion may be sufficient to show that some part of the translation of Boccaccio which appeared in 1620 was already existing in MS. some years before.

to the fact that he did not get possession of anything like all the Sonnets, and probably, too, to his ignorance as to the persons to whom the different numbers were addressed.

That there is plenty of confusion in the present order of the Sonnets it will not be difficult to show, and the inquiry is all the more necessary because such an immense amount of ingenuity has been expended in trying to find some connection of ideas between them as they now stand. I will just cite from Professor Dowden a passage which will serve to show on what scanty and insufficient grounds the existing arrangement has been accepted. On page 24 of his admirable edition he says: "That the Sonnets are not printed in the Quarto, 1609, at haphazard is evident from the facts that the 'Envoy' (126) is rightly placed; that poems addressed to a mistress follow those addressed to a friend, and that the two Cupid and Dian Sonnets stand together at the close."

Now, in reply to this it may be remarked, firstly, that the question is not one of absolute "haphazard." In whatever way the Sonnets were published, it would be very strange if there were no traces of consecutive arrangement. There is a very wide margin between complete chaos and an authoritative order. As to the "Envoy," it is sufficient to say that there are half a dozen Sonnets which might with equal fitness have stood in that place, and that Sonnet 126 itself might have come earlier without any inappropriateness. Neither is one certain of absolute correctness in saying that the "poems addressed to a mistress follow those addressed to a friend"; it is clear that after 126 there are no Sonnets to the friend, but not at all clear that among the earlier Sonnets there are none in honour of the mistress.

The two Cupid and Dian Sonnets are probably not by Shakespeare, but were thrown in to supply a deficiency of "copy" and fill up an exact number of sheets.

Now let me briefly point out some few instances of confused arrangement. One example might suffice; for the confusion of Sonnets 33–35 and 40–42 with 69, 70 ought to be enough of itself to show that the hypothesis of a single series chronologically arranged is altogether untenable.

In the earlier sequence the poet complains of the great outrage on friendship his friend has been guilty of, and further attempts to excuse the young man's general wantonness of disposition, concluding with a very fanciful and far-fetched apology for the especial and particular wrong which Shakespeare himself had suffered at his hands.

[1] That is, of course, with a "Lover's Complaint."

On the contrary, the man to whom Nos. 69 and 70 are addressed is praised for his chaste character, and defended from the aspersion of misjudging slanderers.[1]

> For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
> And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
> Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
> Either not assail'd, or victor being charged;
> Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
> To tie up envy evermore enlarged.

It seems inconceivable that Shakespeare should write in this way to a man who had robbed him of his mistress. It is curious to notice that the first line I have quoted above is almost repeated from 35, "And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud," though with an entire difference of meaning.

But it is perhaps in the interrupted sequences that we see the most striking instances of the want of proper arrangement. Thus the numbers referred to above, 33–35 and 40–42, form a closely connected sequence, but are separated by Sonnets entirely irrelevant.

Again, 39 probably, and certainly 26 and 27, belong to the series of Absence Sonnets, which begins with 43 and concludes with 52, and the right position of the two latter is probably after 51. And this sequence, from 43 to 52, is rudely interrupted by 49, which is manifestly out of place. Sonnet 61, which is now isolated, seems to belong to this series, and to be specially connected with 26 and 27.

Again, from 76 to 86 we have in the main what may be called the Rival Poet series. But in this sequence there are two irrelevant intrusions—77, which accompanied a present, evidently to some more distant friend than the "lovely boy," and 81, which is equally out of place.

When we come to the second division of the Sonnets—those which follow 126—the traces of order are fewer and we have almost utter chaos. The position of 129 is perhaps the most striking instance of the publisher's carelessness or inability; the tragic terror of this tremendous poem coming with the most absolute incongruity between two light and playful Sonnets might be enough of itself to mark the arbitrary character of the present arrangement. Again, in this latter series Nos. 143, 144 are plainly anterior to the sequence 133–135, which, chronologically, are the last of the Sonnets addressed to the "dark lady." For all the others are clearly prior to the discovery of her infidelity.

[1] In line 10 of Sonnet 69 I should read "by *their* deeds," as, *i.e.*, they guess character from their own. In line 5 the Quarto gives "their" when "thy" obviously right; here the reverse mistake has been made.

These arguments might be multiplied, but enough has, I think, been said to convince the unprejudiced that the arrangement of the Sonnets in the Quarto is unsatisfactory and unauthoritative. And this result is in exact agreement with the hypothesis of piratical publication which appears for other reasons so highly probable.

The practical outcome of these considerations is to discourage dogmatism and a too elaborate theorising. The materials at our disposal are too scanty; we shall have to be largely satisfied with negative results. Because, for example, we cannot accept the present order of the Sonnets, we shall not, therefore, feel called upon to propound a new one. For the same cause which makes the arrangement wrong, will prevent us from ever putting it right. Thorpe's collection was a stolen and surreptitious one, and it was therefore incomplete; and because it was incomplete, we cannot do much to mend its defects of arrangement. And as to the reference of particular Sonnets, the facts of Shakespeare's life are so little known that we can never be quite sure of anything, and in most cases even the more ingenious conjectures can hardly show a decent appearance of probability. The wisest course would seem to be to accept the Sonnets as they stand, and definitely to abandon a problem for the solution of which there are no sufficient data.

It is certainly very refreshing to turn from all the tedious twistings and turnings of controversy about the Sonnets to the Sonnets themselves, and to the unfailing admiration which their remembrance or the re-perusal of them excites.

In this, at least, all classes of commentators and expositors agree. The judgment of recent years has overborne the neglect of two centuries, and contradicted the coarse censure of supercilious critics. We wonder only that these priceless poems had to wait so long for the seeing eye and the understanding heart. There are certainly some Sonnets which we can hardly like at all, and some which are not altogether admirable, but there are others which we feel can never be praised or admired enough. In this narrow nook of poetic work, no less clearly than in the great field of the drama, Shakespeare has out-done all his contemporaries; he stands well-nigh as far above Spencer or Sidney, Daniel or Drayton, as he does above the contemporary masters of tragedy and comedy.

In the best of these Sonnets we get in full development all the resources of Shakespeare's art—the pregnant phrase, the melodious verse, the majestic diction. But beyond all these external grace- *mark the force* and fulness of these Sonnets, their strong sin- *and the depth* of feeling from which they spring. This is

of tone is at its highest in Sonnet 129, which is perhaps the grandest, as well as the gloomiest, of the whole series.

> The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
> Is lust in action; and till action, lust
> Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
> Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trus ;
> Enjoyed no sooner but despisèd straight;
> Past reason hunted; and, no sooner had,
> Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait
> On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
> Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
> Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
> A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;
> Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream:
> All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
> To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

Here we have the severest simplicity and an absence of all ornament; nothing disturbs or distracts the inward vision while, with an awful fidelity, the recesses of the conscience-stricken soul are laid bare.

Perhaps, for most readers, the biographic interest comes first. There is something very fascinating in the dark allusions of the Sonnets and the scanty glimpses they give us of Shakespeare's life.

And, though they tantalise us with their half-lights and their unsolved enigmas, they still reveal much. We get the story of the dark lady and the faithless friend, and we have an indication of a literary rival, a glimpse at some figure which seemed more imposing and majestic than Shakespeare's genial and sympathetic personality. Very significant, too, is the line—

> And art made tongue-tied by authority—

which stands in that catalogue of "the whips and scorns of time" which made the poet, tired of so sad a world, cry out for "restful death." For this is enough to show that the poet's genius brought him now and again into conflict with aristocratic or official prejudice, and that he had sometimes to say, not what he wanted, but what he was allowed.

But it is rather as "fragments of inner autobiography" that the Sonnets are so immeasurably precious. They take us into the sanctuary of the poet's mighty heart, and show us some of those hidden springs from which the mighty stream of his creative energy was fed. In their sadness and melancholy we find the secret of that perturbed working of the soul which lurks behind the rem
the divine *discontent of Hamlet.* W-
of depression and dejecti



apply the word to a Titanic strength of feeling. But surely they reveal nothing which need astonish us overmuch. For, we know that there is a Nemesis that waits on the might of genius, and that the extreme and exquisite sensibility of the divine singer must needs have its painful side.

The Sonnets are sad because, for the poet, the times were out of joint, and his sympathetic eye was heavy with all the oppression that is done under the sun. The Sonnets are sad, because the inner conflict, "the flesh warring against the spirit," is at times grievous and not to be borne. The Sonnets are sad, because the great mind must often be misunderstood, and the great heart go solitary and unsatisfied.

But sad as the Sonnets are, there is nothing in them which really falls below Shakespeare's natural and native loftiness of soul, no trace of unworthy anger, nothing of the weakness of wounded vanity. Shakespeare was deeply wronged, and a nature less beautiful than his might have cherished an implacable resentment. But he found it easy to forgive. "His life was gentle," and not even his deepest despondency could induce an ignoble bitterness.

But sad as the serious Sonnets for the most part are, they are not all sad. Here and there we have signs of the working of a brighter and happier mood, as when the poet celebrates his enduring and unselfish affection, or looks forward to the immortality which his pen can give. One Sonnet, more than any other, breathes this serener spirit, and seems to announce the calm and tranquil mood of Shakespeare's maturer years. In this the poet becomes once more, not the actor in Life's perplexed drama, but its serene spectator, and rises above all private woes and wrongs to sing of the "marriage of true minds" and Love's triumph over all the "millioned accidents" of Time.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
  Admit impediments. Love is not love,
Which alters when it alteration finds;
  Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
  That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
  Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
  Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
  But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ nor no man ever loved.

ROBERT SHINDLER.

THE FUEL OF THE SUN.

THE dazzling brilliancy of the sun far exceeds all artificial sources of illumination. It has been shown experimentally that, compared with a standard candle placed at a distance of one metre from the eye, the sun's light is equal in quantity to 1575 billions of billions of such candles! (1575 followed by 24 cyphers). The *intensity* of the solar light—or the amount of light per square inch of surface—is found to be 90,000 times greater than that of a candle, and 150 times as bright as the lime light! The blackest portion of a sun-spot exceeds the lime-light in intensity; and even the electric arc, when placed between the eye and the sun's disc, appears as a black spot![1]

The question has often been asked, What is the fuel of the sun? What is the origin of the vast amount of heat and light which is constantly being radiated by our central luminary into surrounding space? The question is a difficult one to answer, if looked at in the light of actual combustion. The amount of fuel necessary to produce the observed results is so enormous that it seems almost impossible to imagine where the fuel could come from.

Sir William Thomson has calculated that the quantity of fuel required for each square yard of the solar surface would be no less than 13,500 lbs. of coal per hour!—equivalent to the work of a steam engine of 63,000 horse-power! This enormous expenditure of fuel would be sufficient to melt a thickness of about 40 feet of ice per minute at the sun's surface. Sir John Herschel says, "Supposing a cylinder of ice 45 miles in diameter to be continually darted into the sun *with the velocity of light*, and that the water produced by its fusion were continually carried off, the heat now given off constantly by radiation would then be wholly expended in its liquefaction, on the one hand, so as to leave no radiant surplus; while, on the other, the actual temperature at its surface would undergo no diminution." He also says that the ordinary expenditure of heat by the sun per

[1] *Young's General Astronom*

minute would suffice to melt a cylinder of ice 184 feet in diameter, and in length extending from that luminary to α Centauri!

As to the actual temperature at the sun's surface, very various estimates have been made by different computers. Secchi supposed it to be about 10,000,000 degrees of the Centigrade thermometer! and Spörer 37,000 degrees of the same scale; while M. Pouillet thinks that it lies between 1,461 and 1,761 degrees Centigrade. M. Becquerel, Professor Langley, and Sir William Thomson consider that the temperature of the solar photosphere cannot exceed 3,000 degrees Centigrade. According to M. Saint-Claire Deville, the temperature is somewhere about 2,500 to 2,800 degrees, and this agrees with subsequent experiments by Bunsen and Debray. Sir Robert Ball says that "we shall probably be well within the truth if we state the effective temperature of the sun to be about 18,000 degrees Fahrenheit" ("The Story of the Heavens," p. 495). Secchi's estimate is probably very excessive, and the smaller determinations nearer the truth. The actual heat of the sun must, however, be very great. Professor Young says: "When heat is concentrated by a burning-glass, the temperature at the focus cannot rise above that of the source of heat, the effect of the lens being simply to move the object at the focus virtually towards the sun; so that, if we neglect the loss of heat by transmission through the glass, the temperature at the focus should be the same as that of a point placed at such a distance from the sun that the solar disc would seem just as large as the lens itself, viewed from its own focus. The most powerful lens yet constructed thus virtually transports an object at its focus to within about 250,000 miles of the sun's surface, and in this focus the most refractory substances—platinum, fire-clay, the diamond itself—are either instantly melted or dissipated in vapour. There can be no doubt that if the sun were to come as near to us as the moon, the solid earth would melt like wax." Messrs. Trowbridge and Hutchins consider that in the solar atmosphere, where carbon is volatilised, the temperature is about equal to that of the voltaic arc.

It may be shown that were the sun's mass composed of coal it would all be consumed in about 6000 years. It has been suggested that the solar heat may possibly be maintained by the fall of meteors on its surface. A pound of coal falling on the sun's surface from an infinite distance would develop by concussion 6000 times the heat that would be produced by its combustion. But the enormous quantity of meteors required for the purpose—about 3,800 lbs. per *square foot per annum*—renders this theory very improbable. If the *earth were to fall into* the sun it would maintain its heat for a pe

of less than 100 years. Jupiter falling into the sun would supply its present expenditure for 32,000 years to come; but, in view of the millions of years indicated by geological records, even this period must be considered as comparatively short. Another objection to this theory is that the quantity of matter required would, in the course of ages, add appreciably to the sun's mass, which would derange the motions of the planetary system. The meteoric theory of the sun's heat must, therefore, be abandoned.

The theory now generally accepted by astronomers is that advanced by the eminent German physicist Helmholtz, which ascribes the heat of the sun to the shrinkage of its mass caused by gravitation. It may be shown mathematically that this shrinkage would undoubtedly produce the observed result, and, as gravitation *must* inevitably act on the component particles of the sun's mass, it seems quite unnecessary to look further for a satisfactory theory. The amount of shrinkage required to account for the present solar radiation is so small that the diminution of the sun's apparent diameter could not be detected by the most refined instruments of measurement. Sir William Thomson has shown that this shrinkage would amount to only 35 meters on the radius per annum, or one ten-thousandth of its length in 2000 years—a quantity quite inappreciable.

According to Helmholtz's theory, the sun's heat was originally generated by the collision of two masses, as in Dr. Croll's theory, but differing from that theory in the supposition that the bodies approached each other under the effects of gravitation alone, and not with any initial velocity. In some books it is "paradoxically stated" that the sun is actually becoming hotter owing to condensation; but this is quite incorrect. As Sir William Thomson points out, "cooling and condensation go on together." In fact, as the sun has been gradually losing heat for ages past, the amount of heat lost by radiation must be in excess of that gained by shrinkage; and, as this process is probably still in progress, the sun must be actually cooling down. Of course this cooling process is excessively slow—so slow, indeed, that one estimate makes the maximum loss not more than one degree Centigrade in seven years.

According to Sir William Thomson, if the sun's heat could be maintained by shrinkage until 20 million times the present annual expenditure is radiated away, the sun's diameter would be reduced to one-half what it is at present, and its density would be increased to about the specific gravity of lead. This would probably put a stop to all further shrinkage, "through overcrowding of the molecules."

Supposing the sun to have been radiating out heat for the past 15 million years, the solar radius "must have been four times as great as at present." Sir William Thomson is not disposed to admit much more than 12 million years as the past duration of the sun's history, but, as I have shown in a former paper, this period—immense as it is—will not satisfy the demands of geologists. To meet this difficulty Dr. Croll has advanced his "Impact Theory," which has been already considered in the paper referred to (*Gentleman's Magazine*, June 1891).

The ancient philosophers thought that the sun might possibly be inhabited! Even in modern times this hypothesis has been seriously considered. Dr. Elliott in 1787 upheld this view, and on his trial at the Old Bailey for the murder of Miss Boydell his friends maintained his insanity and quoted as proof of their assertion the pages of his book in which this opinion was expressed. A necessary detail of Helmholtz's theory is that the sun must be in a fluid state from its surface to its centre. Were this not so it would soon grow dark, "as the conducting power of no known solid would suffice to maintain the incandescence." The idea of a solid nucleus enclosed in a fiery envelope must, therefore, be abandoned and consigned to the limbo of all such uncritical theories.

Sir William Thomson thus describes the action which would probably take place during the formation of the sun according to the gravitation theory: "Think of two cool solid globes, each of the same mean density as the earth, and of half the sun's diameter, given at rest, or nearly at rest, at a distance asunder equal to twice the earth's distance from the sun, they will fall together and collide in exactly half a year. The collision would last about half an hour, in the course of which they will be transformed into a violently agitated incandescent fluid mass, flying outwards from the line of motion before the collision, and swelling to a bulk several times greater than the sum of the original bulks of the two globes. How far the fluid mass will fly out all round from the line of collision it is impossible to say. The motion is too complicated to be fully investigated by any known mathematical method. A mathematician with sufficient patience might, however, approximate to the truth. After a series of oscillations it will subside, probably in the course of two or three years, into a globular star of about the same dimensions, heat, and brightness as our present sun, but different from him in this, that it would have no rotation.

"If, however, each had a transverse motion—in opposite directions—of 1·82 meters per second, the result would be a

our sun, rotating in twenty-five days. If the transverse velocity be anything more than 0·71 of a kilometer they would escape collision, and would revolve in equal ellipses round their centre of inertia in a period of one year, just grazing one another's surfaces every time they came round to the nearest points of their orbits. If the initial transverse velocity be less than, but not much less than, 0·71 of a kilometer per second, there will be a violent grazing collision, and two bright suns, solid globes bathed in flaming fluid, will come into existence in the course of a few hours, and will commence revolving round their common centre of inertia in long elliptic orbits in a period of little less than a year. Tidal interaction between them will diminish the eccentricity of their orbits, and, if continued long enough, will cause them to revolve in circular orbits round their centre of inertia, with a distance between their surfaces equal to 6·44 diameters of each."

The bearing of the latter portion of Sir William. Thomson's remarks on the possible origin of binary stars will be obvious to the reader. The "violent grazing collisions" in a period of about a year seem also to suggest a possible explanation of the nature of some of the variable stars, of which the periods of several do not differ much from 365 days. Indeed, this is the theory of variable stars advanced by Professor Lockyer in his "Meteoric Hypotheses;" but in this theory the revolving masses are supposed to be swarms of meteorites, and not solid bodies. The bright lines observed in some of the long-period variables when near a maximum of light indicate a great increase of heat, which may possibly be due either to the collisions of thousands of meteorites or to solid bodies rendered incandescent by a "violent grazing collision."

J. ELLARD GORE.

THE LAST POEMS OF PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.[1]

ONE night in the 'seventies, when the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and the small and intimate group whose high privilege it was to enjoy his friendship and hospitality, were discussing poets and poetry together, someone spoke of the difficulty of expressing a sense of infinite space in a few lines, and Philip Marston quoted, as a successful example, the sestette of Rossetti's sonnet "The Choice":—

> Nay, come up hither. From this wave-washed mound,
> Unto the furthest flood-brim look with me;
> Then reach on with thy thought till it be drown'd.
> Miles and miles distant though the last line be,
> And though thy soul sail leagues and leagues beyond,
> Still leagues beyond those leagues, there is more sea.

The next day, Rossetti was looking over "Songtide,"[2] and said to Marston, "You spoke last night about the sestette of 'The Choice' being fine, Philip, but this line of yours is worth all my six," and he pointed out in the blind poet's sonnet, "Wedded Grief," the line,

> Whose sea conjectures of no further land.

On another occasion, when Marston was not present, the name of Arthur O'Shaughnessy was mentioned, and the excellence of his lyrics commended.

"Yes," said Rossetti, "O'Shaughnessy has done some good work, but that Philip Marston stands at the head of all the younger men is, I think, beyond question."

This was a high testimony to Marston's ability, and when I add that Mr. Theodore Watts and Mr. Swinburne shared Rossetti's opinion in regard to the blind singer's place in poetry, it will, I think, be evident that the last poems of one who comes to us with

[1] *A Last Harvest: Lyrics and Sonnets from the Book of Love.* By the late *Philip Bourke Marston.* With Biographical Sketch by Louise Chandler Moulton. *London: Elkin Mathews.*

[2] *London: Chatto & Windus.*

such credentials, are entitled to more than ordinary consideration. Moreover, the fact that "A Last Harvest" is published after the death of the author, gives additional interest and significance to the volume. There is always something of mystery and pathos in the birth of a child whose father is dead. To know that the parent whose features it carries will never be seen on earth again, is a strange reversal of the order of things; and, just as we scan the face of a posthumous child for some resemblance to its dead father, so do we search these poems—the posthumous children of Philip Marston's brain—for anything which may recall the singer who has gone out from us.

The first question which will be asked is, "Is the volume, or is it not, an advance upon Marston's previous achievements?" and to that question the answer is at once, "Yes" and "No." Yes, in the sense that a higher level of artistic workmanship is sustained throughout; no, inasmuch as it contains, with one exception, no sonnet or lyric which is distinctively finer in its way than anything to be found in "Songtide," "All in All," or "Wind Voices." The most notable poem in the collection is the opening one—a lyric which, in the haunting witchery of its melody, recalls Edgar Allan Poe at his best, and in which, under the metaphor of "Love's Pleasure House," Marston sings his worship of the physical beauty of womanhood—

Love built for himself a Pleasure-House—
A Pleasure-House fair to see—
The roof was gold, and the walls thereof
Were delicate ivory.

Violet crystal the windows were,
All gleaming and fair to see—
Pillars of rose-stained marble up-bore
That house where men longed to be.

Violet, golden, and white and rose,
That Pleasure-House fair to see
Did show to all, and they gave Love thanks
For work of such mastery.

Love turned away from his Pleasure-House,
And stood by the salt deep sea—
He looked therein, and he flung therein
Of his treasure the only key.

Now never a man till time be done
That Pleasure-House fair to see
Shall fill with music and merriment,
Or praise it on bended knee.

It was a happy thought of Mrs. Moulton's (the editor of the volume) t[illegible] the entrance-hall of Philip Marston's

last House of Poetry, for it stands there like an alabaster Venus awakening to warm life in the portico of a Temple of the Muses. Indeed, Mrs. Moulton has unusual qualifications for the labour of love which she has undertaken. Her own high place as a poet, and her excellent judgment as a literary critic, are too well known to need comment; and her long and intimate friendship with the blind poet gives exceptional interest to the tender and pathetic little sketch with which she prefixes the volume. The poems are divided into three sections, "Lyrics," "Last Garden Secrets," and "Sonnets." "Love's Lady," the second "lyric" in the volume, is written in quatrains, which recall Omar Khayyám. It is a fine poem, and contains some beautiful lines, but is unequal, and too long to quote in full. Here are the last six verses, in which Marston sings the love

That would have saved me from despair and doom
Had Destiny but been compassionate :--

As high as Heaven it was, deep as the sea,
And mystical and pure as lilies be,
  And glowing with the glory of the June,
When birds and flowers and light make revelry.

Steadfast it was, as stars whereby men steer—
Tender as twilight, when the moon is near
  And all the gentle air is warm with hope,
And we the Summer's hastening feet can hear.

How can my single, singing strength suffice
To worship thee, my Love, my Paradise?
  My song falls weak before thee, and abashed,
Nor ever to thy spirit's height may rise;

Yet even by its failure men shall see
How more than all loves was my love of thee—
  Thou, who didst overflow my life with Heaven,
Making that life Love's miracle to be!

And though my little note of music pass
As barren breath one breathes upon a glass,
  And I be numbered with the numberless throng
Of whom men say not, even, "This man was,"

O yet, from thee, in whom all beauty blent,
My Rose of women, from thy heart there went—
  From thy deep, splendid, perfect, passionate heart—
A love to be, in death, my monument!

"Tender as twilight when the moon is near," is a beautiful line, as Marston himself was aware, for he repeats it, word for word, on page 106, in the sonnet, "Her Atmosphere." Whether this--

accident or to design is an open question; but it is certain that the defects of monotony of theme, diffuseness, and repetition, which were apparent in his earlier work, are not altogether absent in "A Last Harvest." For instance, the volume contains no less than five references to the clash and clamour of bells (pages 72, 104, 110, 113, and 135); and there are poems in which an idea which has been used in earlier work is made—very effectively, it must be admitted—to do duty again.

This, however, is only what was to be expected in the work of one as heavily handicapped as Philip Marston, and, in view of the great disadvantages under which he laboured, such criticism seems small and ungracious. The only wonder is that Marston should have achieved as much as he did, and that the poems of a blind man should exhibit such delicate effects of light and shade and colour and tone. Grace, music, and sweetness—the qualities which are characteristic of all his work—are especially noticeable in the volume before us. Here is a love-lyric which would have delighted the heart of Rossetti:—

GO, SONGS OF MINE.

Go, songs of mine to bring her on her way
With whisperings of love:
'Tis bleak March now, but then it shall be May,
With gentle skies above
And gentle seas below, what time she hears
Your little music chiming in her ears.

Cold, cold this day, and white the air with snow,
And dark this place wherefrom
My hastening music ever loves to go
To find its natural home—
Its home with her to whom all charms belong;
Who is both Queen of Love and Queen of Song.

Shall glad spring come? Shall May come with warm hours
And laughter of clear light,
And blossoming trees, and festivals of flowers,
And nightingales by night,
That pour their shuddering sweetness on the air—
The music of an exquisite despair?

And shall she come, who is my Spring of springs—
Herself than May more fair?
Sweet is the song the Night's sad songster sings,
But her tones are more rare—
Ah, shall she come, who is Spring and Summer in one—
To my sad life its star, its moon, its sun?

The "Last Garden Secrets," which one naturally turns to first, are somewhat disappointing, partly, perhaps, because one expects too much, partly because there is nothing to bear comparison with that lovely and perfect lyric, "The Rose and the Wind," and partly because some of them have already appeared in a previous volume. Here, however, is a hitherto unpublished "Secret," which puts my grudging words to shame :—

A RUINED GARDEN.

All my roses are dead in my Garden—
What shall I do?
Winds in the night, without pity or pardon,
Came there and slew.

All my song-birds are dead in their bushes—
Woe for such things!
Robins and linnets and blackbirds and thrushes
Dead, with stiff wings.

Oh, my Garden! rifled and flowerless,
Waste now and drear;
Oh, my Garden! barren and bowerless,
Through all the year.

Oh, my dead birds! each in his nest there,
So cold and stark;
What was the horrible death that pressed there
When skies were dark?

What shall I do for my roses' sweetness,
The summer round—
For all my Garden's divine completeness
Of scent and sound?

I will leave my Garden for winds to harry;
Where once was peace,
Let the bramble-vine and the wild brier marry,
And greatly increase.

But I will go to a land men know not—
A far, still land,
Where no birds come, and where roses blow not
And no trees stand—

Where no fruit grows, where no spring makes riot,
But, row on row,
Heavy, and red, and pregnant with quiet
The poppies blow.

And there shall I be made whole of sorrow,
Have no more care--
No bitter thought of the coming morrow,
Or days that were.

The most remarkable feature in "A Last Harvest" is the *high average* excellence of the sonnet-work. It is true that the verse

taken as a whole, is somewhat subdued in tone, and that the book contains nothing with the sombre strength of "No Death," of "Wind Voices,"[1] or with the simple pathos of "Not Thou, but I," which was printed in "All in All";[2] but, on the other hand, the sonnets in "A Last Harvest" have a chastened mellowness and maturity which indicate a distinct advance in artistic workmanship. Here is one which, if somewhat conventional in conception, is very finely expressed :—

TO-MORROW.

I said "To-morrow!" one bleak, winter day—
"To-morrow I will live my life anew,"—
And still "To-morrow!" while the winter grew
To spring, and yet I dallied by the way,
And sweet, dear Sins still held me in their sway:
"To-morrow!" I said, while summer days wore through;
"To-morrow!" while chill autumn round me drew;
And so my soul remained the sweet Sins' prey.

So pass the years, and still, perpetually,
I cry, "To-morrow will I flee each wile—
To-morrow, surely, shall my soul stand free,
Safe from the syren voices that beguile!"
But Death waits by me, with a mocking smile,
And whispers—"Yea! To-morrow, verily!"

The one defect in this sonnet is, of course, the rhyming of "verily" and "perpetually" in the sestette. Where the constant repetition of perfect rhymes tends, in a degree, to become monotonous and to weary the ear, a skilful variation enhances rather than lessens the beauty of a poem. This must be done, however, with a very dexterous hand, for any careless rhyming in so delicate a piece of workmanship as a sonnet, not only breaks the measured "marking time" (like the marching of a multitude), which is the result of the recurrence of the rhyme at regular intervals, but is a distinct defect. Strangely enough—for an unerring ear is the one thing we might have expected in a blind man—Marston is occasionally at fault in this respect, not only in his earlier work, but in his latest volume. He uses "place" and "place" as rhymes in "A Last Harvest" (page 144) just as he had used "hear" and "here" in "Wind Voices" ("Haunted Rooms"), "audible" and "terrible" (page 139), and "touched" and "brushed," in the following exquisite sonnet :

[1] London: Elliot Stock. [2] London: Chatto & Windus.

Those people who are dear to her at all
Are for her sweet sake very dear to me—
All places known of her divinity
Are loved by me, and hold my heart in thrall:
These flowers, that felt her pure breast rise and fall,
Laid here apart where all her love-gifts be,
Are fragrant with the passionate memory
Of a dear day now lost past Love's recall:

Books she has read; least thing her hands have touched,
The very floor her garment's hem has brushed
Being loved of me, shall I not love as well
What she loved most—to climb the upward way;
No longer in this poppied vale to dwell,
But scale the heights where shines the perfect day?

Here is another very beautiful love sonnet:

The breadth and beauty of the spacious night
Brimmed with white moonlight, swept by winds that blew
The flying sea-spray up to where we two
Sat all alone, made one in Love's delight—
The sanctity of sunsets palely bright,
Autumnal woods, seen 'neath meek skies of blue,
Old cities that God's silent peace stole through—
These of our love were very sound and sight:

The strain of labour; the bewildering din
Of thundering wheels; the bells' discordant chime;
The sacredness of art, the spell of rhyme—
These, too, with our dear love were woven in,
That so, when parted, all things might recall
The sacred love that had its part in all.

The use of the rhymed couplet with which Marston, as in this instance, so frequently concludes his sonnets, is strictly legitimate, and, indeed, is often desirable, for the sake of variety and convenience, but in sonnets not formed upon the Shakespearian model, the more delicate and distant decline of the rhyme (like the indistinguishable dying away of sweet music) is, I think, more harmonious.

There are many other sonnets—"Not only rooms wherein thy Love has been," the second and third of the "Four Parables," and "When in the darkness I wake up alone," which I should like to quote, but which, as my aim is to stimulate, not to satisfy the reader's interest in "A Last Harvest," I must leave him to seek out for himself. Below, however, I give a poem which I venture to predict will find its way into many an anthology:

LOVE ASLEEP.

I found Love sleeping in a place of shade,
And as in some sweet dream the sweet lips smiled;
Yea, seemed he as a lovely, sleeping child,

Soft kisses on his full, red lips I laid,
And with red roses did his tresses braid—
Then pure, white lilies on his breast I piled,
And fettered him with woodbine sweet and wild,
And fragrant armlets for his arms I made.

But while I, leaning, yearned across his breast,
Upright he sprang, and from swift hand, alert,
Sent forth a shaft that lodged within my heart.
Ah, had I never played with Love at rest,
He had not wakened, had not cast his dart,
And I had lived who die now of this hurt.

One more extract and I have done. Here is a poem which should, in the ordinary way, have been noticed among the lyrics, but with which I prefer to conclude. It was written in Marston's last years, when ill-health and misfortune had had their cruel will of him; and pessimistic and hopeless though it be, it surely "voices the inarticulate cry of many a human heart?

ALAS!

Alas for all high hopes and all desires!
Like leaves in yellow autumn-time they fall—
Alas for prayers and psalms and love's pure fires—
One silence and one darkness ends them all!

Alas for all the world—sad fleeting race!
Alas, my Love, for you and me Alas!
Grim Death will clasp us in his close embrace—
We, too, like all the rest from earth must pass.

Alas to think we must forget some hours
Whereof the memory like Love's planet glows—
Forget them as the year her withered flowers—
Forget them as the June forgets the rose!

Our keenest rapture, our most deep despair,
Our hopes, our dreads, our laughter, and our tears
Shall be no more at all upon the air—
No more at all, through all the endless years.

We shall be mute beneath the grass and dew
In that dark Kingdom where Death reigns in state—
And you will be as I, and I as you—
One silence shed upon us, and one fate.

These lines of Marston's have a strange pathos to us who for the first time read them when the grass grows thick on his grave. It seems as if he must be still alive; as if the man who wrote them was *too human to die*; and as if death were not natural, but unnatural: as if it were some dreadful mistake which God has made, and which He will wake up and discover, before it is too late, and before our own time to die arrives.



Death natural! No, it were as unnatural to tear a nestling babe from the bosom of its mother, and to cast it out into the night, as to drag us from the familiar breast of this dear old earth to which we cling—this earth with its love and friendship, and little children, its fields and flowers, sea and sky, sunlight and starshine, and sweet consolations of Art and Song—and hustle us away underground, hick-walled in a desolate dungeon of oozy clay, where never a human voice can reach us more, and where no sound but the stealthy writhing of the obscene worm breaks the black horror that wraps us round.

And yet, in other moods, it seems to me as if death were less like an iron and inexorable curtain of night, which has been let down between us and our lost ones, than like the dark blinds we set in our windows—blinds which from the outside look black and impenetrable, but which, from the inside, scarce serve to soften the light. And at such times I seem to see—close-pressed against the windows of the House of Death into which he has entered—the face of Philip Marston loom out into the night, as he turns away, for one moment, from the joyful greeting of sister, mother, father, and friends, and steals a wistful glance at the sweet vain world he has left behind. He is lonely now no longer, and sadness has gone for ever from his brow; but in the once sightless eyes—sightless never again—there dwells a look of tender and infinite pity for us who have yet to face the mystery which he has solved.

THE AUTHOR OF "A DEAD MAN'S DIARY."

PAGES ON PLAYS.

"BRAND."

INTEREST this month centres rather upon two printed than upon any acted plays; upon the "Brand" of Henrik Ibsen and "The Profligate" of Mr. A. W. Pinero. To be the first to translate "Brand" into English is so far to deserve well of the country, and Mr. William Wilson may be complimented upon being the first to do a work that ought to have been done long ago. Through all the course of last year Ibsen was the most-talked-about man of letters in the world; it is not unfair to say that he was talked about most by those who knew him and his writings and his purposes least. Men whose entire knowledge of Ibsen was confined to the three translations in a volume of the Camelot classics, men to whom Norwegian was as unfamiliar as Chinese, vituperated Ibsen, which was bad, or championed him, which was scarcely better, on a superficial acquaintance with "Ghosts," "A Doll's House," and "The Pillars of Society." There are, of course, enthusiasts who would maintain that Ibsen might very well stand or fall by those three dramas; and, indeed, as dramas they are great enough to gain a wreath of glory that might well content even a not too modest ambition. But if "A Doll's House" and "The Pillars of Society" and even "Ghosts" were cut bodily out of Ibsen's work—could be handed over, let us imagine, by some strange freak of witchcraft, to swell the literary baggage of the old Bjornstjern or the young Heiberg, or given to equip some unknown dramatists with a title to renown—Ibsen's own fame would scarcely be affected by the loss. Ibsen would still remain one of the greatest dramatists, one of the greatest dramatic poets of the age. By virtue of "The Pretenders," of "The Vikings at Helgeland," of "Fru Inger of Ostrat," to say nothing of "The League of Youth" and "The Wild Duck," he would remain a great dramatist. By virtue of "Peer Gynt" and of "Brand," to say nothing of "Love's Comedy" and "The Feast at Solhaug," he would remain a great dramatic poet
and "Brand" are, perhaps, the works ur
depends in the Northern lands; ye

a version of one of these great poetic plays offered to us in English. "Peer Gynt," perhaps an even greater poem, has yet to be given the freedom of our English speech. I am glad to think that two writers so admirably qualified for the duty as Mr. William Archer and his brother are engaged upon the task, and that the result of their work will soon be published. In the mean time we have Mr. William Wilson—whose real name is something quite different—gallantly seeking to fill up a gap in our literature of translation by his rendering of "Brand."

On the whole, Mr. William Wilson has done a serviceable, creditable piece of work. The result of his labours will be that many persons in this country will be enabled to scrape acquaintance with a great poem, to whom that poem had hitherto been a sealed book, nothing but a name. To have made this possible is to have rendered a sterling service, and so far very sincere thanks can be offered to Mr. William Wilson for his labour. Beyond this, however, the translation affords no great stimulus to enthusiastic commendation. The translation is in prose, which is certainly right. A great poem had better be translated into prose. There are exceptions when the translator is himself a child of genius, himself a poet. Coleridge's translation of Schiller's Wallenstein plays, Shelley's fragment of Goethe's "Faust," Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyam's "Rubaiyat," these are three examples of the rare cases in which the translator was the peer of the translated. But for most of us the vehicle of translation should be prose. Yet there is prose and prose. According to a story current concerning Mr. Pater, prose is much more difficult to write than poetry, and the axiom is not so paradoxical as it might appear. The prose chosen for the interpretation into our language of a great poem, or great poetic book in another language, should be the finest prose in the world; it should be chosen with the exquisite care which makes the beauty of Rossetti's translation of the "Vita Nuova," of the "Odyssey" of Mr. Lang and Mr. Butcher, of the "Quintus Fixlein" of Carlyle, or the "Grettis Saga" of Mr. William Morris and Mr. Magnüsson. To the level of these fine examples of prose translation, a translation of "Brand" should come; to that level Mr. William Wilson's translation does not reach. Mr. Wilson seems to have taken little pains to make it reach such a level, seems to have contented himself with translating it straight off the reel, using the first word that came to hand, never deliberating, selecting, weighing. The whole result, if fairly accurate is commonplace; it would serve as a journeyman's crib to t original text; it will be better, very much better, than nothing to

who really wish to know more of a great poet, but it can hardly be said to be an addition to literature. Mr. Wilson may make a better piece of work of it yet, if he goes over it again with patience and with pains. It will be well worth his trouble: to create a fine living English prose translation of "Brand" is a work of which a man might well be proud.

"The Profligate."

"THE Profligate" marks a period in Mr. Pinero's literary history. It was the first-fruits of his resolve to treat life seriously; to the public it was the first proof of his determination to take himself seriously. The public, which had hitherto known Mr. Pinero principally as a wild humorist; the critics, who had noted in him chiefly a cynicism, found, in "The Profligate," that they were face to face with a moralist of the severest school, with a dramatist who was determined that the stage should compete with the pulpit as a platform for the expounder of the ethical canon. "The Profligate" was a greater success with its critics than with the public, even though to please that public Mr. Pinero sacrificed the ending, which to him appeared to be the only legitimate, the only possible ending. It was discussed with a keenness which till then had seldom been accorded to the creations of the contemporary stage; it aroused in its admirers a degree of enthusiasm which colder critics were unable to share. Now that the play is published by Mr. Heinemann for all the world to study, we may expect to see the old battle revived, to catch something of the old discussion, hear the shoutings of the old enthusiasts, the comments of the colder students. At least, in the volume before me there is full material for such discussion. The text of the play is restored to the original form in which it first came from Mr. Pinero's pen; its replaced ending points Mr. Pinero's moral, and defies the theorist of the happy conclusion. Mr. Malcolm Salaman, in an excellent introduction, which is a valuable document of stage history, supplies the substituted ending, the ending which was to have soothed the audience, on the principle which made managers in the last century fit happy endings to Shakespearean tragedy.

For mine own part I rather object to the title of the play. I cannot help regarding it as a misleading title. I have no thought of defending the character of Dunstan Renshaw, or palliating the despicable cowardice of seduction, when I suggest that the term "profligate" appears to me to suggest a character more markedly, more extensively, mo[illegible] than the hero of

Mr. Pinero's play. Words are used to convey ideas, and I cannot think the idea which the word "profligate" suggests is answered by Mr. Pinero's portrait of Dunstan Renshaw. There are persons, excellently fanatical, who regard the drinking of a glass of wine as an act of profligacy; a Cromwellian Ironside would have branded a boy who kissed a girl under a bough of mistletoe as a profligate. But the man who drinks a glass of wine, the boy who kisses a girl "underneath the bough," are not termed profligates in the words of the world, and I do not think that the term is a happy term as applied to Dunstan Renshaw. He has acted like a scoundrel, most certainly, and like one of the most dangerous of scoundrels, a weak scoundrel; but a man may be a scoundrel without being a profligate, even though he scarcely can be a profligate without being a scoundrel. The story of Mr. Pinero's play is familiar to all students of the stage of to-day. Still, for the purpose of discussion, I may be permitted, rapidly, to follow its course once again, in order to analyse its result.

Dunstan Renshaw is a young man of means, who has seduced a young girl, and to whose easy-going mundane mind it has not occurred to make reparation by marrying his victim. This is a grave offence against the moral law, against the social comity; but it does not make its perpetrator a profligate. A persistent seducer would be a profligate; so, too, would be the man who, although no seducer, passed his life in the perpetual gratification of sensual passions with the varying objects of his temporary emotions. But Dunstan Renshaw is a weak youth, with higher capabilities, for he falls in love with and marries a penniless school-girl, Leslie Brudenell. After marriage his love for her deepens to adoration, and she on her side worships him so profoundly that she wishes she might be his slave. Yet when she learns of his sin—the sin committed before he saw her—she banishes him from her presence and from her life, and sends him, helpless and hopeless, to a suicide's death. It is a tragic story, powerfully told, a strong and painful sermon on the old text of the sin that will find out the sinner. It is impossible not to pity Dunstan Renshaw; it is impossible to admire Leslie, the girl who, because she chose to paint a fancy picture of the man she married, deserts him and betrays him because he does not come up to the school-girl's ideal. We may think that Dunstan deserved his punishment; we must refuse to praise the wifely hand that dealt the punishing stroke.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree on Ibsen and Maeterlinck.

IT is a satisfactory sign of the quickened public interest in the stage, and of the closer relationship between the actors on one side of the footlights and the audience on the other side of the footlights, that a leading London manager like Mr. Beerbohm Tree should be found addressing a gathering of the earnest and enthusiastic body known as the Playgoers' Club. But if I find the manner of Mr. Tree's address so satisfactory, I must inevitably find the matter of it largely unsatisfactory. The opinions of Mr. Tree are entitled to all respect. He is an actor-manager; but he is something more than an actor-manager. He is a man of a wide range of reading, a man of scholarly tastes, with a knowledge of more than one language and literature; an agreeable blend of the student and the man of the world. When such a man delivers a public address upon two foreign dramatists—the one famous, the other notorious—his utterances are sure not to be the mere echo of the war-cries of the Philistines. As Mr. Tree does therefore speak with so considerable a degree of authority, I may naturally be permitted to feel pleasure where I agree with him, and to regret where I do not agree. I cannot share the enthusiasm for the works of Maeterlinck which animates certain fellow-workers of mine, with whom I am always glad to stand side by side; and I find that Mr. Tree's opinion is very much my own opinion. But on the subject of Ibsen, Mr. Tree seems to me to speak as a man living in some fog-bound city of Dreadful Night might speak of the sun if he were suddenly transported to a Nilotic town. He is, apparently, unable to see anything but ugliness in the power which, to do him justice, he so frankly recognises. I do not know, I have no means of knowing, the extent of Mr. Tree's reading in the work of Henrik Ibsen. It may embrace the whole range of the author's work; it may be limited to those plays which have been acted on the English stage. If even the discussion be limited to those plays from the "Doll's House" to "Hedda Gabler," it is to me inconceivable how a man like Mr. Tree can read them and find in them only ugliness, only horror. To me the sense of beauty is as conspicuous in Ibsen's plays as their grasp of human character and their great dramatic force. It seems but a gaze, through deliberately narrowed eyelids, that sees in them nothing but a pessimistic portraiture of hideous dehumanised humanity. To contest the influence of Ibsen upon this country would be needless. Mr. Tree's own words are among the strongest of the daily manifold proofs of its effect. It may be said of Ibsen's

influence, as Napoleon said of the French Republic, that it is obvious as the sun in Heaven, and asks for no recognition.

"Brighton."

PERHAPS the most significant dramatic event of the month has been the revival of "Brighton" at the Criterion, with Mr. Wyndham in his old part of Bob Sackett. It is a good many years now since "Brighton" was first played, and though I saw most of the famous Criterion farces, somehow or other I missed seeing "Brighton." I always regretted the omission, and I can say very cordially that I am glad the omission has been at last repaired. Mr. Wyndham has played in better pieces, it may be, than "Brighton," but he has never played better himself. The play, for all its merriment, does seem old-fashioned ; its mechanism for producing mirth appears to creak a little ; since "Saratoga" was converted into "Brighton," even the wildest farcical comedy has accepted the influence of the realistic movement, and the buffoon muse wears her motley after the naturalistic mode. So long, however, as Mr. Wyndham is playing Bob Sackett one can think only of the many merits of "Brighton," and be grateful for full laughter. But I used the term "significant" in connection with this revival, and I used it for a special reason. Some few years ago, Mr. Wyndham, having no novelty on hand, thought of adopting one of two courses, of reviving "Brighton" or of playing in "Wild Oats." "Wild Oats" carried the day, was a success, showed Mr. Wyndham the direction of a new departure in his way of art, and was succeeded in its turn by "David Garrick." The enduring, the persistent success of "David Garrick" was Mr. Wyndham's greatest triumph ; it endured so long that it seemed as if the actor was never going to return to those extravagant fantastics, those Agreeable Rattles, who had increased the gaiety of London. Is the revival of "Brighton" a sign that Mr. Wyndham is returning for a season to his service of the frolic muse of farcical comedy?

"The Reckoning."

MR. SYLVANUS DAUNCEY, the author of "The Reckoning," is really a brother of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and the triumphs of his kinsman have moved him to break a lance in the same lists. There is a good deal in "The Reckoning" to justify Mr. Dauncey's daring. He has produced a strong story, with one very powerful situation, and a large amount of really very

comic dialogue. This is not bad for the equipment of a beginner, and in the consideration of a first attempt it is the good points that are of importance to the critic, not the defects. Curiously enough, Mr. Dauncey's hero is in the very same position as the hero of "The Profligate." He has seduced a girl in his youth, and has since fallen devotedly in love with another woman. His victim induces him by a trick to marry her on what seems to be her death-bed; and then, rising up, confronts him, a living barrier between him and his hoped-for heaven. But Mr. Dauncey's moral is quite different from Mr. Pinero's. The fact that the man has behaved like a rascal is scarcely brought home to the beholder at all; while the victim, whose only offence is that she extorts by artifice the reparation which was due to her, is represented as a traditional villainess. If Mr. Pinero ignored the way of the world too much, Mr. Dauncey may be said to accept the way of the world with a vengeance.

Other Plays.

THE other events of the month were not very important. A play called "Her Oath," by Mrs. Wylde, produced at a *matinée* at the Princess's Theatre, proved to be a complicated legend of the Indian Mutiny, without the animation or the appropriateness of Boucicault's "Jessie Brown." "Miss Decima" has been transferred from the Criterion to the Prince of Wales's, where, with dainty, clever Miss Decima Moore in the part of her namesake, it should find its home for long enough. It is preceded by "The Prancing Girl," a travesty of "The Dancing Girl," which ought to be better than it is. At the Court Theatre Mrs. John Wood, after two unlucky campaigns, has retired from the field of battle, and the famous triple-bill company, under the lead of Mr. Brandon Thomas, have occupied the ground. The "Pantomime Rehearsal" and "The Commission" go as well as ever, and a revival of "Good for Nothing" gives Mr. Brandon Thomas another opportunity of showing his varied power, and enables Miss Norreys to add to her successes a most delightful Nan.

JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY.



TABLE TALK.

Master and Servant.

RELATIONS between master and servant, or employer and employed, have undergone the same kind of change that has come over our general life. In place of the welcome of mine host or mine hostess in the old hotel, the resident in one of the huge caravansaries recently built finds indifference and apathy. The employer of thousands of hands knows perhaps five per cent. of them by sight, and men with large establishments may easily be unable to tell the names of some at least of their servants. Everywhere the relations become more purely business-like and financial. Human nature changes little, however, and human sympathies put forward their tentacles now as before. Not wholly extinct is "the constant service of the antique world," though pessimists have through all ages insisted upon a continuous decline that would long ago have brought about its destruction. In a delightful book, called "Faithful Servants," [1] Mr. Arthur J. Munby, M.A., F.S.A., has collected close upon seven hundred memorial records by masters to the worth of their servants. I have found the volume enchanting. Its perusal is like sauntering and lingering in a quiet country churchyard, and, without the trouble of stooping through the long grasses or paining the eyes in the effort to decipher, reading the quaint, touching, and instructive legends carved upon the stones. All ranks of life are included in the collection. Among those who have borne testimony to the worth of their servants or the affection they have felt towards them are Queen Victoria, Alexandra Princess of Wales, Charles II., George III., William Hayley, Robert Southey, Alexander Pope, and Jonathan Swift.

Servants' Epitaphs.

MANY of these epitaphs are supremely touching, and most of them are honourable to all concerned. Now and then I find an attempt to inculcate the doctrine that the poor are to be contented with their lot, and imitate the virtues of a day labourer who,

[1] Reeves & Turner.

with common wages and without parochial pay, "supported in cleanliness and credit" a sickly wife and thirteen children. Such cases are, however, the exception, and not seldom the expressions indicate that the loss experienced equals that of a sister, a mother, or a child. What more than the following can be said: "To the beloved memory of Elizabeth Painter, who was for fifty-five years a friend and servant in the family of the Hon^{e} and Rev^{d} Gerard Noel"? To the "blessed memory" of this same woman her employer erected a stained-glass window in Romsey Abbey. In another case a woman is described as "a most devoted servant and beloved friend." One of the oldest monuments is in the Collegiate Church of St. Mary, Stratford-on-Avon. I copy this with its quaint orthography, indicating by marks the ends of the lines, "Here lyeth interred y^{e} body of M^{rs} | Amy Smith who being abovt y^{e} age of | 60 years and a maide departed this life | at Nonsvch in Svrrey y^{e} 13th day of Sep. | Ao DM : 1626 she attended vpon the | Right Ho^{ble} Joyce, Ladie Carew Covn- | tess of Totness, as her waiting gen- | tlewoman y^{e} space of 40 years togeth^{er} | being very desirovs in her life tyme | that after her death she might be laid | in this chvrch of Stratford where her | lady y^{e} said Covntesse also herselfe | intended to be bvried, & accordinglie to | fvlfill her reqvest & for her so long | trew and faithfvll servis y^{e} said Right | Ho^{ble} Covntesse as an evident toaken | of her affection towards her not onely | caused her body to be brovght from | Nonsvch heither & here honorably bvry^{ed} | bvt also did cavse this monvment and | svperscription to be erected in a | gratefvll memorie of her whome | she had fovn so good a servant." Indian servants and negroes are the objects of no less honourable mention. Mr. Munby's book would have delighted Charles Lamb.

The Title-Page.

Among the subjects with which Blades deals at some length is that of title-pages. A work of much value on that subject, which has recently seen the light, bears the rather uncompromising name of "Last Words on the History of the Title-Page," by Alfred W. Pollard.[1] It gives twenty-seven reproductions of title-pages, or first pages, since the title-page was much later than the printed book, beginning with a facsimile with coloured illustrations of the first page of the famous "Mazazin Bible," and ending with the title-page to the "Vic-

[1] John C. Nimmo



Many of these reproductions are singularly curious and striking, and the whole volume is a delight to the bibliophile. Mr. Pollard also deals with colophons, another subject of unending interest. "Marques Typographiques," by L. C. Silvestre (Paris, 1868), a work far less known in England than it deserves, since it entitles the compiler to rank with the Brunets, Barbiers, and Quérards of France, gives an all but inexhaustible stock of information on kindred subjects. The designs in this are, however, poorly executed, and altogether unfit to compare with the masterly facsimile the English volume contains. The quaint mediæval figures which adorn certain title-pages were not confined to those works. A singularly grotesque capital L, which occupies most of the page in "Le Livre de Matheolus," I possess in an edition, assumably the second, of Froissart, and the very elaborate mark of Simon Vostre, like that of the Alduses or the Etiennes, appears in very many volumes.

A Socialistic Paradise.

DR. THEODOR HERTZKA is the latest would-be founder of an ideal world. Men of highest gifts have loved to dream of abbeys of Thelema, Utopias, and the like. After the example of his predecessors, Dr. Hertzka, an Austrian physician and scientist, has chosen fiction as the best means of expounding his views and bringing forward his optimistic aspirations. His "Freeland: A Social Anticipation," [1] shows the establishment of a great socialist nation in Central Africa. Starting from small beginnings, the attempt of a few men of different nationalities to solve the great social problem, the venture assumes before long huge proportions. Philosophical and scientific in basis and transcendental in treatment it approaches most nearly perhaps to the writings of Jules Verne. It has inspired so firm a conviction that large numbers of persons are said to be banding together with a view of carrying the scheme—a tract of land suitable to the purpose has been obtained—into execution, and the British Government will, it is understood, be implored not to check the experiment. Personally I wish all success to the undertaking, and have found the imaginary details very pleasant reading. I fear, however, that the pioneers can scarcely hope to encounter conditions so uniformly favourable as Dr. Hertzka depicts.

[1] Chatto & Windus.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1892.

LOST OR STOLEN?

BY EMILY FRANCES JENKINSON.

A LONG room, lofty, and lined with book-cases to the ceiling, whose locked and brass grated doors permitted the eyes alone to wander over the treasures they contained. Above the fireplace hung a Holbein, one of those eminent statesmen of his own times that great master made to live on canvas. By the blazing fire stood Harold Warburton, a letter in his hand, and a cloud of doubt on his countenance. "I'll do it and chance the risk!" he exclaimed to himself, as he flung the letter on to the littered writing table, walked resolutely across the room, and unlocked the case before him. It was the holy of holies: the cream of the world-famed Deira Collection lay behind those fretworked bars. There was the Book of Hours, containing two Peruginos and three Francias, valued at £6,000. There was the Gospel of St. Luke, bound in a golden cover studded with precious stones, which had belonged to some nuns of Ireland in the tenth century. There were manuscripts of priceless value, and printed matter from its cradle. Leaving these on one side, his hand sought the "Breviarium secundum usum Ecclesiæ Bangorensis"—the third known copy in the world! "What evil genius has put it into old Silas Frauen's head to want to see this inaccessible work?" said the irritated young man to himself. However, that was not the point. Silas Frauen said he could not finish his History of the Ancient British Church unless he could consult the Portifory according to the use of the Church of Bangor. The only other copies of this work were one in the Vatican Library, the other at Madrid. Silas was a helpless cripple; he could journey to neither the one nor the

other—not even to this copy, which Harold Warburton is now turning and twisting in his nervous hands. How much might hang on his power of gratifying the old Welshman's whim! It would do no harm to anyone. If only his employer had been on the spot! He would be willing—nay, more than willing—to gratify the anxious scholar's desire, and, by so doing, effectually aid his protégé's secret hopes and wishes. But alas! as usual, Lord Deira is anywhere but in his beautiful place, nor has his librarian the faintest idea on what spot of Europe the sole of his foot is resting. Undisturbed year after year—save for a meteor-like apparition, just for a night or a week, on the part of their owner—live the books in their cases. The Vandykes look sadly at one another from wall to wall, Sir Peter Lely's duchesses twist their white throats and show off their pearls to empty space, Nell Gwyn and Prince Rupert stare at one another as if they would like to make some remark if only they knew how to begin. Outside, the same stillness prevails. The Lakes—there are three, connected one with another, and covered with water fowl—look as if even the very pike in them thought twice about leaping. The gigantic cedars throw their shadows unbroken in the silent water. The "hush," as you wander through miles of timber, some of it believed to be primeval, is positively oppressive.

No! Whatever Warburton does, he must do at his own peril, without leave or licence. This is what Brenda Frauen writes:

"Dearest Harold,—I have not dared to tell Uncle Silas yet. He was annoyed at my having stayed out so long the other morning, and I found him waiting, with a mass of copy ready for me, when I got in. I dread to think of what he will say to our engagement. And now a fresh complication about his present work has arisen; he declares it is impossible for him to proceed with it unless he can get at a very rare and ancient book, called 'Portiforium seu Breviarium secundum usum Ecclesiæ Bangorensis,' printed in 1513, and consult it. This seems an impossibility. I almost think you had better come and tell him about us yourself, and perhaps you could then suggest some way out of this difficulty.

"Yours ever,

"Brenda Frauen."

Now Harold Warburton would find it much easier to say to Silas Frauen, "I want to marry your niece, who is a lady and your heiress. I—who am only the son of one of Lord Deira's tenants! True, they have been 200 years on the estate, and, thanks to my master, besides mere book learning, I have had the liberal education given by inti-

mate intercourse with a superior of singular culture and refinement,' if only he could, at the same moment, be the good genii producing the longed-for Bangor Breviary.

"I will not let it out of my sight for an instant, I will make the extracts he wants, and, the moment that is done, I will return by the first train and replace it."

The 3.10 express that afternoon from Pebsham to Euston numbered amongst its passengers the librarian, and, in a parcel—for, said he, "It shall not leave my hand"—the precious and much desired volume.

It was in November, and the evenings were dark and cold. Harold lay back in his seat, and built castle after castle in the future as the train rushed rapidly on. Fancy is a wonderful magician, and, in his thoughts, hard unbending facts took the forms of delicious undefined pictures, in which the lights got considerably the best of the shadows. Arrived at his destination he stepped joyously on to the platform, seized his bag in one hand, clutching the precious parcel firmly with the other, and started for a small hotel in the neighbourhood of Russell Square, where it was his habit to put up when business or pleasure brought him to town. "I will order a bed, have some dinner, and then go round and surprise old Silas." Lost in thought, Harold, as he turned into the main thoroughfare, was recalled to passing events by a cab coming to grief just in front of him. It was a regular smash, for a dray, following at a smart pace, could not pull up in time to avoid a collision. In a moment Warburton rushed to drag its occupant from the hansom. The usual crowd collected, and the usual compliments passed between the cabman and the drayman. No one, however, was much the worse, save the cab horse, whose bleeding knees engrossed the attention of Warburton. Having done all in his power to help the poor beast, he passed on, and had gone some little way before he became conscious that he was carrying only his bag: the parcel, the treasure, the foundation-stone of the entire castle, was gone! And, awful thought that rushed like lightning through his brain, he, Harold Warburton, would be branded as a thief! He would hear the tale being told—how the trusted librarian, profiting by the blind confidence of his benefactor, had deliberately robbed him of his most prized possession. What a fearful situation! He retraced his steps, peering eagerly about him, to the place of the accident, where, doubtless, he had either let the book fall from his hand, or mechanically put it into his outer pocket from which it had been abstracted. He felt there: its contents were gone! Clearly the pocket had been picked. Whether the book had been stolen or he had dropped it, the Breviary was gone, and the dreadful fact of its loss remained to

face him! What steps could he take towards its recovery? He could not advertise without proclaiming his seeming guilt to the world. He would go to Scotland Yard the first thing in the morning, in the faint hope that honesty and ignorance, combined with the hope of reward, might have induced the finder, supposing it had not been stolen, to take it there. Back at his hotel he sat staring at the untouched food—no going to Russell Square that night—he could not face the old man with this dreadful secret locked in his heavy heart.

After he had done all he dared in vague communications to the police, the next morning found him and Brenda pacing a walk in Kensington Gardens; a line from him had summoned her to hear the dismal news. She was a brave girl, but what could even such courage avail under so dreadful a calamity! "Go back at once to Brynbella Heights," was her instantaneous decision; "for if, by some unforeseen chance, Lord Deira were to return during your absence and miss the book, it would make matters doubly bad."

A carefully worded advertisement was composed by the pair to appear in the papers, and with aching hearts they parted.

Six dreadful weeks elapsed, during which life to Warburton was a burden too heavy to be borne. The light-hearted librarian had changed into a nervous, morose, miserable man. He sometimes felt, as he sat gazing at the empty space in the bookshelf, that, like Cain, his guilt must be visibly branded upon him. He shunned the very servants, who thought "Mr. Warburton was grown mighty high!" Except the housemaid, who was sure "E'd something on 'is mind!" Brenda's misery was as great as his own. Meanwhile Lord Deira was not so far off as they supposed. He arrived in London just at this juncture. "Harold will be surprised at my return; I will telegraph just before I go down," said he.

London had a strange fascination for this lonely man. Whether the passers by, to whom he need not speak, were company, I know not, but so it was; and several days elapsed and still found him mooning about the dark deserted streets, and shivering in his lonely, spacious home. One morning he was loitering through Soho, and stopped to glance at the contents of a small and shabby bookstall. A lady was employed in a similar manner; idleness made him unconsciously remark her—a slight tall girl, with anxious grey eyes and pale golden hair. Suddenly a sharp exclamation, almost a cry, of delight and amazement broke from her lips as she seized a small poor-looking volume, peered eagerly into its pages, and then hurriedly asked its price of the stall-keeper.

The old man took the book and turned it over carefully.

Miss, I'd take ten shillings for it; it's been lying here some time, I believe, and no one has taken a fancy to it." Quick as lightning the girl held the coin out to the speaker, and, almost snatching the volume from his hand, walked hastily away. The episode interested the idle spectator—a pretty face, an old book, and evident agitation on the part of the girl. "A romance in a nutshell!" quoth his lordship to himself. He lingered a few moments by the stall, and asked the man the name of the volume he had just sold. Conning over a dirty list of his wares, he held it towards Lord Deira, his grimy thumbnail pressed against "Portiforium seu Breviarium secundum usum Ecclesiæ Bangorensis." Refusing almost to credit his eyesight he asked:

"Where did you get this book?"

"It was on the stall, sir, when I bought the business, and that's a week ago. I hardly know the books yet," replied the man.

"Do you know the lady who bought it?"

"Never saw her before, sir."

So no clue was to be obtained here. But what was he doing losing time thus? He must follow her. It was, it must be, a dreadful nightmare! Ringing in his ears was a voice saying, "There are but three copies in the world! One in the Vatican, one at Madrid, and your own." Happily the street was empty, and the girl had gone very slowly, so absorbed was she in looking at her purchase. "I will keep behind her and see where she goes; I cannot stop her and question her in the street." On they walked. She stopped at a telegraph office, and sent a message, and, finally, she turned into Russell Square and let herself with a latch key into No. 102. "So she lives there!" said Lord Deira to himself, as he turned away and made for the nearest stationer's, where he consulted the red book and entered the name of Silas Frauen, 102 Russell Square, in his pocket book. Now to reach Brynbella Heights, and see if this horrible suspicion was false or true! As he sped towards his magnificent home, very bitter thoughts filled his heart. "Was it possible that the lad he had taken to himself, the only creature he had ever sought to bind to him by ties both of love and gratitude, could have played him so false, have deceived him so basely? If so, was this the only theft? How many more of his priceless volumes had gone the same road? What could have so demoralised the young fellow?" Just as he paused at this point in his reflections, a still, small voice that generally kept itself, or rather was kept out of hearing, would make itself audible. It said, "Why did you leave the young fellow there month after month with no healthy employment to fill up his days, and no proper companions to speak to? If he has

gone astray whose is the fault? Neglecter of your own duties, mere cumberer of the lands you neither enjoy yourself nor permit others to profit by, you only reap what you have sown!" And the man, who was not a bad man, only a very selfish mortal, felt a pang of remorse seize him.

Lord Deira's heart never beat faster than it did when the fly in which he had driven from the station (for he had sent no word of his advent) drew up at his own hall door. No abode of the dead could have looked more gloomy or deserted; every shutter shut and every blind drawn down; no cheerful light to be seen welcoming the returning traveller. Nor was any alacrity shown to give him admittance by the inmates of this "Moated Grange." Three times had the bell been set pealing before advancing footsteps were heard, and the heavy doors were unbarred by a frightened-looking maid, supported by a small boy behind her. "My Lord!" escaped from her lips in wild astonishment; while the boy, after a stare of amazement, fled below stairs to give the alarm. By this time, however, the housekeeper had appeared on the scene, a profusion of apologies mingling with her surprise.

"Where is everybody, Mrs. Meesum?" asked her master.

"They have all gone, milord—never, of course, expecting we should see your lordship to-night—to a servants' ball at Bulstrode House. Being so near, Mr. Pilgrim thought they would just look in." Mrs. Meesum evidently considered she ought to apologise for any of the Deira household consorting with those of Sir Hanmer Hamper's establishment. This worthy person being a contractor of much wealth but little breeding, who had squatted down and built himself an edifice resembling a Hydropathic Establishment, exactly opposite one of the entrances to Brynbella Heights.

"It is of no consequence, Mrs. Meesum—have lights taken to the library, and—where is Mr. Warburton?"

"Mr. Warburton was here this morning, milord, but a telegram came for him about two o'clock, and he went off by train directly."

"In—deed!" quoth his master, whose last lingering hopes died away as he slowly walked to the back-room. He waited till he had got rid of the servants, and then went straight to the book-case. No need of a key to unlock the door—through the brazen bars the empty place of the Bangor Breviary stared him in the face! He knew it would be so, yet the certainty came upon him with cruel force. Harold was a thief—the girl his accomplice. Yet why, in the name of all that was wonderful, did Warburton steal—ah! the ugly word was out!—such a book, only to let it be selling for ten shillings on a

mouldy book-stall? What should he do? Wait quietly where he was and see what happened, or go up to town the next day and confront the pair in Russell Square? The night brings counsel. He would do nothing till the morning.

A restless night had done but little to assist Lord Deira as to his course of action. It appeared Harold had only taken a hand-bag with him, so he clearly did not intend to be long away; he would probably return in the course of the day. Meantime, the news of the master's arrival brought him occupation in the shape of obsequious bailiffs, keepers, and such like folk, all equally anxious to report their own deeds of virtue if they did not dwell on the shortcomings of their fellows. Lord Deira at all times detested this kind of thing, and only his habitual good-breeding—and nowhere is this quality more conspicuous, either by its presence or its absence, than in the demeanour of the superior to the inferior—enabled him to listen and reply with tolerable patience to the long-winded histories of these worthies. Time passed on, and he decided to pass another night where he was.

It was well he did so. Dinner was over, and he was sitting over the fire, in company of a cigarette, a French novel in his hand, when the door opened and the missing librarian walked in. He came towards his master with outstretched hand, a glad smile of welcome lighting up his face; no craven look of fear or contrite blush of shame clouded his open countenance. But no answering smile met his, no hand took his in friendly grasp. With an icy bow Lord Deira glued him to the spot he stood on, while he said, "I regret to say, Mr. Warburton, that, before there can be any interchange of cordialities between us, I must ask you for an explanation of the fact that one of the most valuable books in my library is missing."

Silence reigned for some moments between the two men; then Harold, with an accent of pain in his voice, and placing a small parcel on the table between them, replied:

"Here, my Lord, is the missing book; and I have to express my deep regret that circumstances did not permit of its being replaced before your return."

"I, on the contrary, am rejoiced that 'circumstances,' as you are pleased to call them, did so intervene," rejoined Lord Deira; "for it is well I should know the risk my library runs during my absence."

A hot flush overspread the young man's face. "I acknowledge, my Lord, that this book has run very great risks, and that I have suffered the deepest anxiety on its account; and, for these risks, I express to you my sincere regrets."

Taking no notice of the apology, his master, with a sneer, demanded :

"Pray, are any more of the Deira Collection to be picked up for ten shillings at a street bookstall, Mr. Warburton?"

Harold staggered back with astonishment.

"You seem surprised!" continued Lord Deira. "You, no doubt, will be more surprised to hear that I was standing beside your accomplice when she made the said purchase."

"My Lord, you have no right to speak in such a manner of that young lady! My fault in taking the book up to London was great, but if you had taken the trouble, before condemning me so harshly, to listen to the motives that induced me to commit so rash an act, you would, I believe, admit there was a good excuse for my conduct."

"There can be no justification for such a breach of trust," fell from Lord Deira's lips in icy accents. A torrent of words seemed about to break from the librarian, but he checked himself, and, taking the book in his hand, tore off the wrapping of paper, and, handing it to his master, requested him to see that it was intact. Lord Deira glanced at the volume; while he said, "I am waiting, Mr. Warburton, to hear what reasons you have to give for your conduct!"

"None, my Lord! or, rather none that could possibly interest you. You see that your book is safe and uninjured; and here" (opening an iron safe at his side) "are the keys, so that you may satisfy yourself that your library has not suffered at my hands. If you have anything further to say to me, I shall be leaving early to-morrow morning. I am well aware of all that I owe you, but you have cancelled my debt by regarding me as a common thief." After a moment's pause the librarian, with a slight bow, turned on his heel and left the room.

The solitary man sat on by the dying fire, anger and regret struggling together in his heart, while Harold Warburton prepared to shake the dust of Brynbella Heights from his feet by packing his clothes.

It was with a sad heart he found himself the following day in town. He had quitted what had so long been his home, without seeing his employer again; a servant, as he was starting, brought him a sealed envelope, containing a cheque with the amount of salary due to him. How gladly he would have exchanged it for one word of pardon and peace!

The journey up, on this occasion, was solaced with no agreeable forecasts for the future. Harold was now adrift on the world with a few pounds in his pocket, and what little he had saved in the bank. He had no idea of going to his home in disgrace; no, he must find

something to do in London, if possible, on Brenda's account; for, if anything happened to the old man Silas, she would be left alone in the world. There was a school friend of his, a bookseller's son, perhaps he would help him to some work. Poor Brenda! How wretched she would be! And what to say to her uncle!

"We had better tell him the truth," was Brenda's verdict the next day; "some garbled version of the affair may reach him, so let him hear the real facts from yourself."

The old man listened to the young man's tale in silence. When it was ended he said: "Well, lad, you may be thankful indeed you're no worse off. It was a mad risk to run. And now you are on the wide world. Well, as I was concerned in your folly, I must see if I cannot help you out of its consequences."

A week later Harold had started for Florence, to make extracts in the Lorenzian Library for Brenda's uncle.

Meanwhile, Lord Deira was not enjoying himself. The voice that had spoken to him once before began to intrude upon him again. Brynbella Heights became odious to him; everything reminded him of his disgraced librarian. England was detestable, the climate not fit to live in, the people not fit to speak to; so, once more the shutters were shut, the doors of Brynbella Heights bolted and barred, and the pictures, the pike, and the wild fowl, had the place again to themselves.

Harold, established in Florence, was making himself as happy as he could by dint of hard work. Besides what he was doing for Silas Frauen, the bookseller's son had got him a commission for some notes on various art subjects. One day he was hurrying from the Uffizi to the Pitti Palace, by the underground passage connecting the two. Just as the last bell for closing was ringing, a gentleman was coming rapidly from the opposite direction; they were face to face before the dim light permitted recognition. "Harold!" "Lord Deira!" was the simultaneous exclamation, and the two were shaking hands as if "Breviarium Bangorense" had never existed. Harold, as they walked together to Lord Deira's hotel, was shocked to see how ill and worn his master was looking. The fact was he had felt the parting from his librarian much more than he himself had any idea of. "Now, my dear fellow, let there be an end to this mystery," said Lord Deira, as soon as the hotel was reached, and they were seated over a blazing wood fire. As shortly as possible the full and true recital of the book and its story was told to the eager listener.

"Miss Brenda's *beaux yeux* have a great deal to answer for!" he said maliciously, when Harold had ended. Long into the night the

reunited friends sat talking. Lord Deira was not a man to do things by halves; he had been hard and ungenerous, he would now be *bon prince*. Was not this just one of those opportunities that tiresome voice had been whispering about so much of late? Well, the roof of Hades should not be indebted to him on this occasion.

"Remember, Harold, no forewarning by telegram! Miss Brenda deserves a fright, and she shall have it!" were Lord Deira's parting words to him as the Paris train moved off, leaving Warburton on the platform alone, but full of hope and happiness.

Brenda Frauen was sitting at her eternal task of copying, when, the door opening, a tall dark man followed closely on the heels of the little maid-servant, and cut short her attempts to announce him by saying, "I am Lord Deira, Miss Frauen. Harold Warburton——" He got no further.

A piteous exclamation of "Oh, surely there are no more books lost!" broke from the grey-eyed girl who stood before him, too frightened to have any conventionalities at her command.

He could not help smiling as he took her by the hand, and reassured her by saying, "No, it is only a secret found out. Harold has explained to me the reason for the journey my book took, and now I see the temptress, I can quite understand the tempted. I must tell you all that has happened."

When Lord Deira had ended, Brenda's grey eyes were full of tears. "I cannot tell you," she said, "how Harold grieved over your doubts of him; I do not think anything could have made him really happy unless you had understood and forgiven him."

Lord Deira smiled dubiously, and went on to explain his plans for their future. "And you really think you could be happy at Brynbella Heights?" he was asking, when a bell sounded from the corner of the room.

"It is my uncle ringing; he wants me," she explained.

"Will you let him know that I am here, and ask him to see me? I promised Harold I would tell him everything, and talk matters over with him."

In a few minutes Lord Deira was in Silas Frauen's own den, telling him the sequel to the romance of the Welsh Breviary.

Old Silas Frauen was not overwhelmed with surprise at the revelation of the state of affairs between Warburton and his niece; nor, when Lord Deira proceeded to say that, of course, Harold would resume his duties at Brynbella Heights, and that, in the event of his marriage, he would have an increase of salary and a home in the park *to live in, did he offer* any objection to the proposed schemes. "You

see, Mr. Frauen, there is one special argument in favour of their marriage, and that is, no more of my books need run errands to you, for doubtless you will be on the spot to consult them at your pleasure." Unquestionably, when Lord Deira made up his mind to unbend there were few who could do so more gracefully.

. . . . . .

Once more we see Brynbella Heights. No look of gloom there now, no shutters shut, and no doors barred. Lord Deira has followed his librarian's example, and a vivacious lady, of blood as blue as his own, now rules in those once gloomy halls. The girl with the parrot on her wrist looks pleased as she watches from her frame over the door; and the Cavaliers, Nell Gwyn, and my Lady Castlemaine would like to come down and join in the gaiety, for Lord and Lady Deira are giving a fancy ball.

Silas Frauen is indulging in a dissertation on the roots of the Welsh language to a Dutch Burgomaster—in everyday life Sir Hanmer Hamper—to whom he might as well be talking Greek; while in Charles the Martyr and his Queen, together with Mr. Esquire Inglesant and Mary Collett, who are moving slowly through the figures of the minuet, we easily recognise the librarian and his master, with their respective wives.

MICHAEL SERVETUS: REFORMER, PHYSIOLOGIST, AND MARTYR.

THE Sixteenth Century produced an unusually large number of famous biologists. To it belonged Andreas Vesalius, the incomparable anatomist, and his teachers, Sylvius and Winter of Andernach; Columbus of Cremona, to whom the discovery of the pulmonary circulation of the blood was for a century and a half ascribed; and Fallopius, Eustachius, Arantius, Fabricius of Aquapendente, and Cæsalpinus; men whose names have become familiar to every student of anatomy. Foremost, perhaps, among these illustrious workers stands the name of Michael Servetus, the physiologist and liberal thinker, who was burned to death as a heretic at Geneva in 1553, and whose life and tragic end have ever since excited the interest and sympathy of mankind.

Michael Servetus was born in Aragon or in Navarre about the year 1509. At an early age he entered the University of Saragossa, from which, in 1528, he was sent as a law student to the University of Toulouse. Here he may have read some of Luther's writings, for several of the latter were translated into Spanish soon after their publication. But whether he saw them or not, after staying two or three years at Toulouse, he acquired certain views which were antagonistic to some of the generally received dogmas of the Church, and which influenced the whole of his subsequent life.

Quitting the university, he went—in what position it is unknown—with a Franciscan friar named Quintana, who was confessor to the Emperor Charles V., to Bologna, to the coronation of that monarch. And here, in Italy, it is supposed that he met with opinions which strengthened his desire for liberty of thought, for about this time he thus expresses himself: "For my own part I neither agree nor disagree in every particular with either Catholic or Reformer. Both of them seem to me to have something of truth and something of error in their views; and, whilst each sees the other's shortcomings, neither sees his own. God, in His goodness, give us all to understand *our errors,* and incline us to put them away." . . .

Leaving Bologna, the Emperor with his suite proceeded to Germany to hold the Diet of Augsburg. And here Servetus probably saw and spoke to some of the leading Reformers.

Soon after this, however, he quitted the service of Quintana, and we find him seeking the friendship of certain of the reformers, Œcolampadius and Bucer. He must have had the power of winning friends, for Bucer, in a letter, speaks of him as his dear son, "*filius meus dilectus.*"

In 1531 Servetus published at Hagenau his first book, "De Trinitatis Erroribus." This production of a young man only twenty-one or twenty-two years of age, crude as it was, excited remark from Luther and Melanchthon. In the "Table-Talk" of 1532 Luther refers to it as "A fearfully wicked book which had lately come out against the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. Visionaries like the writer do not seem to fancy that other folks as well as they may have had temptations on this subject. But the sting did not hold; I set the Word of God and the Holy Ghost against my thoughts and got free."

Melanchthon confesses he has read Servetus much. "I see him indeed sufficiently sharp and subtle in disputation, but I do not give him credit for much depth. He is possessed, as it seems to me, of confused imaginations, and his thoughts are not well matured on the subjects he discusses."

Œcolampadius wrote, "Our Senate have forbidden the Spaniard's book to be sold here. They have asked my opinion of its merits, and I have said that as the writer does not acknowledge the co-eternity of the Son, I can in no wise approve of it as a whole, although it contains much else that is good."

Servetus now followed this with "Two Dialogues on the Trinity," explanatory and additional to the former work. Thus he published two books against the principal dogma of the Church in less than two years, without hesitating to put his name on the title-page of both. He was very young, extremely zealous for his new opinion, and, perhaps, unacquainted with the principles of the Reformers. He may have thought that if they wrote freely about the doctrine of Transubstantiation, why should he not inquire into the truth of the doctrine of the Trinity. But the reception afforded to his two works was of such a kind as to convince him that he had committed an imprudent act in allowing his name to appear as the author, and he accordingly changed his name and retired to Lyons. The name he now assumed, and by which he was always afterwards known, was Michael Villeneuve or Villanovanus, after the town of Villaneuva, in Aragon, from which he probably came.

At Lyons he found work as a corrector for the press, at the publishing firm of the Brothers Trechsel; and he edited the "Geography of Ptolemy." The description of Palestine which this book contained, although really an extract and not an original statement by Servetus, was quoted against him eighteen years afterwards when he was tried for his life at Geneva. It concluded with these words: "Know, however, most worthy reader, that it is mere boasting and untruth when so much of excellence is ascribed to this land; the experience of merchants and others, travellers who have visited it, proving it to be inhospitable, barren, and destitute of all charm. Wherefore you may say that the land was *promised* indeed, but is of *little promise* when spoken of in everyday terms."

The latter part of the following description of the Germans, which is given in this book, looks like an expression of Servetus's own opinion: "Hungary is commonly said to produce oxen, Bavaria swine, Franconia onions, turnips, and liquorice, Swabia harlots, Bohemia heretics, Switzerland butchers, Westphalia cheats, and the whole country gluttons and drunkards. The Germans, however, are a religious people; not easily turned from opinions they have once espoused, and not readily persuaded to concord in matters of schism, everyone valiantly and obstinately defending the heresy he has himself adopted."

While thus working at Lyons, Servetus formed the acquaintance of Doctor Campeggius, to whose influence it was perhaps due that he decided to take up the study of medicine. To carry out this determination he proceeded to Paris, and entered as a student at the University under Joannes Guinterus (Winter of Andernach) and Sylvius. Here he had as a fellow-student Andreas Vesalius, the famous anatomist, to whom, as well as to Servetus, their teacher Winter makes a laudatory reference some time afterwards. Writing in the preface to his "Anatomical Institutions," published in 1539, Winter informs his readers that he "had been effectually aided in the preparation of the work, first by Andreas Vesalius, a young man, by Hercules! singularly proficient in anatomy; and after him by Michael Villanovanus, distinguished by his literary acquirements of every kind, and scarcely second to any in his knowledge of the teaching of Galen."

After taking his degree, Servetus lectured in Paris on Geometry and Astrology. The lectures on the latter subject involved him in a dispute with the University; and in March 1538 we find him defending by counsel a suit that was brought against him by the medical faculty on account of these lectures. In 1537 he wrote a

little book, "Syruporum Universa ratio," the most popular perhaps of all his writings, containing six lectures on digestion, with one chapter—the fifth—devoted to the composition and use of syrups or *tisanes.*

In June 1538 he was at the University of Louvain studying theology and Hebrew; and in a letter to his father, written from this place, he explains that he has left Paris owing to the death of his master, but hopes to return soon. After practising as a doctor for a short time at Charlieu, he continued his studies for part of 1540 at the University of Montpellier, where unusual facilities were at that time afforded to medical students.

At Paris, some years before, Servetus had made the acquaintance of Pierre Paumier, a man of learned tastes, who was now Archbishop of Vienne, in Dauphiny. At his invitation the Spaniard took up his residence at Vienne, and there appears to have lived in quiet seclusion from 1541 to 1553. His professional work was not too heavy to allow of his taking up literary pursuits also. He brought out a new edition of "Ptolemy's Geography," and he annotated the Latin Bible of Pagnini. In his preface to the latter work he intimates what he considers to be the proper method of interpreting the prophetical books. He says that people who are ignorant of the affairs and customs of the Hebrews easily think the historical and literal sense of no importance; and in consequence of this they ridiculously follow a mystical interpretation everywhere. "Wherefore," he adds, "I would desire you again and again, Christian reader, to get the knowledge of the Hebrew in the first place, and, after that, diligently to apply yourself to the study of Jewish history, before you enter upon the reading of the prophets."

One of the gravest charges brought against Servetus by Calvin was that by such a method of interpretation "this impostor has dared to give such a wrong turn to the passages (contained in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah) as to interpret them of Cyrus. So that whatever the prophet has with great perspicuity, and with the utmost force of expression, discoursed, this perfidious villain has blotted out (*delevit hic perfidus nebulo*)."

Here it may be remarked that while no one would pretend that Servetus was a Biblical critic and expositor, yet his method of looking first for the historical and literal meaning is the method of the modern school of Scriptural exegesis.

The book which immediately brought about the imprisonment and death of Servetus was called "Christianismi Restitutio"—the Restoration of Christianity. It contained, besides a series of

chapters setting forth the various theological tenets of the author, thirty letters addressed to Calvin. The views of the writer, although fantastical, and in many instances unintelligible, often exhibit a broad and tolerant spirit, and always breathe intense earnestness. He appears to have felt himself impelled to propagate his opinions on these theological matters, and to have come to regard this as his mission in life, which must be fulfilled at any risk. So much at least is clear from the invocation to Christ, with which he closes his introduction. "Thou hast taught us that the light is not to be hidden, so woe to me unless I evangelise."[1] He seems even to have thought that he had his vocation shadowed out to him in his name. The angel Michael led the embattled hosts of heaven to war against the Dragon; and he, Michael Servetus, had been chosen to lead the angels on earth against Antichrist!

This book is now one of the rarest in the world. Two copies only are known to be extant—one at Paris and another at Vienna. A copy of the latter, printed in 1790, is in the British Museum.

In this work, while writing on the Trinity (Book V.), Servetus introduces certain physiological statements in order to illustrate some of his theological speculations. The passage, although lost to the world for nearly a century and a half, has long ago become famous. It was first brought to light in "Wotton's Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning," published in London in 1694. It proves that the knowledge which Servetus possessed of the way by which the blood passed from the right to the left side of the heart was in advance of his time, and a step beyond that reached by Galen. The latter had taught that the blood, for the most part, passed through the septum, from one side of the heart to the other. Servetus wrote: "This communication" (*i.e.*, from the right ventricle of the heart to the left) "does not take place through the septum, partition, or midwall of the heart, as commonly believed, but by another admirable contrivance, the blood being transmitted from the pulmonary artery to the pulmonary vein, by a lengthened passage through the lungs, in the course of which it is elaborated and becomes of a crimson colour. Mingled with the inspired air in this passage, and freed from fuliginous vapours by the act of expiration, the mixture being now complete in every respect, and the blood become fit dwelling-place of the vital spirit, it is finally attracted by the diastole and reaches the left ventricle of the heart." He then goes on to give as proofs of the accuracy of his statements (1) the various conjunc-

[1] "Lucernam non esse abscondendam, tu nos docuisti, ut væ mihi sit nisi evangelizem." *Christ. Restit.*, p. 2.

tions and communications of the pulmonary artery and pulmonary vein in the lungs, and (2) the great size of the pulmonary artery, and the great quantity of blood passing through it; both being much larger than would be required for the mere nutrition of the lungs. He concludes that the septum, seeing that it is without vessels and special properties, is not fitted to permit the communication in question, "although," he adds, "it may be that some transudation takes place through it."[1] This unfortunate qualification of what he has so distinctly affirmed just before, namely, that the communication does *not* take place through the septum, is not very intelligible; for if he believed the blood to soak through the septum, his theory differs but little from that of Galen, and yet Servetus calls attention to the fact that what he is declaring was unknown to Galen.[2]

Prof. Huxley[3] points out that Servetus quotes neither observation nor experiment in favour of the imperviousness of the septum. But neither does Realdus Columbus,[4] who correctly described the lesser circulation in 1559, and to whom the credit of the discovery was very early ascribed.[5] It is to be remembered that the work in which Servetus introduces his discovery is not a treatise on Physiology, and that the whole passage being brought in by way of illustration is not fully treated.

It is clear, however, that Servetus held (1) that the blood in a great stream passes from the right ventricle of the heart to the lungs; (2) that in the lungs, and not in the left ventricle, it is purified; and (3) that from the lungs it passes by the pulmonary vein to the left ventricle of the heart and thence into the arteries.

From these statements of fact Servetus quickly passes to metaphysical speculations. He has before said "there are three sorts of spirits in the human body, namely, natural, vital, and animal, which are not in reality three, but two distinct spirits only; the arteries communicating by *anastomoses*, the vital spirit to the veins, in which it is called natural. The first spirit then is the blood, whose seat is in the liver, and in the veins of the body; the second is the vital spirit, whose seat is the heart and arteries; the third is the animal spirit, whose seat is in the brain and nerves." Now, he goes on to suppose that the blood, having received in its passage through the lungs the breath of life, is sent by the left ventricle into the arteries. The purest part ascends to the base of the brain, where it is more refined and changed from the vital to the animal spirit, and acts upon

[1] "Licet aliquid resudare possit." *Christ. Restit.*, p. 171.
[2] *Christ. Restit.*, p. 171.
[3] *Fortnightly Review*, February 1878.
[4] *De Re Anatomica Realdi Columbi Cremonensis*, 1559, p. 177.
[5] *Opera Chirurgica Ambrosii Parei*, 1594, p. 116.

the mass of the brain, which is incapable of reasoning without its stimulus. From this, and much more which is unintelligible, it appears plain that Servetus had read the Schoolmen, and was imbued with their methods of reasoning.

To get published a book filled, as the "Christianismi Restitutio" was, with theological opinions repugnant alike to Catholics and Reformers, was no easy task. And in effecting his purpose Servetus exercised great caution and ingenuity. At Vienne, where he had lived for twelve years, was a publisher named Arnoullet, whom, with the printer Geroult, Servetus took into his confidence. He engaged not only to pay the whole expenses, but also to add a gratuity of a hundred crowns. It was arranged that the printing should not be carried on at the ordinary place of business, but that a small house at some distance should be used for the purpose. The printing was commenced on St. Michael's Day, and in three or four months 1,000 copies of the book were ready.

No name appeared on the title-page, but at the end of the book immediately over the date the initials "M. S. V." were placed, and at page 199, at the commencement of the dialogue between Michael and Petrus, the latter is made to say, "Here he is; Servetus is here, of whom I was speaking." The reference made in the preface to former works on the same subject, and the introduction of Michael and Peter as interlocutors, just as had been done in the "Dialogue on the Trinity" twenty years before, rendered it easy to establish that Michael Servetus and Michael Villeneuve were one and the same man.

The whole stock of books, when ready, was made up into bales of 100 each and sent away, the greater part to Lyons, to the care of a typefounder named Pierre Merrin, who believed that the packets contained nothing but blank paper. It was probably intended to forward them, as soon as opportunity offered, to Genoa and Venice.

Meanwhile, unknown to Servetus, a copy of the work, with a letter giving particulars of the printing of it, were despatched to Calvin at Geneva, probably by some one at Lyons, who had friends at Vienne, and who was in the confidence of both Servetus and Calvin. Armed with this evidence against the Spaniard, Calvin caused a letter to be written to Vienne by a young man named William Trie, denouncing Servetus, and enclosing the first few sheets of the "Christianismi Restitutio." By a subsequent mail he sent by the same man about twenty letters, which he had received from time to time from Servetus. On this the latter was arrested, and conveyed to prison on the pretence of being required to see some sick prisoner.

He was immediately examined closely as to his early history and the meaning of some of his writings. Taken by surprise as he was, he appears to have prevaricated and tried to hide his identity with the author of "De Trinitatis Erroribus," by pretending that in his letters with Calvin he had personated Servetus merely for the purpose of discussion. Facts looked very black against him, but he probably had very powerful friends, and it may have been with the connivance of some of them that two days afterwards he made his escape from prison. The whole plot was soon ferreted out by Matthew Ory, the Inquisitor; the books were seized, and Servetus was condemned "in a pecuniary mulct of a thousand livres, to be paid to the King of Dauphiny;" and the sentence went on, "as soon as he shall be taken he shall be drawn in a dung-cart, with his books, on the market-day and hour, from the gate of the Royal Palace, through the streets and accustomed places, to the common hall of the present city, and from thence to the place called the Charneve, and there he shall be burnt alive, with a slow fire, until his body shall be reduced to ashes. In the mean time the present sentence shall be executed in effigy, with which the said books shall be burnt."

This sentence was duly carried out on June 17, 1553, the effigy and five bales of books being burned to ashes.

Of such action as Calvin's in thus betraying what had been communicated to him in the confidence of a letter, into the hands of a professed enemy of both, Erasmus expresses himself as follows: "You are not ignorant how abhorrent, I do not say from virtue, but entirely from all humanity, it is to betray the secrets of friendship; forasmuch as we detest even those who, after a breach of friendship, shall divulge what was said in confidence before; nor can those of a generous disposition suffer themselves to betray that which they know, from the confidence of ancient friendship, will expose one to the resentment of his greatest enemies."

Having escaped from Vienne, Servetus probably remained in hiding first at Lyons. But the discovery of the whole matter, and his subsequent condemnation, made it imperative that he should get out of France. Many Spaniards were settled at Naples, and thither he now seems to have determined to push his way. For some reason or other, probably because he expected more leniency from Reformers than from Catholics, he preferred to go through Switzerland rather than Piedmont. He reached Geneva, and lodged at the Rose Inn, intending to go by boat to Lausanne on his way to Zurich. Calvin, however, learned that he was in the town, and he immediately informed the first Syndic, and caused him to be apprehended; and

here he was kept while proceedings were being taken against him, from August 14 to October 27.

The people of Geneva, in the year 1553, were, and had been for several years, divided into two hostile parties, struggling desperately with each other for the supremacy. The austerity and tyranny of Calvin had aroused against him many opponents, and it seemed now as if these were on the point of attaining the ends for which they had been so long striving. Calvin's earliest attempts at ruling the Genevese had soon met with failure. He had first settled in Geneva in 1536, but so unpopular had he become in two years, that he and his colleague, Farel, were formally banished from the city. Passing from Basle to Strasburg, he had taken up his residence in the latter city as Professor of Theology. But after two years, in response to a deputation which came and besought his return to Geneva, he consented to go back, and in September 1541 he took up his old position under greater advantages than before. He then laid before the Council the draft of his ordinances respecting Church discipline, and these were at once accepted. A Consistory was formed, composed for the most part of clergymen, with the addition of a few laymen —"to watch over the support of the pure doctrine and of morals." The tribunal called everybody, without exception, to account for their slightest words or actions, and referred cases, where ecclesiastical censure was not sufficient, to the Council. Thus Calvin had made himself director of the conduct as well as of the opinion of the Genevese. His spirit governed exclusively in the Council as in the Consistory, and no one could hope to succeed who set himself in opposition to Calvin.

Twelve years of such bondage, however, had not been borne by the Genevese without indication of discontent and dissatisfaction. The Council declared that clergymen could no longer be admitted to its meetings, although they had not been previously excluded ; men who were under the Consistorial ban for some infringement of discipline were chosen as councillors, and even open hostility was shown to Calvin, who wrote: "The accumulated rancour of their hearts breaks out from time to time ; so that when I show myself in the street, the curs are hounded on me."

To the great misfortune of Servetus it was at such a time as this that he arrived in Geneva. His case became the subject of dispute over which the two factions fought one of their bitterest struggles ; and although Calvin had declared some years before that if the Spaniard ever came to that city he should not escape with his life,[1]

[1] In a letter from Calvin to Farel, dated Ides of February 1546. Now in *Paris Library.*

yet probably the relentless Reformer was now bent on his destruction quite as much by a desire to defeat the opposite party as by the personal hatred he had for Servetus.

The nominal prosecutor of Servetus was a creature of Calvin's—a certain Nicolas de la Fontaine—who, in accordance with the law, had not only to bind himself over to continue the suit to a conclusion, but also to go to prison with the accused man, and, in compliance with the requirements of the *lex talionis*, to engage, in case his charges were not made good, to undergo the penalty that would have fallen on the accused had they been established.

Thirty-eight articles of impeachment were advanced against Servetus. One of these was that he had defamed Mr. Calvin and the doctrine that he preached. To this Servetus replied that he had had abusive language from Calvin, and that he had only answered in the same terms. La Fontaine produced "Ptolemy's Geography," the annotated Bible, the "Christianismi Restitutio," and certain MS. letters, and Servetus admitted that he was the author of all. It having been considered now that sufficient evidence had been furnished to warrant prosecution by the attorney-general, the court relieved La Fontaine of all charge, damage, and interest in the matter, and Servetus was committed for trial.

At the trial, passages from "Ptolemy's Geography," as to the character of Palestine, were adduced as proofs of the heretical opinions of the prisoner, and when the latter added that the notes contained nothing harmful, or that was not true, Calvin himself warmly interposed. And writing afterwards about the event, he says, "When Servetus stood so plainly convicted of this his impiety he had nothing to allege in his vindication. The filthy cur, laying aside all shame, asserted in one word that there was no harm in it."

The annotations of the Pagnini Bible were produced again, and Servetus was examined as to his method of interpreting prophetical passages, and then the meaning of certain extracts from the "Christianismi Restitutio" was inquired into, and a letter from Servetus, written about six years before to Abel Pepin, a preacher at Geneva, was put in. It contained two remarkable passages: "It is perhaps far from agreeable to you that I should concern myself with Michael's war in the Apocalypse, or that I should desire to bring you into the strife. But do so much as consider that passage narrowly, and you will soon perceive who the men were to be who would engage in that quarrel, namely, such as were resolved to expose their lives to death for the blood and the testimony of Jesus Christ." . . . "That I must die for the cause I have espoused I certainly know; but

I am not at all cast down on that account, since by that I shall be a disciple made like to his master."

Some days afterwards Calvin came into court attended by all the ministers of Geneva, and undertook to prove that the teaching of the early fathers of the Church was opposed to that of Servetus. After Calvin and the prisoner had had a long dispute as to the meaning of the word *persona*, the court adjourned, but before doing so the judges gave permission for Servetus to be provided, at his own cost, with such books as he needed, which could be obtained in Geneva or Lyons. Some paper and ink, with which the prisoner was now for the first time furnished, enabled him to send in a petition on the following day. In this he pointed out that the prosecution, as a criminal, of a man on account of the views he held on doctrine was contrary to the Scriptures and to the ancient Church ; and he begged that, as he was a foreigner, wholly unacquainted with the customs of the country, and of how he should proceed, he might be allowed an advocate. But to this very reasonable request, although subsequently repeated more than once, the judges did not accede.

The Syndics and Council of Geneva now addressed a letter to the authorities of Vienne, asking that the documents connected with the trial of Michael Villeneuve might be sent to them ; and, three days after, they received a letter saying that these documents could not be forwarded, but that, if the prisoner were delivered over to them, the sentence already passed on him would be carried into effect. Servetus was hereupon asked if he preferred remaining in the hands of the Council or to be sent back to Vienne. Knowing full well that a cruel death most certainly awaited him in France, and hoping that no such punishment was in store for him here, he fell on his knees and besought the Council to do what they would with him, but in no case to send him back to Vienne.

The trial was accordingly continued.

Meanwhile, Servetus lay in one of the foul cells set apart for criminals of the lowest class, and we find him writing in a petition, dated September 15 : "Calvin is resolved that I should rot in a prison to please him. I am eaten up with lice. My hose are worn to pieces and I have no change, nor another doublet, and only one shirt, and that in tatters."

Another petition, dated a week later, ends with the words : "Wherefore, my lords, I desire that my false accuser should be punished *pœna talionis*, and confined to prison as I am, till he or I be condemned to death or to some other punishment. I am willing to die if he is not convicted both of this and other things which I

shall lay to his charge. I beg of you, my lords, to do me justice. Justice, my lords, justice!"

Finally, on October 10, comes his last appeal: "It is now three weeks since I desired to have a hearing, but could not obtain it. I beseech you, for the love of Jesus Christ, not to deny me what you would not deny a Turk, when I beg you to do me justice. I have several things to tell you that are very important and necessary. As to what you may have ordered to be done for me in the way of cleanliness, I have to inform you that nothing has been done, and that I am in a more miserable condition than ever. In addition to which, I suffer terribly from the cold and from colic, and my rupture, which causes me miseries of other kinds that I should feel shame in writing about more particularly. It is very cruel that I am neither allowed to speak nor to have my pressing wants supplied. For the love of God, my lords, either in pity or in duty, give some orders in my behalf."

During this time a letter was sent by the Council of Geneva to the different Swiss churches, asking for an expression of opinion on the case of Servetus. The answers came back in due course, and the Spaniard was declared to be an intolerable monster of impiety, and to have revived the wicked errors "with which Satan did formerly disturb the Church." The Church of Zurich was more vehement than the rest in exhorting the magistrates to deal severely with him.

On the morning of October 27, Servetus was summoned "to learn the pleasure of my lords the Councillors and Justices of Geneva," and before the porch of the Hotel de Ville he heard his condemnation: "To be burned alive, along with thy books, printed as well as written with thy hand, until thy body be reduced to ashes. So shall thy days end, and thou be made an example to others who would do as thou hast done."

The sentence was immediately carried into execution. In a few hours Calvin's most subtle disputant had for ever ceased to trouble him, and the world was the poorer by one loving, faithful spirit.

CHARLES McRAE.

ETYMOLOGICAL DIVERSIONS.

EXACT science is a plant of slow growth. Most exist branches of scientific study have had to wage long and bit conflicts, not only with ignorance, but with sciolism and empiricis Ignorance still exists, although the extent of its dominion has be and is being, reduced at an increasingly rapid rate, and qua and empirics have not yet been altogether driven out from cert departments of science. But, broadly speaking, in most lines scientific study it is now generally recognised that a man has no ri to speak or write on such subjects unless he has at least studied, a has some practical acquaintance with, the principles and methods the particular science with regard to which he publishes his opini and conclusions. No one, for instance, would find an audience a medium of publication for his notions on astronomy, or geology biology, who did not recognise the existence of law, the depende of effect upon cause, and the consequent futility of guesswork.

One branch of scientific study, however, is still haunted to sc extent by empiricism. Philology, notwithstanding the vast amo of solid work that has been accomplished in recent years by united labours of many scholars, both English and foreign, is somewhat overrun by the believers in guesswork and the plea exhibitors of their own nescience. A man who, knowing noth of biology, would naturally hesitate to offer an opinion on the r tionship between various forms of animal life, will yet, altho equally ignorant of phonetic laws and of word-history, put forw etymological guesses without any hesitation at all ; and these gue he will propose, not *as* guesses, to be taken for what they are wo but as serious contributions to philological study. And too o the ordinary reader or the casual inquirer, being equally ignoran the foundations of scientific etymology, is imposed upon by the c confidence of the philological quack, and the chaff of guesswo accepted as the grain of fact.

The value of many popular works of reference has been in s *degree* vitiated by the leaning of their authors to easy-going

unscientific methods. As an example of how little attention was paid to scientific etymology even in quite recent years, it may be mentioned that the wonderful derivation of "curmudgeon" from *cœur méchant*, first advanced by some sapient correspondent of Dr. Johnson, and afterwards adopted by various lexicographical copyists, was gravely put forward little more than twenty years ago, in the pages of *Notes and Queries*, by the late Lord Lyttelton as the accepted etymology of the word, and no note of protest or objection appeared from any member of the numerous band of scholars and men of letters who then contributed to that invaluable periodical.

For information on points of etymology one naturally turns to the dictionaries; and the vast improvements that have been made of late years in these indispensable books of reference mark the great advance that has been made in philological science. The improvements and developments made in English dictionaries during the last ten or fifteen years amount almost to a revolution in lexicography. For a long period many English scholars had bewailed the inadequacy of existing dictionaries. In 1857 Archbishop Trench, then Dean of Westminster, pointed out "Some Deficiencies in our English Dictionaries" in a paper read before the Philological Society; and as a direct result of this paper the collection of materials for a great dictionary on historical principles was commenced by the members of that society. But although started with great zeal and enthusiasm, this project, from a variety of causes, hung fire for many years, and it was not until 1879 that the undertaking was placed on a firm footing by the action of the Delegates of the Clarendon Press; and even after this date several years elapsed before the appearance of the first part of the "New English Dictionary" gladdened the eyes of lovers of their mother tongue.

In the mean time, the labours of the late Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood, of Professor Skeat, of Dr. Hunter, Mr. Fitzedward Hall, and many other scholars, have done much to clear the ground and to show that etymology is founded upon law and historical development, and can be proved by literary evidence. In the early days of lexicography, before Johnson's time, and even after the publication of the doctor's great book, dictionary-makers did not trouble themselves very much about etymology. They gave the derivations of comparatively few words, and when without the guide of direct connection with the classic languages of Greece and Rome, they guessed right valiantly. No dictionary-maker liked in those days to confess his ignorance. The derivation of a word might be unknown, but the industrious compiler would not honestly say so. He preferred to

guess at an origin and support the guess with a more or less unfounded explanation or anecdote, introduced by the word "because." An etymology which needs "because," and the explanation to which that word leads, is usually untrustworthy.

One of the best of the old dictionaries was Skinner's "Etymologicon Linguæ Anglicanæ," published in 1671. But the author of this really valuable book, when he came to the difficult word "to shrive"—the exact derivation of which is still uncertain—attributed its origin to the Latin *scribere*, as others had done and some still do, but went on to explain that it was so connected *because* the names of persons confessing to a priest were taken down in writing—which, as everyone knows, is entirely opposed to the universal practice of the Catholic Church.

Pure guesses are plentiful in these old books. In a dictionary published anonymously in 1689, called "Gazophylacium Anglicanum," the author derives "hazel-nut," or "hasle-nut," as he spells it, by giving the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic equivalents; and he then adds, "all perhaps from our word haste, because it is ripe before wall-nuts and chestnuts." But as the anonymous compiler acknowledges in his preface that the chief reason why he busied himself therein was to save his time from being worse employed, the reader must not be too critical. Nearly a century later was published a "Complete English Dictionary," by the Rev. Frederick Barlow. This work contains various entertaining etymologies. "Hugger-mugger," the author says, is "corrupted, perhaps, from *huger mocker*, to hug or embrace in the dark." One can only wish that the reverend writer had condescended to quote an example of this word "huger mocker" used in the sense given. It is an uncanny word, and must assuredly have been evolved, like the typical German's camel, from the inner consciousness of the compiler.

"Porcelain," he remarks, with modest hesitation, is "supposed to be derived from *pour cent annes*, Fr. for a hundred years, it having been imagined that the materials were matured under ground for that term of years." "Jeopardy" is boldly "derived from *perdu*, Fr. I have lost." "J'ai perdu" the author must surely have intended to write, as the sound of the phrase slightly resembles that of the English word. This resemblance in sound between words of different languages is one of the rocks against which unwary guessers at etymologies most often strike. From such a similarity the guesser jumps to his conclusions without taking the smallest cognizance of the history of the words in their respective tongues; and word-history is the key to etymology.

Many entertaining derivations may be found in the "Dictionary of the Turf, the Ring, the Chase, the Pit, the Bon-ton, and the Varieties of Life," published in 1824 by the writer who called himself Jon Bee, but whose real name was Badcock. "Virago," he says, is derived from *vir*, Latin for mankind, and *acu*, sharp; and under "poney" we learn that "Poëne is a Latin word for pain or painfulness, and all the little wild horses being malformed so as to give one an idea that they walk in pain (or poëne), thence comes poney"; and after so lucid an explanation, who can doubt it? It is somewhat difficult, moreover, to see the connection between such words as these and the title, broad as it is, of Jon Bee's book.

Most dictionaries of this kind are weak in their etymology, for slang has always been a tempting field for guesswork. So many popular words and phrases are of uncertain origin, and so many are continually undergoing change of meaning, as well as, in some cases, change of form, that speculative etymology has held high festival in the pages of most slang dictionaries. Not many months ago a correspondent of one of the leading daily newspapers was gravely propounding as a new discovery, in correction of some one else, the absurd old story about a Judge Hooke and a Judge Crooke of the time of Charles I., in explanation of the phrase "by hook or by crook." A light acquaintance with the history of the phrase would have shown this sapient etymologist that his story was a myth, for "by hook or by crook" is found in the "Faery Queen" and in many much older English books.

Occasionally a dictionary compiler, or a writer on words, has a craze for deriving everything from some particular language. Mr. Barlow and other lexicographers of the last century, such as Benjamin Martin, whose "Lingua Britannica Reformata" was issued in 1749, were very fond of deriving a great many words from the Danish and from what they called the Belgic. The latter in particular is responsible for scores of derivations. In 1783 a Norfolk clergyman, the Rev. G. W. Lemon, published a dictionary in which etymology fairly ran riot in Greek roots. Everything was Greek to this compiler. Such words as cap, lace, apron, silk, scissors, pins, whip, saddle, spur; such phrases as "the deuce take it," "spick and span," were one and all derived by Mr. Lemon from the Greek. Early in the present century another Norfolk rector, the Rev. Walter Whiter, issued a dictionary wherein the etymology was based on a very novel and curious theory. It is best stated in the words of the inventor's own title-page. In his book he says, "It is shown that consonants are alone to be regarded in discovering the affinities of words, and

that the vowels are to be wholly rejected; that languages contain the same fundamental idea, and that they are derived from the Earth, and the operations, accidents, and properties belonging to it. With illustrations drawn from various languages." And the writer then proceeds to enumerate some twenty or more different tongues, European and Eastern. Scholars have not cared to renew their philological strength by touching mother earth in this fashion, and why the poor vowels should be excommunicated in so wholesale a manner is a puzzle not easily to be explained.

To Mr. Whiter succeeds Mr. Bellenden Ker. This gentleman issued his "Essay on the Archaeology of our Popular Phrases and Nursery Rhymes" in 1834. In this amusing book the author saw everything through Dutch spectacles. By rather a roundabout, but sufficiently extraordinary, process of reasoning, he sees in Dutch the original form of English, so, whenever he can get a Dutch phrase or sentence having a certain amount of resemblance in sound to an English popular rhyme or proverb, he proves to his own satisfaction that the latter is derived from the former. A sample or two of this methodical madness may not be unedifying. "To go to the dogs," Mr. Ker says, is the Dutch *toe goè, toe de dog's* (money gone, credit gone too). "Dog-weary" is the Dutch *doge waere hie* (being long on one's legs tells at last). So that when Biondello in the *Taming of the Shrew* runs to Lucentio, exclaiming

> O master, master, I have watch'd so long
> That I'm dog-weary,

he merely wishes to give his master a gentle intimation that being long on his legs had told at last. One of the most remarkable performances in Mr. Bellenden Ker's "Essay" is the note on the phrase "It makes my blood run cold." This Mr. Ker explains as meaning "It puts me in a passion, it exasperates me; and said when something takes place which has a strong effect upon the feelings, *Et muyck's meê bloeder een kule*; q.e. *the muck when blood is joined with it* (poured upon it) *soon grows hot*; soon generates heat; a phenomenon known to everyone. So that 'it makes my blood run cold,' that is, it sets me all on fire, it inflames me, puts me in a heat." From this note we gather, in addition to the valuable etymological suggestion, that cold and heat mean the same thing, and are, in fact, convertible terms. But Mr. Ker's laborious volumes need not be further disturbed—that way madness lies.

The latest example of this strange *penchant* for far-fetched reference of the least allied of words to one particular source was *the fondness of* the late Dr. Charles Mackay for Gaelic etymologies.

This able writer wrote numerous magazine articles and published more than one ponderous tome, in which great numbers of words were traced to the Gaelic by a process which somewhat resembled Mr. Bellenden Ker's method, for it was really little more than the dragging in by neck and heels of some Gaelic word or phrase which bore a resemblance in sound, if not always in meaning, to the English word or phrase under discussion.

Authors who, without professing any special philological knowledge, make etymological shots in the course of their work, naturally often come to grief. Cobbett, in one of his "Rural Rides," passed through the Berkshire village of Inkpen—which, he says, was certainly named by some author. This was perhaps intended to be jocular, but Madame D'Arblay was quite serious when she wrote in her "Diary": "Surely our colloquial use of the word Phlegm must be derived from the character of the Flemings." The lady's Greek must have got very rusty, or she would hardly have made so very wild a shot.

Another guess of this sort has connected Flanders with the turnip. A certain writer on "Improved Agriculture," named Vanderstraeten, whose book was published in 1816, remarks with regard to that vegetable: "I should much incline to believe that it has been from Brabant, rather than Flanders, that the culture of these roots passed into England, if I knew with certainty that the name of *turnip*, which is given to them in England, was not more ancient than the reign of Queen Anne; for there is, near Brussels, a place called Turneppe, which made part of the cantonments occupied by the army under the Duke of Marlborough." Unfortunately for the writer's theory, the word "turnip" *is* more ancient than the reign of Queen Anne, for did not Anne Page, when offered marriage with Doctor Caius, exclaim?—

> Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
> And bowl'd to death with turnips!

These stray absurdities dropped casually by the pen of a too imaginative writer may be forgiven, for they at least amuse the reader and are not likely to mislead many inquirers after knowledge. But the case is somewhat different with the outrages upon etymology that from time to time are put before readers in articles, professedly written for instruction, in newspapers and popular periodicals. A Scotch paper, about three years ago, contained the following, which, by the way, takes us once more to Flanders: "As a curious illustration of the changes words undergo, that of *canteen* may be cited. It is, as everybody knows, a vessel in which soldiers during a campaign

carry water or other fluids. When the Duke of Marlborough's army was in Flanders, they called this vessel a *tin can*. The French adopted the vessel into their army, and, in accordance with the genius of their language, they placed the adjective after the noun, making it *can-tin*, pronounced *canteen*. In this form the English again took the word from the French, and *canteen* it must ever remain." Really, the English language appears to be greatly indebted to the Duke of Marlborough's army and Flanders. The discerning reader will also observe that *tin*, at the end of a word, is pronounced *teen* in French. As a matter of fact the derivation of the English "canteen" is somewhat doubtful, but the French *cantine* (Italian *cantina*), a cellar or cave, certainly had priority of the English word. The editor who could put forward the "tin-pot" story as fact, could hardly have had much respect for his readers.

A well-known and popular weekly journal of science—it would be unkind to give its name—not long ago had two articles on words which contained some extraordinary feats in the manufacture of derivations. A few of their beauties must suffice. "Kill" and "hill" are proved to be the same word, and "horse" is the same word as the Gothic *aihws*. Domesday is derived from *domus dei*, the house of God, because the Domesday Book was one preserved in a sacred building—which explanation is quite worthy of Mr. Bellenden Ker. Further, "navvy" is a corruption of the Danish *nabo*, a neighbour, and the verb to "cow" is merely a contraction of "coward," and so on with many other equally remarkable discoveries. This sort of thing is amusing in dictionaries of the pre-scientific period, but in a paper which professes to be a journal of "exact" science it is altogether discreditable.

Apart from these special eccentricities in root-discovery, which can be traced to their originators and can consequently be directly attacked and "nailed to the counter" as spurious etymons, there are many popular etymologies whose authors are unknown, but which crop up from time to time and are recognised as old friends. Among these are the curious results arrived at by the simple separation of a word into its component syllables, with occasionally a little judicious manipulation. The process is delightfully simple. "Mendicant" is "mend I can't." "Ratafia" need present no difficulty, for is it not obviously from *res rata fiat*, because—no etymology of this kind would be happy without its "because"—on the conclusion of a bargain the parties take together a glass of *liqueur*? Partridges are so called because they lie in the hollows of the fallows and so part the ridges. Quinine is named after Dr.

Quin, and golosh is just as plainly a corruption of Goliath's shoes. The list need hardly be prolonged. Most people are familiar with verbal gymnastics of this kind.

The great difficulty seems to be to persuade people that there is no royal road to etymology, any more than there is to any other science. Derivations cannot be "jumped" like an Australian claim. The man who wishes to study words and their origins for himself, will find that, however interesting the pursuit may be —and few studies are more interesting, and indeed fascinating, to a mind so inclined—it will involve no small labour. The writer who wishes to speak with authority regarding the derivation of the component parts of his mother tongue will need to be familiar with the sources of English, with the classic languages, the various Teutonic tongues and dialects and the early Celtic elements, as well as with the modern European languages. He should know his native tongue in its earliest forms as in its later developments, and he can never be too much convinced of the importance of the knowledge of word-history.

In order to speak with certainty as to the derivation of a word it is necessary to know at what period, and in what form, it entered the language; from what source it was imported, and the various modifications of form, as well as of meaning, that it has undergone since its first appearance in English. The labour involved in such a study conducted independently would be immense, but the ground has been greatly cleared and prepared by the labours of the Early English Text and other publishing Societies, who have made accessible the materials for the study of the language during some of its most important periods, hitherto dark and little known, even by scholars. And the "New English Dictionary," so slowly issuing from the Clarendon Press, and founded largely on these new materials, will gradually form a standard of word-history, complete to date, and of etymology, to which additions will hereafter be made, but which must inevitably form the starting-point for all future lexicographical development.

GEORGE L. APPERSON.

THE PROPER DIET FOR COLD WEATHER.

IT is a marked trait in humanity to believe readily what it is pleasant to believe, and in nothing do we see a more striking instance of this than in the matter of food. There are very few people indeed who are not under the impression that, given well-cooked food, an individual cannot do better than eat to almost any extent. They believe that the more they eat the more they nourish themselves, forgetting that what is properly digested and assimilated is what is best for the requirements of the system and robust health—not what is *devoured*. "Man," says Cardan, "is the only animal that eats when not hungry and drinks when not thirsty." To this he is tempted partly by custom that crams into one day as many meals as should suffice for two, and partly by the refinements of cookery that tempt him when satiated with one dish to eat of another, and so on till more food is taken than the requirements of the system demand. To a large number of people the pleasures of the table are the best part of their existence; and if the aim of such people is a few years of pleasure and a great many of repentance, well, they get what they bargain for. But of course, on the other hand, life would not be worth living if a person went about with a pair of scales weighing all the food he took, and a wise man would no more do this than he would go to the opposite extreme and eat for the sake of eating and the gratification of the palate. I wonder, taking the following two examples of humanity, which an ordinary person would think the best to follow: one represents the glutton, and the other the anchorite.

Dr. Fordyce, a physician at St. Thomas's Hospital in the last century, noticing the ways of carnivorous animals, and profiting, as he thought, by his own chemical and physical studies, came to the conclusion that one meal a day was all that was necessary; and it is said that the following was his ordinary mode of living. At four o'clock in the afternoon he presented himself at Dolly's chop-house,

and took his seat at a table reserved for him. Immediately on his arrival the cook would place a pound and a half of rump steak upon the gridiron; and while it was cooking the Doctor would amuse himself with some such trifle as half a boiled capon, or a plate of fish, and a glass or two of brandy, his regular allowance being a quarter of a pint. Then came the steak with a full complement of bread and potatoes, and it was always served with a tankard of strong ale. This was followed by a bottle of old port; and when the dinner was finished, as it invariably was in an hour and a half, he walked leisurely to his rooms in Essex Street in the Strand, where he met his class and gave his lecture on Chemistry. The antithesis of this physician was the well-known Cornaro, an Italian noble, who enjoyed health and vigour of mind and body to an advanced age on a very restricted diet, amounting in weight to no more than 12 oz. a day. This consisted of bread, meat, the yolk of an egg, and soup, with which he took 14 oz. of the light wine of the country. He lived to the age of nearly one hundred years, in possession of all his faculties, and wrote his several discourses on the advantages of a temperate life in his eighty-third and subsequent years. It is most curious that he should have lived to this age, for until he reached forty he indulged in intemperate habits of eating and drinking and other pleasures that induce ill-health, and in consequence of excesses became subject to disorders that made his life a burden. At middle age he was advised by his physicians to submit to severe regimen and restricted diet. By this means he soon regained health and strength and freedom from pain and depression of spirits. His treatises have been translated into numerous European languages, and for a very long time were very popular, a great many persons adopting his system. He was indeed the Banting of that epoch.

Though health, length of life, pleasure, and everything that makes existence worth prolonging depend upon the food we eat and its proper assimilation, I do not think that many care to follow the example of Cornaro, nor is it necessary that they should do so, any more than it would be advisable to follow that of Dr. Fordyce. Enjoyment of the pleasures of the table is by no means incompatible with long life under certain very simple conditions easily carried out in everyday life—conditions that do not entail the life of an anchorite or the self-control of a philosopher. Snymdiris the Sybarite never saw the sun rise or set as much as once in twenty years, yet he perhaps compressed more pleasure into his short life than the anchorite who sees it rise every morning during his long but monotonous existence.

It seems a curious anomaly that man, the only animal supposed to be endowed with reason, should know or care so little about the use in the system and ultimate destination of the food he eats, when really his enjoyment of life and his very existence depend upon whether it nourishes him or not, and is the proper food for his particular constitution; for no two constitutions are exactly alike, or require exactly the same food for their well-being. In hot weather or in cold weather a person puts on clothes according to the season—furs in winter, or calicoes in summer; but with regard to food—a more potent factor in keeping up the temperature of the body—he eats just the same things winter or summer, *if he can get them*, and they are pleasant to the palate. Indeed, few people ever take the trouble to learn what are the uses in the system of the ordinary food of everyday consumption, and yet, meat, fat, bread, farinaceous food, and sugar all fulfil important objects in the economy, and if taken in anything like proper proportion, according to season, tend to keep the body warm and healthy and insure immunity from attacks of cold, gout, indigestion, influenza, and other congestive ailments, to a larger extent than most people imagine. The tendency to sudden chill is lessened in a greater degree by warmth from within the body, that is, by warmth generated by food, than by warmth from without—by clothes; and for this reason, that where the body is warmed by the chemical conversion of food into heat, the process goes on equably, and does not *suddenly* cease, whereas where it is kept warm by clothes, a garment may be forgotten. We all know that sudden chill, such as is induced by going out from a warm room into a cold atmosphere, or leaving off a winter garment in our uncertain climate, where the temperature varies so many degrees in a few hours, is one of the commonest causes of diseases that carry off the sufferer, often a person *apparently* strong and in the prime of life, in a few days. A starving man falls an easy victim to any epidemic that may be going about, and of course is less able to resist its outcome; and let it not be forgotten that in the sense in which I speak a man may live luxuriously and still be *a starving man* as far as his ability to withstand the effect of an acute attack of illness is concerned. His system may be starved of those foods that produce *warmth and energy*, but loaded with those that produce *fat, gout poison, and acidity*, and where the system is choked with products that should be eliminated in the ordinary operations of life, it is not as well able to throw off disease as where it is in perfect order. A drain choked with refuse is a *household* danger; a system choked with *refuse is an individual* danger.

I have always maintained that the study of dietetics should form part of a liberal education; but, alas! it does not form to the extent it ought the education of the ordinary practitioner; and I feel certain that there is much yet to learn as to the *proper diet* that people suffering from fever and other acute inflammatory diseases should have given them. I firmly believe that if fever patients had more beef tea and animal food, and less farinaceous messes, it would oftener conduce to their recovery. In the case of fever, diet is *everything* and physic nothing, or at any rate next to nothing, for physic in fever can only be used to combat untoward symptoms that may arise during the course of the disease; and still, when the heat of the body is many degrees above the normal standard, most physicians push in heat-producing food, farinaceous especially, where they should give beef-tea and those animal essences that sustain and stimulate the nervous and muscular power. In the treatment of fever, and many other acute diseases, the physician stands much in the position of a captain of a ship in a storm: he cannot control the storm, but, if he is an experienced pilot, he can guide his ship and keep her afloat until the storm is over. The captain sees the dangers ahead, and steers clear of them; so the physician should endeavour to guide his patient through the whirlwind in the system—if I may so express it—that a fever really is; and here dietetics, properly used, are his sheet-anchor.

While on this subject I should like to expose what my experience teaches me is another fallacy in diet. Gouty people are told not to eat much meat. Now, most of the patients I treat, either personally or by correspondence, for corpulency, are gouty or rheumatic, or both, for, as a matter of fact, gout and fat are twin brothers. To get rid of fat safely and pleasantly at the rate of 12 to 16 lbs. a month, and improve the general condition at the same time, the diet has to be carefully adjusted both in its constituents and in its quantity, and meat has to form by far the greatest part of it, and what is the result? Why, gout and rheumatism vanish like snow in the sun. In this case the waste—if there is any—is largely eliminated by the kidneys, and it is necessary during the process to give more fluid—a harmless tumbler of *hot* water twice or three times a day being the best. And here I may parenthetically remark that people who live well and take but little exercise would live twice as long if they began and ended the day with a tumbler of hot water.[1] There seem to be very

[1] There is invariably an excess of acidity in the system of those who live freely and do not take much exercise. Such people benefit greatly by a weekly tumbler of some harmless alkaline mineral water. For such a purpose the *Franz Josef* is the best. It is almost tasteless.

mistaken impressions among people who should know better as to the effects in a climate like ours of animal food, and, if experience teaches anything, it has taught me this, that animal food should be taken to a far greater extent than it is by the gouty and the obese, the objection raised to it being that it gives the *kidneys* too much work. I should like to know whether animal food causes half the mischief to the kidneys that alcohol does, and, as far as I can see, few people trouble themselves much when they are drinking bad wines or poisonous spirits about their kidneys. Only a few days ago an officer who had spent years in India, and who came home a martyr to gout and fat, wrote to me saying that he had been warned in India and England to take but little animal food, but that since he had taken by my advice, for the reduction of his obesity, a diet containing a very large proportion of animal food, he had been perfectly free from gout, and that he was quite certain he had been living on a wrong dietary all his life. His case is one out of a great number I could instance.

Many races of men live entirely on *animal* food, and these are the most hardy, and, from all I have been able to gather on the subject, the most free from diseases *of all kinds.* Sir Francis Head says of the Pampas Indians: "They are all horsemen, or, rather, pass their lives on horseback. In spite of the climate, which is burning hot in summer and freezing in winter, these brave men, who have never yet been subdued, are entirely naked, and have not even a covering for their head. They live together in tribes, each of which is governed by a cicique, but they have no fixed place of residence. Where the pasture is good, there are they to be found, until it is consumed by their horses, and they then instantly move to a more verdant spot. They have neither *bread, fruit, nor vegetables,* but they subsist entirely on the flesh of their mares." Describing the effect on himself of this diet, Sir Francis says: "After I had been riding three or four months, and had lived on beef and water, I found myself in a condition which I can only describe by saying that I felt no exertion could kill me, although I constantly arrived so completely exhausted that I could not speak; yet a few hours' sleep upon my saddle on the ground always so completely restored me that, for a week, I could daily be upon my horse before sunrise, could ride till two or three hours after sunset, and have really tired ten or twelve horses a day. This will explain the immense distances which people in South America are said to ride, which I am confident could only be done on beef and water." The Guachos of the Argentine Republic live entirely on roast beef and salt, scarcely ever

tasting farinaceous or other vegetable food, and their sole beverage is Maté or Paraguay tea taken without sugar.

As the waste of animal food in those who lead indolent lives is carried off by the kidneys, it is very desirable that they should be kept well flushed with plenty of water, for pure water is to the kidneys what fresh air is to the lungs, and taken in the early morning, preferably as hot as it can be sipped, it washes away the unhealthy secretions that have accumulated in the stomach during the night, and stimulates it to healthy action, and then, passing on through the system until it reaches the kidneys, carries away by their aid the uric-acid gout poison, and other impurities that should have no fixed habitation in the body at all, and would not have if the sufferer were properly dieted for even two or three weeks each year.

There is no reason why, with proper food taken according to season, at proper intervals and in proper quantity, men should not live invariably, accidents excepted, to a hundred years; in fact, taking the length of life of animals as a criterion, this should be the length of life in men. The length of life of an animal should be four times the years it takes for it to arrive at maturity; and, as a man may be said to arrive at perfect maturity at the age of twenty-five years, so he should on this hypothesis live to a hundred. Undoubtedly intemperate eating and drinking are the commonest causes of the different organs wearing out before their time. "Gluttony," says an old writer, "kills more than the sword;" and the words of the Preacher, "Excess of food breedeth sickness, and gluttony causeth choleric diseases; by surfeiting many perish, but he that dieteth himself prolongeth his life" (Ecclus. chap. xxxvii. ver. 29, 30), shows that three thousand years ago this truth was believed and enunciated. The glutton looks the glutton; he becomes coarse-featured, bloated, and heavy. The glutton is to be pitied, for the habit grows upon him, marring him physically and even intellectually; in fact, it is not going too far to say that a man's intellectual strength and capacity are greatly influenced by diet. The man who eats pork, as some writer says, thinks pork; and the man who drinks beer thinks beer. Even the intellectual faculties may be considerably assisted and stimulated by refined dietary; and, where this is properly adjusted and constructed to meet the idiosyncrasies and requirements of each particular individual, the appearance soon indicates the fact. A *racehorse* is not fed like a *carthorse*, and all lamps will not burn the same oil.

Having said much on what perhaps touches the male portion of creation more particularly, I cannot let this opportunity pass by

without saying a word or two on the way in which food can be made to enhance and prolong the beauty of the female. A careless mode of life, late hours and an improper dietary, are the main causes of premature decay of female loveliness. It is a pity that those who rightly study appearance so much, and try to make the most of the charms with which nature has endowed them, should not study the *only* way by which these can be preserved. As a matter of fact, most women take a great interest in their personal appearance, but in their endeavours to improve this they generally go the wrong way, and by the use of cosmetics try to improve a complexion that owes its blemishes to a state of affairs due to improper food. If I were writing an article on the art of preserving beauty, I could lay down a diet for a female which would clear the complexion of every spot and blemish, and, if there was a redundancy of fat—a misfortune that spoils the most beautiful of human forms—soon bring the figure to its proportionate dimensions. Imagine the Venus de' Medici weighted with four or five stones of adipose tissue, or one of Michael Angelo's angels in the same plight, and their consequent absurd appearance. Under the circumstances I have just detailed, as improper food has been the cause of this misfortune, proper food should be its cure. The advantage of this would be that the ofttimes injurious aid of medicines, washes, dyes, and the artificial means used would be unnecessary, and the inroads of age delayed for very many years. Now, in those cases where the female figure is deformed by too great an amount of fat, the remedy is more simple than most people think. It is purely dietetic. What improper food, late hours, and close rooms will do for the complexion can be seen in the case of the *débutante* at the close of the London season. In this case every factor that can play havoc with a constitution not yet in its maturity is brought into requisition. Excitement at a time when the fires of life are burning too fiercely already, late hours, theatres, balls, sweets, sweet wines, take the place of the calm contentment, fresh air, regular meals, and sober pleasures of country life. The candle is burned at both ends *before it should be lit at all.*

After this rather long digression it is time to come to the subject of this article, which is primarily and more particularly to show that different foods are requisite to suit different seasons of the year and different constitutions. For the growing youth a large supply of farinaceous food and sugar is necessary, and even more necessary than meat; but when the body has arrived at maturity the amount of farinaceous food under ordinary circumstances should be curtailed at certain seasons of the year, and fats and meats taken in larger pro-

portion as a substitute. Certain foods, when introduced into the system, form muscle and energy, and certain foods are converted into heat. Of course the great secret is so to apportion out these different articles that one shall assist the other, and there shall be no waste, and that the heat of the body shall be kept up according to the requirements of the season.

Now, it is well known that in very cold climates the large amount of fat is taken for this purpose; indeed, the inhabitant of Lapland lives almost entirely on meat fat, and eats during the day about 12 lbs. The reason for this is that the rapid loss of heat from the body has to be kept up, and the craving is naturally for that food which forms it most quickly; and, according to the universal fitness of nature, fat is there the food most easily procured, and is most rapidly converted in the system into heat. The Eskimos live chiefly on animal food, there being little or no vegetable to be had, fat being the representative of the carbo-hydrate constituents. Their food consists of the reindeer, musk ox, walrus, seals, birds, and salmon, and they delight in fat and marrow.

Dr. Kane, in his Arctic Explorations, says: "Our journeys have taught us the wisdom of the Eskimo appetite, and there are few among us who do not relish a slice of raw blubber or a chunk of frozen walrus beef. The liver of a walrus (aroaktonak), eaten with little slices of his fat, of a verity it is a delicious morsel. Fire would ruin the curt, pithy expression of vitality which belongs to its uncooked juices. Charles Lamb's roast pig was nothing to aroaktonak. I wonder that raw beef is not eaten at home. Deprived of extraneous fibre, it is neither indigestible nor difficult to masticate. With acids and condiments, it makes a salad which an educated palate cannot help relishing, and as a powerful and condensed heat-making [1] and antiscorbutic food it has no rival."

In Smith's Sound, where the use of raw meat seems almost inevitable, from the modes of living of the people, walrus holds the first rank. Even in our climate the ordinary healthy person should during the winter months eat more fat and more farinaceous food than during the summer. In cold weather the system can assimilate them and use them for the purpose of sustaining its heat to an extent that would in warmer weather be injurious. Again, some people can take an amount of fat and farinaceous food without hurt that in other people would become stored in the body in the form of corpulency, and therefore lead to an unpleasant state of affairs; and where the weight of the body increases in adult life year after year

[1] Dr. Kane is a little wrong here.

it is evident that more fat-forming food is being taken than is necessary. Where this has developed to very abnormal proportions it should be treated by scientific dieting before it becomes a diseased condition leading to great discomfort and premature decay.[1]

Taking as an example an adult of 5 ft. 6 in., weighing 10 st. 7 lbs., and doing ordinary work or exercise, the following would be a good example of a winter diet. Of course, the *menu* could be varied from day to day, and, for an individual to know approximately what he should daily eat, he should *once* weigh the quantities of a few of the common articles of diet, such as bread and meat. Having done this once, he can for ever after guess them. Of course, I am assuming in this particular case that I am writing for people who eat to live, not for those who live to eat. I have often noticed that in obese, gouty, and dyspeptic people, as soon as food is properly selected to suit their different idiosyncrasies, and correctly apportioned to suit their particular ailment, so that there shall be exactly sufficient to meet the requirements of the system, but none to be stored as waste, obesity, gout, and dyspepsia vanish, and a feeling of condition, lightness, and improved spirit ensues, to which they were previously strangers. Such people often express surprise that a thorough change of diet will do so much, but as I believe that nine-tenths of the diseases that afflict humanity are due to improper food, it should not be a matter of wonder that proper food will cure them.

To recur to the suitable winter day's diet for an adult doing ordinary exercise or work, let us proceed and give a typical example. In this case we begin, say at 8 A.M., with a tumbler of hot water, and then we come to the first meal—

BREAKFAST, 9 A.M. :

Two cups of tea or coffee sweetened with saccharin, a little cream, no milk two ounces of dry toast, or stale bread thinly buttered ; six ounces of grilled steak, chop, kidney, or ham, or six ounces of grilled cod, turbot, sole, haddock, plaice, trout, mackerel, herring, or whiting ; sauce of any kind.

LUNCH, 1.30 OR 2 P.M. :

Six ounces of beef, mutton, or lamb, hot or cold ; six ounces of mixed vegetables, plainly boiled ; salad ; two or three captain's biscuits and a little cheese ; a glass of bitter ale or half a pint of light moselle to drink.

4 P.M. :

A cup of afternoon tea, *nothing* to eat.

7 OR 7.30 P.M. :

A little soup ; four ounces of any fish, as at breakfast ; four ounces of any meat or game ; six ounces of mixed vegetables ; one ounce of stale bread ;

[1] See *Foods for the Fat : The Scientific Cure of Corpulency.* By Dr. Yorke-Davies. (Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly, London.) 3rd edition.

three or four ounces of light pudding or stewed fruit, and a little cheese; water, a glass of bitter ale, or some light moselle, to drink.

8.30 P.M.:

Two cups of tea or coffee sweetened with saccharin, with added cream; nothing to eat.

Fluid may be taken during the day to satisfy thirst only. Of course this *menu* could be varied *ad lib.*; but this is about the diet on which in winter a person would enjoy the best of health and condition, and it applies equally to both sexes, subject to modification to meet diverse circumstances, such as size, height, weight, and work and constitutional idiosyncrasies. It would be impossible to bring all these modifications to bear in the space of a short article like this. People who really take an interest in their own well-being should read some work that gives a concise exposition of dietetics, such as the book I wrote, and which has been previously mentioned, is said to do.[1] The day's diet I have here formulated is not the diet of Cornaro previously referred to, it is true, but it is the diet the system requires to enable it to resist cold and the attack of those diseases that come from errors in nutrition. There are few indeed who would not be all the better if for a fortnight once a year they underwent a "spring cleaning," that is, had a fortnight's careful dietetic treatment to "sweep the chimneys" and burn off the waste accumulation of food that has been devoured, *but not assimilated*, and that is lying dormant in the system like a buried bomb-shell ready to burst into flame when subjected to any untoward influence, such as the poison of fever, influenza, cholera, and many other diseases.

The amount of food necessary to sustain the heat of the body at its normal standard (98½° Fah.) is much more than is necessary to repair its waste; and the foods which generate warmth that we use in everyday life are farinaceous foods of all sorts, such as bread, tapioca, sago, rice, and so on, fats of all kinds, and sugar. The foods that repair the waste of the body, that is, keep up its muscular and nervous energy, are, more particularly, meat and animal substances; therefore, it stands to reason that in the winter more of the foods that are converted into heat and energy should be eaten than in the summer; and that in the summer light meats, fish, and green vegetables should form the basis of nourishment. If only the correct amount of food were taken, and its different constituents were properly apportioned, there would be no waste to be stored up in the system, as I before said, in the form of such injurious products as gout, fat, and acidity; and it may be taken for granted that, where

[1] *Foods for the Fat.*

a person is gouty or fat, he is eating *more food, and that—for him—improper food, than the system requires* for its *healthy maintenance*, and a properly regulated dietary may be made to quickly remedy either of these abnormal conditions; in fact, it is not going too far to say that a proper system of diet would be far more efficacious in remedying diseases that arise from mal-assimilation of food than any medicine taken for that purpose. To attempt to cure gout, or rheumatism, or indigestion, or excess of fat, by medicine, is a mistake. They arise from errors in diet, and can be easily removed by rectifying those errors. In the hands of a dietitian diet can almost be made to do anything, but, of course, ordinary people cannot be always running to dietitians for advice, and the hints here given would be very useful if broadly acted upon. To properly convert the food we eat into heat, energy, and muscle, daily exercise should be taken, and more especially so in the cold weather. It is no use piling coal upon a fire if the chimney is foul, and the same applies to the human system. If it is loaded with waste products, these should be burned off, and the way to do this is by means of exercise as well as regulated abstinence. Exercise, by rapidly circulating the blood, acts in the same way in burning off the waste products of the system as blowing the fire does with the combustion of coal. Indeed, it is not too much to say that no one can enjoy proper health or feel warm in cold weather without a certain amount of exercise; and the tendency during this season to congestive ailments, such as apoplexy, colds, and bronchial attacks, is very much lessened by this means. In the winter the skin does not act with the vigour that it does in the summer, as the tendency of cold weather is to contract the pores of the skin. To show how important the skin is as an eliminator of poison in the blood, it is a well-known fact that if an animal be painted over with any substance that prevents perspiration, it dies in a few hours. A great adjunct to health is undoubtedly found in the Turkish bath, and one of these taken once or twice a week in winter tends to keep the skin acting healthily. In these days portable Turkish baths are constructed which are very simple and efficacious. A very excellent and inexpensive portable Turkish bath may be procured from A. Catchlow, Albert Chambers, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

I suppose I may claim to know something of the habits of the wealthy and the luxurious, as I minister to the one ailment that is more particularly associated with affluence and ease, namely, corpulency, and its twin brother, gout; and I often notice this, that though *the rich are most* careful in their dress in regard to season—if in winter

in wools and furs, and in summer in muslins—however intellectual they may be, the extent of their knowledge seldom indeed includes a knowledge of dietetics. And still, how many thousands of them are constrained to go abroad once a year for two or three months to remedy the indiscretions of the other nine that this knowledge would obviate! How many of them die suddenly in middle age, shooting and hunting, because they will over-fatigue themselves before they are in condition to do it! One former Master of Hounds died in my arms some years ago from this cause.

The good effect of a visit to a foreign spa is but ephemeral, for the victim of gout or obesity is not told what to do or what to eat when he returns to his luxurious home, and the consequence is he has to make a periodic visit there. The evanescent benefit does not compensate for the trouble, expense, and inconvenience that such a visit usually entails.

Without health life is a burden. Of what avail are wealth honour, beauty, without the one thing that makes it possible to appreciate them? Surely it is worth a little trouble to master the rules that add so much to the pleasures of life, and *if* it has its pleasures to prolong them. If the food we eat is not properly assimilated, if it is not correct in quantity, and in some measure adapted to the season and the climate we live in, sooner or later the different organs whose duty it is to deal with it, will cry out, and woe be to those who do not heed their warning!

Many a man in the prime of life, doing splendid intellectual work, has broken down utterly and irretrievably by living on food that starved the nervous system, though perhaps, at the same time, it increased his bulk. To stimulate his flagging energies, craving for nourishment to sustain the brain in its ceaseless activity, he has perhaps sought the aid of alcohol in one of its many forms, and so increased the mischief until the inevitable collapse came; and a constitution that—properly nourished by food adapted to its requirements—would have lasted to old age, in the full enjoyment of that health that makes life worth living, has perished in its prime.

N. E. YORKE-DAVIES.

THE PRINCESS OF VOLDOMIR.

What a strange thing is man, and what a stranger
Is woman! What a whirlpool is her head,
And what a whirlpool full of depth and danger
Is all the rest about her! Whether wed
Or widow, maid or mother, she can change her
Mind like the wind; whatever she has said
Or done, is light to what she'll say or do;
The oldest thing on record, and yet new.

SOPHIA AUGUSTA, Princess of Anhalt Zerbst-Bernburg, "that woman Emperor who occupied for more than a quarter of a century all contemporary minds from Voltaire and Frederic the Great to the Khan of the Crimea and the Chief of the Kirghis," ascended the throne under the title of Catherine II. in 1762, a month after her degraded, half-imbecile husband, Peter III., had been done to death in a palace near St. Petersburg—with her knowledge and connivance, it is now generally believed, though the following extract from a letter to her favourite Poniatowski, during the first fortnight of her widowhood, gives a very different version of the calamity:

". . . . . After this I placed the deposed Emperor under the command of Alexis Orloff, with four chosen officers and a detachment of quiet and sober men, and sent him to a distance of 27 versts from St. Petersburg to a place called Rapscha, very retired but very pleasant, where he was to remain while decent and comfortable apartments were prepared for him at Schlüsselburg, and relays of horses placed on the road. But it pleased God to dispose otherwise. Terror had brought on a dysentery, which continued for three days and stopped on the fourth. He drank to excess on that day, for he had everything he wanted except his liberty. He had, however, asked me for nothing but his mistress, his dog, his negro, and his violin; but for fear of scandal, and not wishing to increase the general excitement, I sent him only the three last-named. The sickness again came on, accompanied by delirium. He was two days in this condition, which was followed by excessive weakness, and, notwithstanding the efforts of the physicians, he at last sunk, demanding

Lutheran clergyman. I was afraid the officers might have poisoned him, so much was he hated. I had him opened, but not a trace of poison could be discovered. The stomach was very healthy, but the liver was inflamed, and he had been carried off by a stroke of apoplexy. His heart was excessively small, and also dried up."

The poor wretch had been strangled by the hands of the giant Alexis himself, whose elder brother Gregory shortly afterwards completely superseded Poniatowski.

Even during her courtship and early married life, Catherine had never occupied a corner of that shrivelled organ; and, though Peter had almost entirely relied for guidance on the judgment and astute discretion of his brilliant young wife during the eleven years they lived together under the argus eye of the Empress Elizabeth, yet the moment death freed him from thraldom he avowed his intention of repudiating the Czarina and her son, and of sharing the crown with his favourite, Elizabeth Voronzoff, the plainest and dullest of her ladies-in-waiting, according to Catherine's personal memoirs.

"On the occasion of the celebration of peace with the King of Prussia," she writes, "after having publicly insulted me at table, he (the Emperor) gave in the evening an order for my arrest. My uncle, Prince George, had the order retracted, and it was only from this time that I listened to the proposals which had been made to me since the death of the Empress Elizabeth. It was intended to seize him in his room and imprison him, as had formerly been done in the case of the Princess Anne and her children. . . .

"The fate of the secret was in the hands of the three brothers Orloff, the elder of whom Osten remembers to have seen following me everywhere, and perpetrating a thousand follies; his passion for me was notorious, and everything he has done has been inspired by it. All three are men of great determination, and very much beloved by the soldiery, as they have served in the guards."

After giving a detailed account of the *coup d'état* in which she took a spirited part, the communication winds up as follows:

"It would require a volume to describe the conduct of each of the chiefs. The Orloffs have shone by their skill in guiding others, their prudent daring, their great presence of mind, and the authority which this conduct gave them. They have a great deal of good sense, a generous courage, an enthusiastic patriotism, and an honourable mind. They are passionately devoted to me, and united amongst each other to a degree that I have never before seen in brothers. There are five of them, but only three were here . . . In the horse guards, an officer named Chitron, only twenty-two years

old, and an inferior officer of seventeen, named Potemkin, directed everything with great courage and activity.

"Such, pretty nearly, is our history. The whole was managed, I confess, under my immediate direction, and towards the end I had to check its progress, as our departure for the country prevented the execution; everything, in fact, was more than ripe a fortnight beforehand. The late Emperor, when he heard of the tumult in the city, was hindered by the women about him from following the counsel of old Field-marshal Munich, who advised him to throw himself into Cronstadt, or proceed with a small retinue of the army; and finally, when he went in a galley to Cronstadt, the place was already in our hands. . . . Talieszin, an officer of the port, on his own responsibility, threatened to open fire on the galley of the unfortunate Prince if he attempted a landing. In a word, God has brought everything about in His own good pleasure, and the whole is more a miracle than a merely human contrivance, for assuredly nothing but the divine will could have produced so many felicitous combinations"!

"What a sight for the nation itself, a calm spectacle of these events!" M. Berenger, the French *Chargé d'Affaires*, comments in his official despatch dated the 23rd of the same month from St. Petersburg. "On one side, the grandson of Peter I. dethroned and put to death, on the other, the grandson of the Czar Ivan languishing in fetters; while a Princess of Anhalt usurps the throne of their ancestors, clearing her way to it by a regicide."

Having seized the reins in this masterly fashion, Catherine kept them firmly grasped until a stroke of apoplexy carried her off thirty-four years later.

Treading in the footsteps of Peter the Great, she added the Crimea and three provinces of Poland to the empire, and promoted its prosperity and civilization by the wisdom of her legislature and by the building of schools, towns, and magnificent public institutions. To the already well-stocked *chroniques scandaleuses* of the Winter Palace, she contributed a forty-year record of "gallantries" and intrigues, the details of which, Sir William Wraxall intimates, only the naïve and daring pen of a Brântome would lay before an enlightened public west of the Danube. Finally, this remarkable woman enriched the literature of her adopted country with an able volume of judicial instructions, a few dramatic pieces, and——a series of moral tales for the use of the young!

The loathsome tortures which had been inflicted on prisoners were almost entirely abolished under her *régime*, and only three historical murders, two of them not perfectly proven, are laid to her

account, viz. : that of her husband in 1762, of the Emperor Ivan, stabbed by his own guards at Schlüsselburg two years later, and of the mysterious Princess Tarakanoff in 1775.

By referring to contemporary memoirs, histories, and encyclopædias, it is impossible to establish the identity of this beautiful and spirited woman, who claimed the throne as the daughter of the late Empress Elizabeth by her marriage with Field-Marshal Rasumovski. Writers contradict each other as to the validity of her claims, the area of her influence, the place of her birth, and the manner and date of her death ; some unhesitatingly brand her as an impostor and adventuress, the daughter of a Nuremberg baker, a Polish pedlar, &c. ; while others, numerically stronger, maintain a belief in the genuineness of her pretensions, and in most of the foreign encyclopædias in which the career of Alexis Orloff is sketched apart from that of his brother Gregory, reference is made to his unscrupulous betrayal of the young "Princess Tarakanoff, daughter of the Empress Elizabeth."

In the Nouvelle Biographie Générale, of Firmin Didot, her story is summarised as follows :

"Tarakanoff Elizabeth, born in 1755, died at St. Petersburg in 1777. Believed to be the issue of the clandestine marriage of the Empress Elizabeth with Marshal Rasumovski. Brought up at the Palace of Anichikoff, she was transferred to the fortress of Vereia on the accession of Catherine II. By what chain of circumstances she recovered her liberty is unknown ; but it is certain that the Prince Radziwil brought her to Ragusa in 1774, with the intention of penetrating to Poland through Turkey with her, and of destroying the work of the first division.

"This project having fallen though, the young Tarakanoff went to Rome, and there attracted attention in diplomatic circles. Catherine II. commissioned Orloff to free her of this pretendant, who promised to the Poles the restoration of their country, and to the Pope the enrolment of her future subjects under the banner of the Church.

"Orloff presented himself, pretended to be as convinced of her legitimacy as enslaved by her undoubted charms, and carried her off to Pisa . . . thence to Leghorn, under the pretext of visiting the Russian squadron stationed there. Scarcely had the unfortunate woman put her foot on the vessel when the Admiral had the anchor raised, and brought her, laden with irons, to the fortress of St. Petersburg, where she perished in the inundation of 1777. Her cell is one of those at present to be seen, which, being under the level of

the Neva, is liable to be submerged at the least swelling of the waters."

Sir Thomas Wroughton, the British Consul at St. Petersburg during the reigns of both Elizabeth and Catherine—who always spoke with admiration and respect of the latter Empress, and asserted that her participation or acquiescence in the death of Peter III. was involuntary, reluctant, the result of an insurmountable necessity in fact, and that her knowledge of the destruction of the Emperor Ivan was "exceedingly problematical"—yet, in common with all Poland at the time, firmly believed that she had found means to entrap the "Princess Tarakanoff, a daughter of the Empress Elizabeth," to St. Petersburg, and there confined her in an underground dungeon, where she was smothered during an inundation of the Neva.

In his life of Catherine II., published in 1797, Castera gives a detailed account of the treacherous capture and betrayal of the Princess by Alexis Orloff, while in command of the Mediterranean fleet after the triumphant Turkish campaign of 1774, and he accuses Sir John Dick, the British Consul at Leghorn, of complicity in the "foul conspiracy."

Sir John made no public attempt to refute the accusation, but in a private conversation, which Wraxall gives in his historical memoirs, he denied the truth of Castera's statements. Finding himself beside the ex-Consul at a dinner party given by Mr. Thomas Hope in Berkeley Square, on 10th February, 1799, the historian ventured to inquire if he had read the narrative of the Princess Tarakanoff's seizure, related in "La Vie de Catherine Seconde."

"I have certainly perused it," said he, "and not without some concern, as I am there accused by name, no less than my wife, of having been a party to the act of transporting by violence a young, unsuspecting, and innocent princess on board the Russian fleet. I will relate to you, as a man of veracity, all the part I took, and all I know relative to the pretended princess in question, who is there asserted to have been a daughter of Elizabeth, Empress of Russia, by Alexis Razumoffsky.

"During the time that the Russian squadron lay in the harbour of Leghorn, Alexis Orloff, who was the Admiral, resided frequently, if not principally, at Pisa, where he hired a splendid house. . . . One morning he arrived, bringing with him a lady whom he introduced to my wife and to myself; but he never named her, only calling her 'Questa Dama.' She was by no means handsome, though genteel in her figure; apparently about thirty years of age; and had the air of a person who had suffered in her health. There

seemed something mysterious about her, which excited my curiosity but which I could not penetrate. It struck me forcibly that I had seen her before, and in England. Being determined, if possible, to satisfy myself on this point, as we stood leaning against the chimney-piece in my drawing-room before dinner, I said to her, 'I believe, Ma'am, you speak English?' 'I speak only one little,' answered she. We sat down to dinner, and after the repast Alexis Orloff proposed to my wife and another lady to accompany him and the female stranger on board his ship. They both declined it; Orloff took her away with him in the evening. . . .

"On the ensuing morning, when Orloff came on shore he proceeded to my house. His eyes were violently inflamed, and his whole countenance betrayed much agitation. Without explaining to me the cause of his disorder, he owned he had passed a very unpleasant night, and he requested me to let him have some of the most amusing books in my library, in order to divert the lady who was on board his ship. I never saw her again; but I know that soon afterwards she was sent by Alexis in a frigate to Cronstadt; where, without being ever landed, she was transferred up the Neva to the fortress of Schlüsselburg, at the mouth of the Lake Ladoga. Catherine confined her there in the very room that Peter III. had caused to be constructed with intent to shut up herself in it. The lady unquestionably died in that prison of chagrin; but she was not drowned by the waters of the Neva coming into her apartment, as is asserted in 'La Vie de Catherine Seconde.'"

"Having related to you," continued Sir John Dick, "these circumstances, I will now inform you who and what description was the lady in question. Far from being as pretended, a daughter of Elizabeth, Empress of Russia, her father was a baker, of Nuremberg, in Franconia. If, on this point, my testimony should appear to you doubtful or suspicious, the present Margrave of Anspach, who is in this country and who knew her well, is ready to testify the same fact. She was a woman of pleasure during a short time both in Paris and here in London, at which last-mentioned city she had picked up a few words of English. Prince Nicholas Radziwil, who was driven out of Poland by the Russians, having met her, made her his mistress and carried her with him into Italy. In order to revenge himself on Catherine, who had expelled him from his native country and confiscated his immense estates in Lithuania, he resolved on calling her the Princess Tarakanoff, pretending that she was Elizabeth's own daughter. Such she was, in fact, considered to be by many who had seen her, and the report, acquiring strength, soon reached St. Peters-

burg. Catherine, naturally alarmed at the existence of a female Pretender, . . . thought that not a moment should be lost in securing the person of so dangerous a rival. She issued private orders to Alexis Orloff enjoining him to gain possession of the pretended Princess, at all events and by every possible means, either of money or of violence. To so great a height did the Empress's apprehension rise, that Orloff avowed to me he had received the positive commands of her Majesty to pursue her to Ragusa, where it was understood she had retired, to demand her from the Government of that small Republic, and if they should refuse to give her up to bombard the city and lay it in ashes. But Alexis found means to entrap or entice her, without either disturbance or hostility. He treated her as his mistress while he resided at Pisa, and while on board his ship at Leghorn. These are all the particulars that I know relative to her, and all the share that I had in her detention or her misfortunes."

As subsequent investigations proved, Wraxall very shrewdly comments on the plausibility of this narrative, and admits that however true it may be in the main outline, yet that it did not carry conviction to his mind on many minor points.

"I confess that it neither produced that sentiment in me," he writes, "at the time when Sir John related it; nor, on the fullest consideration, am I thoroughly persuaded that the person in question was not the daughter of Elizabeth."

While forcibly discrediting some of the statements made by Castera to the effect that the Princess had been deceived by a false marriage with Orloff, that she passed several days under Sir John Dick's roof in amusement and dissipation, and, finally, that "the Consul, his wife, and the wife of Rear-Admiral Grieg, took their seats by her in the barge which conveyed her on board the Russian squadron," yet he dwells on the strange fact that Sir John made no public attempt to repudiate a charge which brought such dishonour on himself, his country, and the Sovereign whom he represented.

The silence "seems almost like a negative admission of its veracity," he adds, "for his denial of the accusation given in private conversation to me could not redeem his character to the world at large. Sir John, we may likewise remember, lay under personal obligations to Catherine II., who had conferred on him one of the Russian orders of knighthood, and from his connection with whom, while Orloff lay at Leghorn with her fleet, he had derived great pecuniary advantages; the manner in which Alexis treated him, by bringing to his house a stranger without previously soliciting

permission, whom he never announced to Sir John, or to his wife, by name, and with whom he lived as his mistress—these facts seem to imply great subservience on the part of the British Consul, and will probably induce us to pause before we give implicit belief to his assertions. I leave, however, the decision on this point to every man's own opinion," he concludes, with a *naïveté* which Sir John's surviving relatives cannot have been expected to appreciate. "But was the lady in question the daughter of Elizabeth or not?"

The chronicler shrugs his shoulders, and pleads paucity of evidence as an excuse for a decisive reply. In extenuation of Catherine's action, he maintains that the so-called Tarakanoff would have proved a most dangerous competitor for the throne had she reached Poland at the time when the Imperial forces were at war with Turkey; and that as the Empress had obtained her own position without right of descent, entirely through a revolution and the destruction of her husband, so in her eyes an impostress was nearly as formidable as a rightful Pretender to the Crown.

It is certain that she made no effort to unveil the identity of her victim after death, and it was not until the middle of the present century that the matter was officially investigated.

About the year 1860, the Emperor Alexander II. appointed a Commission to examine the archives relating to the luckless claimant, and to draw up a report thereon, intended for Winter Palace circulation only. But a contributor to a well known continental periodical had a "friend at court," and eventually the following romantic, and yet impartially official, memoir was laid before the public.

In the month of October, 1772, there arrived in Paris a beautiful and interesting stranger who styled herself Aly Emetée, Princess of Voldomir, and who was travelling with an imposing suite under the protection of Baron Schenk, an aged relative. They hired a handsome residence in a fashionable quarter, and without apparent courtship of notoriety soon found themselves the centre of a brilliant social circle. The Princess was only five-and-twenty, *spirituel*, fascinating, accomplished, and attractively veiled by a suggestion of mystery which neither her guardian nor any member of her party seemed inclined to dispel.

Various rumours of distinguished incognita and romantic origin were afloat. Some said she was a Circassian, the niece and heiress of an immensely rich Persian; others affirmed, the adopted daughter of the Shah himself. Hence suitors and admirers were not wanting;

and when Her Highness's dividends were late in arriving from the East, Baron Schenk had no difficulty in obtaining credit from tradesmen and assistance from his numerous friends.

The favoured suitor seemed to be a Comte Rochefort-Velcourt, Grand-Marshal of the palace of the reigning Prince of Limburg—but when he pleaded for an early marriage, the Princess put him off with mysterious excuses, and one morning after the arrest of Baron Embs, a member of her retinue, on a charge of swindling, she quietly dismissed her servants, sold her equipages, and departed eastward with Baron Schenk, leaving no address behind. She was traced to Frankfort by a deputation of creditors, who assumed so threatening an attitude that the whole town was made aware of her insolvent condition, and the hotel-keeper insisted on her giving up the suite of rooms she had engaged. Being without credit, and her remittances still unaccountably delayed, the poor Princess knew not whither to turn for a night's lodging, when the unexpected arrival of her lover's sovereign on the scene turned the tide of her fate.

Hearing that the lady whom his favourite Marshal intended to marry was in Frankfort, the Prince of Limburg resolved to make her acquaintance, and arrived for the purpose just at the dramatic moment of her eviction. The sight of so much beauty and distinction in so sorry a plight, coupled with the eloquence of her appeal, completely overpowered the soft-hearted potentate. Unhesitatingly he paid the greater portion of her debts, guaranteed the rest, and established her and the Baron in the Château de Neusess at Oberstein, where he visited them daily. For a few days the lady remained absorbed in gloomy reserve, then, apparently touched by the chivalry and delicate devotion of her new champion, she confided to him the sensational secret of her parentage, which for political motives it seemed she had hitherto closely withheld, even from her *fiancé*. She informed him that she was the Princess Tarakanoff, daughter of the late Empress Elizabeth, and granddaughter of Peter the Great. In early childhood placed in a Greek convent, where several unsuccessful attempts were made to poison her, she was then exiled to Siberia, but eventually was rescued by her guardian, the Duke of Holstein, and placed under the protection of the Persian Court.

Her story, fluent and plausible, confirmed by minute details from which she never afterwards deviated, so impressed her hearer that he required no further credentials of its accuracy, and having ascertained that her feelings towards his absent official were *but of* a lukewarm and evanescent character, he laid himself and his

Principality at her feet, and was accepted on condition of her guardian's approval.

The private marriage of the Empress Elizabeth with Rasumovski was an almost established fact even outside the empire, though she did not publicly acknowledge her children, and proclaimed her nephew, Peter, as her successor in 1742. Of these children, the eldest, a son, died in infancy; the second, very retiring and studious in disposition, lived till the beginning of the present century, and was accidentally killed while trying a chemical experiment; but the daughter, Tarakanoff, was never heard of after an early incarceration in a Moscow convent. Her fate remained an unsolved mystery, and whatever interest the Empress's subjects may have had in the matter, it is easy to realise their reluctance to give it expression after the terrible punishment of the Countesses Bestucheff and Lapookin, who were publicly knouted and had their tongues cut out for babbling about the imperial amours.

Assisted by the influence of her new ally, the Princess's pretensions began to attract considerable attention, and Prince Radziwil, the Polish leader who had retired to Mannheim after the last annihilating campaign against Russia, hastened to make her acquaintance, declared himself convinced of her legitimacy, and urgently advised her to take immediate steps in establishment of her claim against the regicide usurper.

"I regard the enterprise of your Highness as a miracle of Providence, who watches over our unfortunate country, by sending her so great a heroine," Radziwil wrote; at the same time begging her to follow him to Venice, where he was engaged in raising a brigade of his dispersed countrymen to assist Turkey in the war then raging against the arch enemy.

Her Highness was quite disposed to accept the invitation. She was getting tired of her jealous, rather elderly, admirer, the revenues of whose thirty-mile of sovereignty she had pretty well drained after four or five months' sojourn in the Château de Neusess, and she longed for a wider, freer sphere of action, quite as much as for the unrestrained companionship of Radziwil's aide-de-camp, a brilliant young soldier named Domanski, who, having fallen in love with her at first sight, had followed her from Mannheim to Oberstein, where he wooed her in disguise under the nose of her unsuspecting host.

When she announced her intended departure and the indefinite postponement of her marriage, the Prince was plunged in despair; but since she had confided to him the secret of her parentage, he had become her uncomplaining tool and slave; so he ventured to

offer but the feeblest resistance, and, notwithstanding his empty coffers, managed to raise a sufficient sum to convey the syren in almost imperial state to the Adriatic, bestowing on her as a parting gift a deed that empowered her to assume his title, in case of his death before their legal union.

At Venice "Tarakanoff" found a magnificent suite at her disposal in the palace of the French Ambassador, and Radziwil having obtained the approbation of Louis XV., and a notification of his conviction of the justice of her claim through an influential relative at the Versailles court, her salon speedily became the rendezvous of the most noted men of the day. Among the admirers of the young Princess's "esprit, beauty, and deep knowledge of European politics" was Edward Wortley Montagu, the eccentric son of the famous Lady Mary whose six-volume correspondence places her at the head of the female letter-writers of Great Britain.

Chaperoned by the Princess Morawska, Radziwil's sister, "Tarakanoff's" incognita was still thinly maintained under the title "Voldomir," but her pretensions were freely canvassed in the town, and an attractive brigade of young French and Polish officers proposed to form themselves into a bodyguard under the command of Domanski, and follow her when she moved closer to the seat of war. Unfortunately, the commercial powers of Venice did not prove so open to fascination or conviction; after a few small advances, the bank begged to close its account with the distinguished visitor, and when she moved down the Adriatic with Radziwil to Ragusa, it was he who defrayed her expenses, and who afterwards maintained her at the beautiful country villa which the French Consul was induced to give up for her use. But Sir John Dick's statement that their connection was otherwise than political and platonic seems to be without foundation.

The quaint hospitable little republic of Ragusa was much excited by the arrival of the mysterious stranger and her brilliant military cavalcade, and when the resident nobility, who dated from the days of Charlemagne, had been vouchsafed a glimpse of the credentials of her august birth, including the will of the late Empress Elizabeth appointing her her heiress and successor, and the Duke of Holstein her guardian during minority—the enthusiasm became unbounded, and the ardent Ragusans were ready to stake their lives on the truth and justice of her claim. If any outsider ventured to express doubt or suspicion, he became the object of public contumely and the recipient of a warlike invitation from Domanski, which few cared to court, as the young Pole was the most skilled swordsman of the city.

The party remained in this shelter for more than a year, watching the campaign on the Danube, and waiting for a propitious moment to advance. But the moment never came. The year 1774 proved a disastrous one to Poland's prospects; her powerful friends, Louis XV., the Pope, and the Sultan went the way of all flesh, and the latter was succeeded by a less warlike ruler, who opened his reign by a signature of peace with Russia.

This step prostrated the high-hearted Radziwil for the time being, and the Princess, noting that her adherents were beginning to weary a little of their Capuan quarters, wisely took the initiative. She gratefully disbanded her gallant bodyguard, and, accompanied only by the devoted Domanski and a Polish Jesuit named Chanecki, made her way to Naples, with a letter of introduction from Edward Montagu to the English Ambassador, Sir William Hamilton.

Lady Hamilton received her effusively, and offered her apartments in her house; but "Tarakanoff's" object being to gain the support of the new Pope and the head of the Jesuits, Cardinal Albani, she moved almost at once to the capital, and there, settling in secluded quarters, avoided the fashionable world, and promptly gained for herself a reputation for saintly propriety and benevolence, by the austerity of her life and her large gifts to the poor of the city —the money forthcoming through the sale of brevets of orders founded by the bankrupt Prince of Limburg, who still hoped for her return. By this device she gained many friends; but, funds failing her, when the brevets were exhausted she wrote to the Hamiltons, begging them to help her in raising a considerable sum on the revenues of the Count of Oberstein. Without treacherous intent, Sir William enclosed her letter to the Consul at Leghorn, asking his co-operation, and he showed it to Alexis Orloff, who at once determined to carry out the imperial wishes without bloodshed or esclandre. Through the agency of a Roman banker he offered large advances, and, seeing how eagerly the bait was swallowed, he then sent his Adjutant to entreat the Princess of Voldomir to visit Pisa, and give him the great honour and pleasure of making her acquaintance.

Having always had a longing diplomatic eye on the mighty Orloff brothers, she was delighted at the invitation, particularly as there were "signs in the air" showing that Catherine was beginning to revolt under the insolence of the elder brother, who scornfully refused the position that Rasumovski had occupied in the late Empress's ménage, and demanded a public ceremonial—even a joint coronation, it was rumoured—as compensation for the trammels of matrimony with one of the most brilliant women of Europe; and to gain such allies as

these the Princess of Voldomir would have gladly travelled from one end of the globe to the other.

In vain Domanski tried to dissuade her from the journey, and to impress on her his conviction of Orloff's intended treachery.

"When have I been accustomed to consult you?" she imperiously asked. "I go whither my destiny calls. If you fear to follow, remain behind."

"My life belongs to you. Where you go, I go," was his answer.

The manner of her reception at Pisa gave no cause for apprehension. She was installed in a handsomely furnished house, the greatest respect and attention were shown to the members of her party, and her royal claims were tacitly acknowledged.

Following the general lead, the herculean Admiral at once made love to his fascinating guest with such success that, after less than a fortnight's acquaintance, he proposed an immediate and secret marriage.

Believing that such a step would bring her to the threshold of the Winter Palace, she consented unhesitatingly, with an utter disregard for Domanski's feelings.

In the presence of two of Orloff's confederates, a third, disguised as a priest, performed the scandalous rite, and utterly unsuspicious of treachery, she accepted next day an invitation to witness a naval fight in the port of Leghorn, which the Admiral informed her he had commanded in celebration of his nuptials.

The spectacle included a banquet at sea, to which the leading citizens of Pisa and Leghorn were invited, but to what extent Sir John Dick was cognizant of the plot is not disclosed. It is clearly asserted that both he and his wife took part in the fête, but that they were not on board the barge which conveyed the lady to the squadron, as stated by Castera. In the first vessel, according to the memoir, Orloff placed all his local guests, while the second was reserved for the Princess, her friends, and himself.

Sailing slowly towards the north of the harbour, the unfortunate woman became so absorbed in the brilliant *coup d'œil* that she did not notice they had left the companion vessel well behind, until Domanski's white face and his agitated whisper "Betrayed!" made her suddenly aware that Orloff was no longer in sight, and that she was surrounded by soldiers.

The captain of the frigate came forward and announced that she and her party were the prisoners of the Empress of Russia, that her papers had been seized at Pisa, and her servants arrested.

She was conveyed to the Admiral's cabin, where she remained in

a state of speechless despair until evening, when an orange was handed to her by one of Orloff's attendants, wrapped in a piece of paper on which was scribbled in the Admiral's handwriting—

"Have courage, beloved. I am a prisoner like yourself."

Believing that her perfidious host was confined in another part of the vessel, she recovered her equanimity to some extent, and bore the long and stormy journey to the Baltic with uncomplaining steadfastness and reserve.

They did not sail until morning. During the night Orloff slipped back to port, and the violently inflamed eyes and agitated manner described by the Consul probably show that, consummate scoundrel as the man was, yet that he must have had a pretty bad quarter of an hour before he resigned to a cruel grave the woman who had trusted him.

Cronstadt was reached in the middle of the night and the vessel boarded by Galitzin, who conveyed the prisoners direct to the fortress of Saint Peter.

Next day the minister used every threat and inducement his imagination could suggest to make the dauntless woman confess that her claim was false, that she was no Russian Princess but a Polish peasant, the daughter of a small innkeeper at Prague, and, failing utterly, he addressed himself to her companion:

> But he who stems a stream with sand,
> And fetters flame with flaxen band,
> Has yet a harder task to prove
> By firm resolve to conquer love!

Neither the prospects of a painful death, of a life-exile to Siberia, nor the promise of immediate release with high favours to follow, could shake Domanski's supreme fealty; and after lying for two months, half naked and half starved, in an icy dungeon under the level of the Neva, "Tarakanoff" still persisted in the truth of the story she had always maintained, though she was repeatedly assured that she could leave Russia unmolested an hour after she had signed a confession of imposture.

Though her brilliant versatility and daring, her powers of fascination and faithlessness in love, decidedly favour her claim to kinship with the Livonian peasant who made a tool of Menschikoff and shared the throne with Peter the Great, yet the weight of evidence inclines to the decision that the "Princess of Voldomir" was but a skilful adventuress whom Radziwil used as an instrument to upset the power of his country's worst enemy. However, it is undeniable that Catherine dreaded her as a rival, that for nearly a

century after her death no effort was made by the State to establish her identity, or the date and manner of the death of Elizabeth's daughter in the Moscow convent or the castle of Vereia, and finally that the prisoner was buried with the greatest secrecy at dead of night, her jailor and his assistants being sworn to the strictest silence regarding her last moments and her resting-place.

To what extent the magnificent Pole believed in the pretensions of the woman he loved to his undoing will never be known, for he dropped dead during the terrible winter journey to Siberia in 1775, and within a few weeks, exhausted by cold and hunger, the Princess joined him in "the eternal silence," leaving her personality one of the unsolved mysteries of the eighteenth century, and her brief career of passion and adventure a prolific theme for the writers of historical melodrama, of which few, if any, have availed themselves.

MARY COSTELLO.

BY TWEED SIDE.

DARK woods of Gala, filling up the distance; Eildon Hills, gleaming and sparkling in the sunshine; Tweed winding here and there in silver streak; Abbotsford on the dim horizon. Below, and in Melrose, lie cottages nestled; in summer adorned by bright gardens, now smoke wreaths mount and hang over the neighbourhood of the beautiful old Abbey. Cold winds sweep up with relentless force, which scare away all intruders. Who now passes through cold wind and frost hence to Melrose and Abbotsford? In the midst of the small town a dark ruin rises, beautiful even in winter, whose red grey walls and lace-like tracery no weather ever dims. Wanting in nothing but groves of trees, Melrose rises, stately and magnificent, as it did erstwhile when Deloraine passed, and the gate flew 'open' to meet him! 'Here it was that oftenest Sir Walter Scott lingered; from here he took his inspiration, and gathered about him, as Irving tells us, mementos for the Abbotsford building. At mention of Melrose Sir Walter's warm heart was apt to unfold all its treasures. "In Melrose," I quote here from Irving, "are as rare pickings as in a Stilton"!

Melrose Abbey was the first destination of every visitor to Abbotsford, and you may still see Sir Walter's walking-stick fashioned from a tree grown *on* Melrose. As you enter, confronts you the old St. Mary's Aisle, with its Gothic canopies and pedestals, its floreated garlands and recessed mouldings, fretted by the hand of time. Tabernacled spires, figures of monks, throwing back in date for six centuries; corbels of grotesque form, musicians with bagpipes, ornamental rosettes of canopies. The cloister doorway is still in existence through which came Sir William of Deloraine; here he may have sat, on this very stone, with the well known Cistercian monk!

The heart of the Bruce of course lies here, and the "Race of the House of Zair," which name you will find in Irving's "Note Book," as pointed out to him by Sir Walter. Will find, too, the grave of the great magician, rightly or wrongly, it may be said; cognizances of border day renown and foray, rich bits of old-time sculpture, eagles

and hunting horns, croziers and quatrefoils, chiselled pilasters, sculptured tracery; the Prentices' window, which Scott immortalised in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Below is green turf, marked by rude slabs, velvet-like in its texture, here and there with curious dark outline, showing a grave lies beneath, perhaps of the Douglas, or may be of a king; for royal heads lie in Melrose. Here it once was the well known Johnny Bower kept guard on the ruins of the abbey, and would make folks stoop (you will find this in Irving) to look at it betwixt their legs. This, you remember, in Bower's opinion, gave the ruin a different aspect; here it was too, with a candle on pole, he would show men "Melrose by Moonlight"!

Of all this, those who search the old records—old in 1892—can tell great things which have already passed into literary history. Long ago all this had been forgotten but for Scott's immortal poems. Nothing has been done, so it seems to a stranger, to perpetuate the beauties of Melrose. No trees have been planted in the old churchyard, which is crowded with plain modern tombstones. Square houses block and obscure the entrance of the once famous old Abbey, but the walls are untouched by the hand of time, as they were in early days of this century.

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Away from old Melrose the *real* interest centres, to those who still linger by Tweed side, away from the grey town and its orchards, its picturesque gardens and cottages, away from the Vale of Gala and its winding, serpentine river, its frowning hillsides and old tower, close by the village of Darnick. Here the way passes through pleasant places, through cornfields bare in midwinter, in summer spotted by drooping harebells and whitest of Michaelmas daisies.

Where Gala Water falls into Tweed, backed by finest plantations, where the first known bridge spanned River Tweed, on the roadway to Abbotsford proper, here it is, in summer, the long stream passes of pilgrims to Abbotsford shrine: here it was, in earlier days of the century, all genius flocked to "the Shirra."

To the man who knows well Scott's great novels, many places here are familiar: Bridgend recalls Father Philip; Hillstop, "The Monastery." Overlooking the fine bend of the river, and its expanse of bright waters, the roadway near Abbotsford gives a *coup d'œil* of a magnificent wooded prospect, through which Tom Purdie and Laidlaw, Scott's "right hand," laid out the beautiful walks. Below you stretches the old garden where statues and sculptured stones

linger; in which, towards that sad end of '32, Sir Walter still loved to be wheeled.

Here is the fine porch and lofty gateway, which on Irving's visit "was chaos." You remember his erstwhile description of Sir Walter, in "old green shooting coat and dog-whistle, brown linen pantaloons, stout shoes tied at the ankle, and a white hat, *that had evidently seen service*!" All this the memory conjures up afresh, as you stand confronting the fine building, which from being a cottage emerged as a mansion, and to whose fabric palaces contributed—Holyrood, Dunfermline, Linlithgow, Roslin, Thrieve Castle, Selkirk, even the Tolbooth. Never yet was a private edifice so full of antique spoliage, an almost national museum, which in Scott's days received notabilities of all known nations. "Abbotsford was their villa," so say the pages of Lockhart, "whenever they chose to resort to it;" and thither, runs the record, "the Mayfair breed and staring worshippers" were likewise received at all seasons. Where is the man who in these days of struggling ambition thus shows himself to the world? Further, "no old acquaintance or family connection was ever by him lost sight of." "There was a generosity about Sir Walter, utterly incompatible perhaps with the treatment he himself received at the world's hands."

Here is the Hall—let me draw it for you—as it stood before me but lately, just as it was in the days of Scott and the days of Irving. The walls are panelled with old carved oak from the ancient kirk of Dunfermline; the basket grate of the old fireplace is identified with Archbishop Sharpe. Near it stands a carved wood box, said indeed to be the weird "mistletoe chest." Round the ceiling are arms of Border clans, on the walls are all kinds of armour, the old lock and key of Selkirk jail, French weapons from Waterloo, instruments of torture, old Highland broadswords, a Jeddart axe (James V.), pikes that may have seen service at Flodden, backswords by Andrea Ferara. Here hang the keys of the "Heart of Midlothian," long since passed out of use, jack-boots of Stuart times, war-horns, weapons of all lands and times.

In the long armoury, wood walled, all sorts of relics have been gathered, associated as they are with literary records interwoven with Sir Walter's life. Portraits of henchmen; of Dundee; of Mackay as Bailie Nicol Jarvie; of Prince Charlie—this goes without the telling; of dogs by the great Landseer; sketches in pen and ink by Kirkpatrick Sharpe—notably Muckle-mouthed Meg—of whose name and fame in "pickling beef" little remains to be said.

The somewhat dark and narrow-arched room holds treasures too of other kinds : here are foregathered Rob Roy's old gun, Montrose's well wielded sword, Hofer's blunderbuss, Wishart's iron mask, massive spurs of Border foray, Lochleven keys, last, but not least, notable belts and sporrans.

In the drawing-room still hangs Nell Gwynne's portrait, and Cawood's Queen Mary, Hogarth's celebrated "Portrait of Himself," a cast of Shakespeare from Stratford. Then there is the library, replete with curios, more entirely of literary history—Wellington and Napoleonic Waterloo relics, quaighs, purses, hair locks, amulets. The great bust of Sir Walter stands here, of Chantrey name and fame, of whose production you can read the record in Lockhart, and in the "Diary." This in the year 1820, when Scott was still untouched by after troubles.

In Sir Walter's study is perhaps best realised the true history of the man; in the small dark room with its "Wallace chair," and desk of such modest pretensions. Here stands the latter, with its curious wrought oak, and brass inlaid inscription. "*Afflavit Deus et dissipantur*," so runs the old legend, which at once throws back the date of the old woodwork for the last three centuries. A small gallery runs round the room, with reference books well at hand; from the old leather library chair, indeed, all of these could be well scanned. Through here Sir Walter doubtless passed that hot day of July 1832, when he was wheeled "for diversion" through the hall and adjoining great library.

Here it was he invariably sat during important literary interviews. Chambers came here, Croker came here, Moore, Audubon, Tayler, visitors princely as well as noble, authors and artisans. Here it was Maida lay stretched all day at her great master's feet, giving warning of all visitors by that "audible low growl." Now she lies immortalised in sculptured stone, outside that self-same window. Nature is unchanged with changing days. Tweed rushes by turbulent in flood, garden lawns lie brown 'neath the rain, trees only have increased, throwing a mantle over the shady pathways where once the poet's footsteps pressed. Snow has draped the tallest fir trees and blotted out the distant hills. Yet this is the view, the self-same view, on which Scott's eyes longingly dwelt, and about which, even in the last days of life, he constantly rambled in talk. You remember that "hot day of hot September," when Sir Walter breathed his last, and the ripple of Tweed came through the open windows to ears which no longer heard it. A time when (perhaps for the first time) the kindly pen of Lockhart falters, and he tries in vain to paint for

us the signs of a *nation's* mourning, "that deep tribute which," he briefly adds, "is given only to a king!"

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Dryburgh Abbey, in leafless midwinter, with sodden leaves falling and sky leaden grey, with frost-gleaming branches and icicled hedgerows, no sound save the sighing of the wind. Behind and around us lie Lammermuir, Smailholme, Galashiels, Slittrig, and Teviotdale —names that to Scotchmen in far-away lands are fraught with the tales of old days. Above, and to northward, Eildon Hills gleam—cleft in three by Scott the magician. Below and to rearward circles the Tweed, silver grey on a dark brown field. Beside its low banks no tourists linger, vacant hangs the quivering bridge; down the narrow lanes no carriages come pressing over a succession of waving hills—hills which in autumn are purple and golden, radiant in blossom of the heather. Away through bare branches, which all through the summer afford welcome shelter and retreat, Dryburgh Abbey rises in lovely splendour, dull rose shading to dark green. No longer do the thick-branched, swaying trees make a fit framework for the picture, but here and there evergreens appear at intervals, glittering with hoarfrost-like spangles. Fit day this to make a pilgrimage to the greatest shrine of northern lands, to stand alone confronting the granite slab which covers so great a Scotchman.

Here it was, in the sad year of '32, they laid to his rest the great novelist. In the pages of Lockhart you will find the record of the thronging crowd at his funeral, of the foresters who begged that no hireling hand should assist in carrying his remains, of the uncovered spectators in Darnick and Melrose, and all the way thence to Dryburgh. There too you will find mentioned the stoppage of the hearse on Bemerside, at that very place (Lockhart pauses to tell you) where Sir Walter would rein up his horse. To-day it is cloudy, dark, and lowering, just as it must have been then, and in fancy you can again see the surging crowd press up towards the wide enclosure. Here is the inscription, as I now read it, on that low-lying granite slab. "Sir Walter Scott, Baronet: Died Sept. 21st, 1832." So little injured by time are the memorials, they might almost have been recently placed there.

Above are red arches, fretted by storms, once part of St. Mary's Aisle, where since the days of the great Reformation, the Halliburtons had their grave. Here it was that Scott claimed his kindred's privilege, he who thought ever of his ancestry; and just beyond his own small grave lies Dame Charlotte, his devoted wife. You remember doubtless that she predeceased him, at the time

of the great Constable failure, and how, with all these troubles thickening round him, Sir Walter "collected himself" for the great struggle. From 1826–1830, his life was a succession of labours; the first of these years found him a strong man, the last year found him near the end. In those six years of a strong man's effort £54,000 had been paid off, which, says his biographer, save £6,000, had been produced by his literary labours. You remember, to the end he was kindness itself, in no wise the least embittered; though, as he said, he "hirpled" in his gait, was white-haired and marked by age at sixty. I do not think it has been given to every one to gauge the heroic parts of this character; noble as are the dead who lie in Dryburgh, so few of them are his equals. Around him lie priors, abbots, heroes who fell at Ancrum, Flodden, Pinckie, and, among other illustrious dead, the great Lord Morville. Here also lies the second Sir Walter, who died childless in 1847, and to complete the sad picture Lockhart, who died in 1854.

Beyond, and to southward, still beams the wheel window, much as it did in Scott's own lifetime, wreathed with green ivy, its fine lace-work relieved by glistening leaves and dark berries.

Here it was Turner came to gaze, while Scott "kept in his carriage." Here it was, later, Irving came with him to see the beauties of Dryburgh. In his "Notes on Abbotsford" you will find described the "burying place of the Hagas," which he and Sir Walter together asserted to be the "most tenacious of families." "It seemed to me," said Sir Walter Scott, "as if a wizard's spirit overhung them, so ancient was their stronghold, undisturbed by lapse of years." Perhaps it was here, amongst shady trees, that Scott once loved to linger, waiting for the fairies whom as a boy he so strongly believed in. Many a skull must have been turned up hereabouts, such as delighted Scott's eyes. With what gruesome pleasure Irving tells of the old Melrose skull of Abbotsford, of its dismal grin, of the neckcloth coiled round it, which made all the lasses shriek, and wonder that the good, kind old laird could have such an "awsome fancy." It was kept for years, Irving relates, confronting the bedside of Sir Walter, and having been dried, cleaned, and varnished, was a very favourite ornament.

As you stand here confronting the beautiful old ruin, even in its extremity of decay, how wondrous are the broken pillars and capitals, tombs and monuments, of Dryburgh.

Lovely is the colouring as evening falls, when lights gleam golden and rose, and soft shadows chase each other over the old building, lighting up hidden corners, gilding fragments of carved archways

and the great western door, lingering for a moment by the old vaults where spirits and goblins once had their habitation. In one of these vaults—many, many years ago—a poor old woman long dwelt, who issued forth from her dismal dungeon only as evening fell. When her lover died, her heart died too; it was in the days of the Stuarts, and, says the legend, she had made a vow never to look upon the sun. As midnight tolled she lighted a candle and set forth from her gloomy prison, and subsisted on the alms only of her charitable neighbours. The innermost dungeon is lighted only by a window twelve inches broad, with earth for a flooring, much now as it was then. Not far off is the old Chapter House, with its Paschal Lamb in sculpture overhead; which Paschal Lamb (carved in wood) may be seen among relics at Abbotsford.

. . . . . .

But the grass-grown cloisters are now white with frost, where in June red roses linger—red *wild* Scotch roses, which, say Scotchmen, won't grow in other lands. If you are careful and make a close search you may still find all kinds of relics, carved headstones, old coats of arms, mottoes of old Scotch nobles. Long ago masses of melted lead and vitrified glass were cleared out; nothing now tells of foray or burnings, all here is peaceful and quiet. Overhead, all day, pigeons fly and flutter, and preen their snow-white plumage, roosting in sheltered crannies and nooks, and hiding in the old yew tree; *the yew*, of whose age nothing is known, perhaps coeval with the Abbey. If so, what pageants has it not seen, what destruction, what havoc! Gone are the white canons, in rochet and cope, gone are their years of labour; none of these have immortalised their lives like him we now seek in Dryburgh. Erskines, Halliburtons, Haigs, Buchans, have lent their names to the beautiful old ruins; centuries hence Dryburgh will be known as the resting place of Sir Walter!

E. K. PEARCE.

ON SOME STUDENTS' SONGS.

WHAT a vision these two simple words conjure up!—a vision of the most rollicking sort, where no atmosphere of learning has been able to make itself apparent; for the student flings off all thoughts save those of joy and merriment when he takes his evening recreation, pipe and glass, *tour à tour*, between his lips. There is nothing learned about any of the University songs, except, perhaps, the somewhat pedantic Latin in which they are generally written. There is often a dearth of sense in their composition, and very frequently an amount of repetition which is thoroughly tiring. However, such as they are, they may, perhaps, be worth considering for a few minutes. Naturally there are some countries where the songs are of a more refined and less maudlin nature than those of others, but this is a matter which is of small moment, seeing that the character of the young men who sing them is so thoroughly cosmopolitan. A man can hardly help himself from joining in the lyrics which are associated with the college he is at, even if his individual feelings are not in accord with the sentiments expressed in them. There are a few academical songs which find favour at all great centres of learning, and among these may be classed the well-known "Alma Mater," which is as typical of St. Andrews as of Eton or Harrow; the "Gaudeamus," sung by the German, English and Scotch students; "Dulce Domum," "Lauriger Horatius," and perhaps I might add the "Amo amas, I love a lass," with its strange chorus:

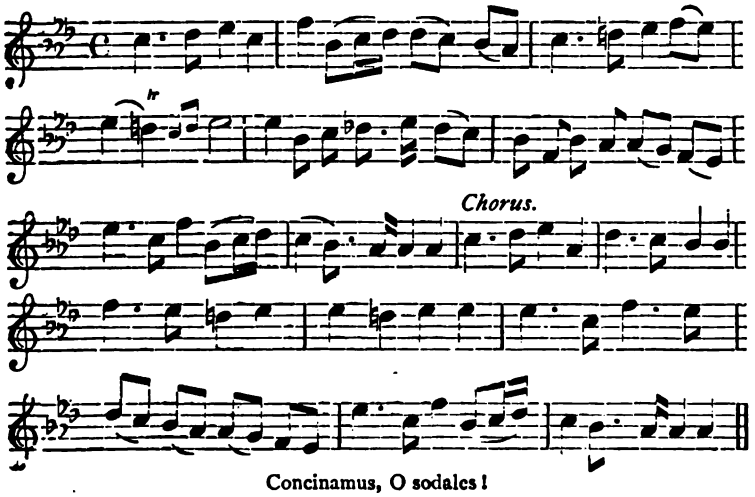
Rorum, corum, sunt divorum,
Harum, scarum, divo,
Tagrag, merryderry, periwig and hatband,
Hic hoc horum genitivo.

The Scotch universities have produced some good song-makers, and there is a sprinkling of very fair wit scattered throughout the lines of some of their compositions. Our English ones are not, as a rule, very original in thought or in construction, but they are, on the whole, of greater antiquity, and therefore, perhaps, of greater value from an historical point of view.

Mr. Holman Hunt's charming picture, "May Morning on Magdalen Tower," has revived public interest to a great extent in an old custom connected with that ancient college. It is believed that music of some kind has been sung on the summit of the tower on May mornings ever since 1498. Unfortunately it is sometimes asserted that in the early part of this century the climbing of the tower for the singing of canticles and graces had become an excuse of the choristers to annoy the folks below by pelting them with eggs and others missiles. Magdalen is not the only college where such customs are in vogue, and many others equally senseless. For instance, at one public school there is a strange way of celebrating the last few Sundays of each term, one being known as One-button Sunday, when all the boys attended church with the top button of their coats undone; another, the hats were all perched on one side of the head; and the last, termed "Amen Sunday," when the Amen at the close of the service was made as effective as possible.

The song known as "Dulce Domum," which is sung on all occasions by the students of the Cathedral Grammar School at Hereford, is also in use at Winchester at all Wykhamical gatherings. The legend about it is to the effect that it was composed many years ago by a boy who was left at school during the holidays, and whose loneliness led him to write the words. It is generally sung in Latin; the music was composed by John Reading, organist of the College of Winchester in 1681–9.

DULCE DOMUM.



Concinamus, O sodales!
Eja! quid silemus?

Nobile canticum!
Dulce melos, domum!
Dulce domum resonemus!

Chorus.

Domum, domum, dulce domum;
Domum, domum, dulce domum!
Dulce, dulce, dulce, domum!
Dulce domum resonemus.

Appropinquat ecce! felix
Hora gaudiorum,
Post grave tædium
Advenit omnium
Meta petita laborum.

. . . . . .

Heus, Rogere, fer caballos,
Eja! nunc eamus,
Limen amabile
Matris et oscula
Suaviter et repetamus.

Concinamus at Penates,
Vox et audiatur!
Phosphore! quid jubar
Segnius emicans
Gaudia nostra moratur."

Translation.

Let us all, my blythe companions,
Raise our voice in mirthful glee,
Noble the strain should be,
Sweet, oh sweet, our object;
Home, sweet home, we soon shall see.

Chorus.

Home, sweet home, shall form our chorus,
Home, the seat of joy and pleasure;
Home is home, be it ne'er so homely,
Home, sweet home, inspires our song.

Lo! the joyful hour advances,
Happy season of delight,
Past labour seems but light,
Conquered tasks are easy,
Previous toil we now requite.

. . . . . .

Quick, good Roger, bring the horses,
Let us to the station haste;
Steam, lend thy lightning speed,
Loving sisters wait us,
And a mother's fond embrace.

Greet our household gods with singing,
Hail our well-earned holiday;
Home faces welcome us,
Eager hands are shaken,
By each lov'd and loving friend.

For many years the masters and the boys of Winchester used to march in solemn procession round the Domum-tree, chanting the grand old song which commemorates the return of the swallows. Nowadays "Dulce Domum" is sung at the end of the summer-time instead of in May, and its popularity has spread to other public schools.

Mr. Ainger, one of the assistant-masters at Eton, has kindly given me permission to make use of the following famous song, which for some ten or fifteen years has been the song *par excellence* of the Etonians. He is responsible for the words, whilst Mr. Joseph Barnby has set them to music :—

CARMEN ETONENSE.

Sonent voces omnium
Liliorum florem,
Digna prosequentium
Laude Fundatorem!
Benefacti memores
Concinamus, qualis
In alumnos suboles
Fuerit regalis.
Donec oras Angliæ
Alma lux fovebit,
Floreat Etona!
Floreat! Florebit.

Stet domus Collegii
Disciplinæ sedes,
Donec amnis regii
Unda lambet ædes!
Crescat diligentia
Studium musarum!
Crescat cum scientia
Cultus litterarum!
Donec, &c.

. . . . .

Justam ludus vindicet
Cum labore partem!
Dulce fœdus societ
Cum Minerva Martem!
Sive causa gloriæ
Pila sive remus,

Una laus victoriæ
Matrem exornemus!
Donec, &c.

Mores Etonensibus
Traditos colamus!
Traditos parentibus
Posteris tradamus!
Posterique posteris
Quotquot ibunt menses,
Tradant idem seculis
Carmen Etonenses.
Donec oras Angliæ
Alma lux fovebit,
Floreat Etona!
Floreat! Florebit.

Harrow may justly claim the distinction of being the most vocal of all the great English schools. The boys here are obliged to learn singing, and it used to be a rule that the voice of each new-comer should be tried. The boy was made to stand on a table, holding a lighted candle in each hand, and in this position he was put through his facings, so far as his singing attainments were concerned. If he failed to please his auditors and judges, he was condemned to drink a glass of soap and water. In many of the houses this ceremony is still gone through, minus the soap and water. At the supper which takes place at the end of each term, every boy is expected to sing at least two or three verses of a song. The little fellows practise theirs for weeks before the event. Throughout the year there are various entertainments, of which singing is the principal feature. There is a large collection of songs at Harrow, most of them being in praise of the school and its greatness, of John Lyon, of Queen Elizabeth, and of the Charter. Some have for theme the hardships of new boys, others the noble doings of the old ones. It is, perhaps, because of the peculiar situation of the place, which deprives the boys from enjoying any water-sports like the Etonians, that singing is so much indulged in at Harrow. In direct contrast with it we may place Westminster, where there seems to be no record of any particular song having been used, the prologue and epilogue of the annual play replacing the usual singing. The following song, eulogistic of Harrow, will be readily remembered by old Harrovians:—

HARROW UP ON THE HILL.

Three leagues to north of London town,
Harrow up on the Hill,
There stands a school of great renown,
Harrow up on the Hill;

Low at her feet the rolling shire
  Grows around her in green attire,
And soaring above her a silent spire,
  Harrow up on the Hill.

Men of honour in English realms,
  Harrow up on the Hill,
Have roamed as boys beneath her elms,
  Harrow up on the Hill;
And round the school which loves to claim
The heirloom of their noble name,
They cast the halo of their fame,
  Harrow up on the Hill.

Others may boast of a founder King,
  Harrow up on the Hill,
We have a different birth to sing,
  Harrow up on the Hill;
Glorious founders have there been,
But never a grander pair were seen,
Than yeoman John[1] and the Virgin Queen,[2]
  Harrow up on the Hill.

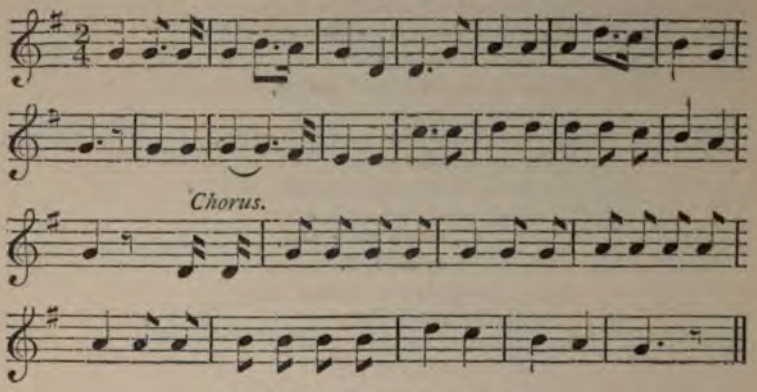
And if they ask what made her great,
  Harrow up on the Hill,
Was it her riches, pride, or fate?
  Harrow up on the Hill;
Say that she rose because she would,
Because her sons were wise and good,
And bound in closest brotherhood,
  Harrow up on the Hill.

With the exception of St. Andrews, none of the Scottish Universities have ever possessed anything like a body of students' songs, but many of them are merely adaptations of popular songs. For instance, there is a paraphrase on "The Crocodile," which was written on the occasion of Professor Blackie's visit to Egypt in 1879; and the well-known "Amo amas, I love a lass," which is sung to the tune of "The Mouse and the Frog." To return to St. Andrews. There is a fairly representative *répertoire* of collegiate songs, and perhaps foremost amongst these is the "Horæ Andreanæ," which the students sing to the tune of the "Wanderlied":—

Let the wind mantle high to a toast,
  Your ardent souls with rapture will greet;
St. Andrews is the theme that I boast,
  No other name to you can be so sweet.
To thee, then, dear 'Varsity, our joyful thoughts shall turn,
For thee, yet, St. Andrews, untired our passions yearn,
For thee alone, thou fairest scene, our hearts this night shall glow,
And to thy glorious memories our festive goblets flow.
  Chorus—Tra, la, la!

[1] John Lyon. [2] Queen Elizabeth.

THE PROFS.' SONG.



Here's to the Rector, come to see,
The students of this 'varsity;
Head o'er all the Profs. and we,
The mightiest he in the 'varsity.

Chorus.

With a kai, ai, ai, ai, ah!
With a kai, ai, ai, ai, ah!
With a kai, ai, ai, ai, ai, ai, ai, ai, ah!

. . . . . .

Here's to the Prof. of Humanity,
Likewise the Prof. of Philology,
Latin to me is a mystery,
Without the aid of an English key.
With a kai, ai, ai, ai, ah! &c.

Here's to the Prof. of Geometry,
The latest expounder of a, b, c,
But oh that he and his $a + b$,
Were sunk in the sea of nonentity.
With a kai, ai, ai, ai, ah! &c.

. . . . . .

Here's to the Prof. of Divinity,
A man of wondrous ubiquity;
Where'er you be you're sure to see,
This man of curiosity.
With a kai, ai, ai, ai, ah! &c.

The students of Glasgow University, although they are so numerous, and reported to be such merry roystering fellows, have not a great number of songs peculiar to themselves. They are very fond of commemorating any current event in the city of St. Mungo by a series of rhymes which they will chant to some fairly well-known air. For instance, they have one ditty known as the "Union," which is

all in praise of a bazaar held in aid of the University: a sample of it follows:—

The great bazaar, appraise, boys,
That did in beauty's rays, boys,
Twelve thousand pounds upraise, boys,
To drive dull care away.
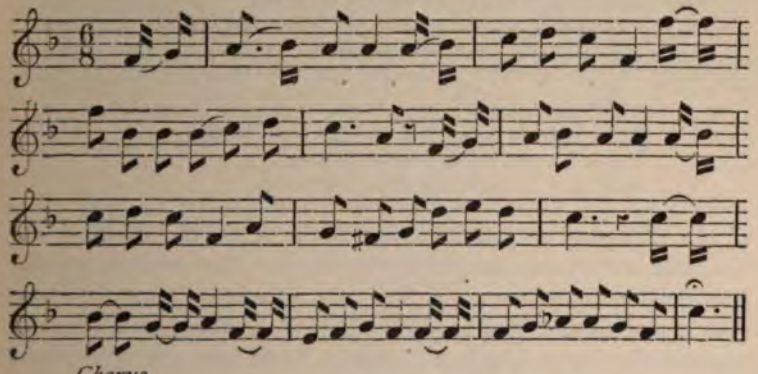
Chorus.

It's a way we have at the Union,
It's a way we have at the Union,
It's a way we have at the Union,
To drive dull care away.

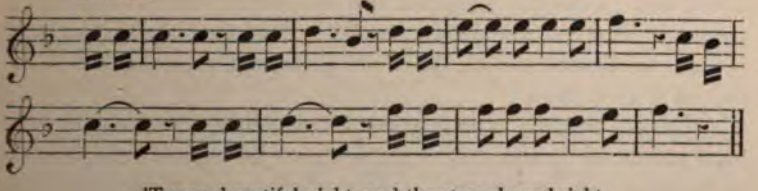
The great procession, too, boys,
That swept old Glasgow through, boys,
A mad and motley crew, boys,
To drive dull care away.
It's a way, &c.

Their best song is decidedly "Moriar, Melpomene":—

MORIAR, MELPOMENE.



Chorus.



'Twas a beautiful night, and the stars shone bright,
And the moon o'er the Kelvin danced,
As a student so pale, sat on the bridge rail,
And down on its waters he glanced;
With a tear in his eye, he heav'd a deep sigh,
While over and over sang he:
Moriar, Moriar, Moriar, Melpomene,
Moriar, Moriar, Moriar, Melpomene.

On suicide bent, to the bottom he went,
Nor lifted for succour one hand;
His body when found, the police took round
To Doctor Johannes Cleland,
Who cut him up like a dead doggie pup,
And the moral you plainly may see.

To the tune of "Bonnie Dundee" the Edinburgh students sing "The Tounis Colledge," of which I subjoin a verse or two:—

We sing not thy praises in Latin or Greek,
But just in the common old language we speak;
When we sound thy fair fame no such hindrance we crook,
All hail to the thistle and castle and book.

Chorus.

Come, fill up your bumpers as full as you can,
And drink to this toast every true-hearted man,
Be ye living by land, be ye sailing by sea,
Love, life, and all honour to our 'Varsitee!

Where thy old buildings stand in a regular square,
Poor Darnly went rocket-like up in the air,
And as Kirk o' Field down to her foundations shook,
Then sprang up the thistle and castle and book.

. . . . . .

Could the shades of thy great ones but stand in the quad,
In the forms that they bore ere they went 'neath the sod,
A genius would fill each available nook,
An honour to thistle and castle and book.
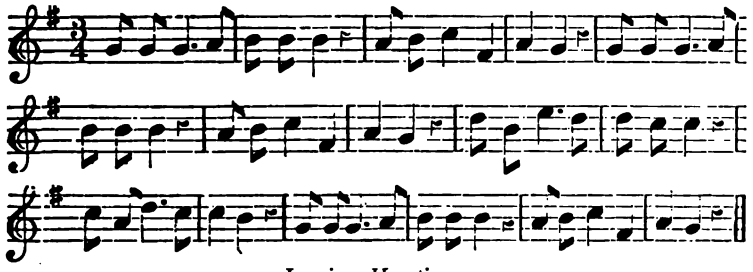
An idea may be obtained from some of the following of the character of the German Studenten-Lieder. The musical student *par excellence* hails naturally from the Vaterland. Somehow, we always picture the German youths joining in hearty choruses and tossing off quarts of Lager or Pilsener. Their lyrics are generally of a wild and boisterous character, and frequently they are lacking in sense; at least we fancy them to be so, but then that is perhaps because we cannot participate in the jokes and meanings which lie hidden in their lines.

Professor Blackie, in an introduction which he writes to the song-book published by authority of the Students' Representative Councils of Scotland, says, in speaking of the students' songs of Scotland, that "to the scenes of daily life that are naturally most fitted for lyrical treatment the life of the young men at our Universities should, no doubt, contribute its significant share. But in students' songs, strictly so called, and student life musically treated, our lyrical repertory hitherto shows a face only a little better than an absolute blank."

It is otherwise in Germany. In that country songs of a specifically

academical type occupy a distinct and generally recognised place in the lyrical literature of the country. Perhaps John Bull, with all his good qualities, is not such a musical animal as the German, delighting more in strong blows than in nice sentiments. The well-known Song of the Rhine students, "Lauriger Horatius," which American patriots have borrowed, at any rate, in a sense for their inspiriting war-song, "My Maryland," should perhaps rank highest amongst these students' lyrics of Germany. At Heidelberg, Leipsic, Bonn, and, indeed, wherever these amateurs of learning are gathered together, you will hear the strains of "Lauriger Horatius."

LAURIGER HORATIUS.



Lauriger Horatius,
Quam dixisti verum;
Fugit Euro citius
Tempus edax rerum.
Ubi sunt, O pocula
Dulciora melle,
Rixæ pax, et oscula
Rubentis puellæ?

Crescit uva molliter
Et puella crescit,
Sed poeta turpiter
Sitiens canescit.
Quid juvat æternitas
Nominis, amare
Nisi terræ filias
Licet, et potare?

FIDUCIT.

Three comrades dwelt together
In pleasant harmony,
The wine-cup circled so gaily
Through the little company.

Then loudly they laughed and shouted,
In joyous mirth and free;
The cares of the world flitted by them,
And all its misery.
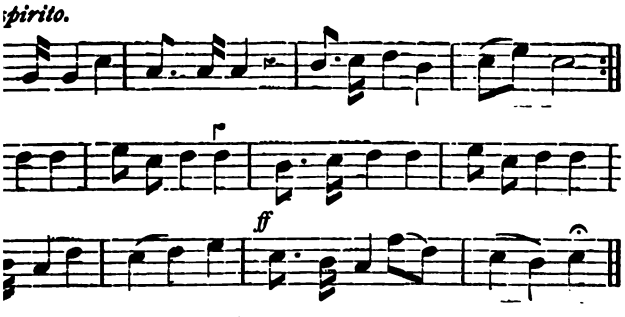
Of all the maids on earth that be,
The German maid's the maid for me;
A beauteous violet seeming:
With sweetest fragrance to the sense,
With not a thorn to give offence,
Through many a summer beaming.

Of all the wives on earth that be,
The German wife's the wife for me;
In form and mind a treasure:
At home her ministry is seen;
She will not roam abroad, I ween,
To find elsewhere her pleasure.

Of customs that on earth there be,
The German customs give to me;
Good customs—I revere them.
Through them men, hale in heart and limb,
Alternate sense with wit and whim,
And keep the wine-cup near them.

"amus" is as popular in Scotland as in Germany; it is four of the Universities of that country:—

GAUDEAMUS.



Let us then rejoice, ere youth
From our grasp hath hurried;
After cheerful youth is past,
After cheerless age at last,
In the earth we're buried.
. . . . .
Short and fleeting is our life—
Swift away 'tis wearing;
Swiftly too will death be here,
Cruel us away to tear,
Naught that liveth sparing.
Long live Academia,
And our tutors clever,
All our comrades long live they,
And our female comrades gay,
May they bloom for ever.



Long live every maiden true,
  Who has worth and beauty,
And may every matron who
Kind and good is, flourish too,
  Each who does her duty.
. . . . .
Perish melancholy woe,
  Perish who derides us;
Perish fiend and perish so,
Every antiburschian foe,
  Who for laughing chides us.

This was the song which Von Bismarck and Von Tzotha, his inseparable comrade, and their friends the students of Jena University, sang when they left that town in a coach-and-six by order of the beadle of the University, who appeared in Bismarck's room one morning during the time the two friends from Göttingen were enjoying themselves with their student-hosts of Jena, and who said he had been charged to announce to the famous guest that he had to quit the precincts of the University within two hours in the custody of the beadle of the University of Göttingen. The two students were accused of depraving the academical youths of Jena.

LAURA ALEX SMITH

EARLY GUILDS.

THE student of "Whitaker's Almanack" will have been struck with the list given there of the London City Livery Companies. Besides the twelve great civic companies, the list comprises sixty-three others, a few of which exceed the greatness of some of the great twelve. Among them will be found names which show us that these Livery Companies are not of recent date. The Bowyers, Broderers, Cordwainers, Fletchers, Girdlers, Horners, Innholders, Loriners, by their very titles, carry us back to an earlier time to search for their origin, and many others, such as the Skinners, Vintners, Apothecaries, Pattenmakers, Poulters, Scriveners, and Upholders, retain designations which are becoming obsolete. Thus these City companies by every gesture beckon us back, and, though they decay and wax old, as if about to vanish away, it is to be noted that in their hoary age they have held fast the primary occupation of their childhood. Mr. Wedgwood defines the word "guild" as "a society of burghers meeting on stated occasions for the purpose of feasting and merry-making. The primary meaning," he says, "is a feast, then the company assembled, and the same transference of signification will be observed in the word 'company' itself, which, signifying in the first instance a number of persons eating together, has come to be applied to an association for any purpose, and in the case of the City Companies to the very associations which were formerly denominated Guilds." Another says cruelly that "All that remains of the ancient Guilds in the Livery Companies of to-day is the common eating and drinking."

But though in the early guilds the eating and drinking together may have given name to the institution on account of the publicity and cheerfulness of the meeting, it seems to have been the symbol and seal of a union full of meaning. The idea of the family is the idea which animates the guild. As the gathering round a common table in the one case does not preclude that union of interests which is so strong on all points, so this same meeting together at stated times to feast only emphasises in the other case the banding into

one strong compact mass those members who separately would have had no chance to struggle with the difficulties which beset them in those wild and early days. The many objects which guilds placed before themselves may be summarised into two: first, the mutual improvement and the care of the members morally and physically—the healthy internal life of the guild; and secondly, the union of the individuals and their mutual support against outside pressure or the attacks of crime. If this summary nearly hits the truth, it will be clear that the special objects and methods of the guilds will have varied in every place and in every century, and it does not surprise us that the very early ones in England were specially directed against marauding and theft. Professor Gross's remarks on the "Judicia" do not seem to us so important when we remember that all guilds were loyal, and references to our Lord the King were always implied, if not distinctly made. The spirit of the organisation may be seen by a simple example in the early cases. A member of a guild is robbed by a man who is not a member, and immediately his case is removed out of his own hands, and placed in those of the whole body, who assist him both to bear the loss and to punish the offender. On the other hand, a member of a guild is so unfortunate as to kill a man who is not a member. Here again his friends gather round him to shield him, and they share with him the price to be paid for this unlucky death. But now the second office of the brotherhood appears. If the member has acted criminally in this action of slaying, they either exclude him from the guild, and leave him to bear the brunt of his misdeed, or adopt some middle course after deliberation according to their estimation of his conduct. Naturally between members they were able to hold a very strict impartiality, however they might lean towards mildness where they had to punish a member for wrong towards an outsider.

But the administration of justice was not by any means the leading feature of the guild. The welfare of the brethren, whether living or dead, may be accepted as their general motto. Let me give a specimen of one of the ordinances of a guild which was very common in the fourteenth century, which will show the care they had of the dead.

"Also what tyme that a brother is ded, or a suster, that they come and offre with hem, when they be warned to come . . . Also if any brother dye that hath nougt of his owne to be beried with, if it mowe be so ataken, than that he be beried of the comunebox. Also that there schul be founde vij tapers rounde, the wighte of xxj bs. wex, for to be ligt on heige fest dayes. . . . And if it so

befalle that a symple brother dye, that may nat fynde hymself no lygt, then tho vij tapers schul be mad newe, and set aboute the body, and the torches also; and whan any brother deieth, that they have tho torches redy to bringe hem to chirche if nede be." Again, in another guild, "When a brother or sister deyethe . . . . every brother and every sister shul offre a ferthyng, and yeuen a ferthyng for loue of Godd, a peny to a messe for the soule of the dede; and he shal have, of the brethren costes, two torches, and two candels brennand."

From these ordinances it will be seen that the guilds were full of a decidedly religious feeling, but they were framed, not because the fraternities had in them any religious object, but because their fundamental rules were made in the general interests of the members, and a decent burial, with religious ceremonies after the received pattern of the time, were matters of course. I shall have to come back to this later.

There has been some difference of opinion among the authorities as to whether the earlier guilds should be called by the name "Religious," or by the name "Social," but I do not think that we need discuss very fully which is the better title, since they are both conventional ones, invented to describe some of the characteristics of the institutions. Those who keep their eyes more steadily fixed upon the patron saints of the members, upon the tapers, and night watches, and prayers for the souls of the dead, will probably incline towards the former designation; those who are interested in the feasts, and the kindly and brotherly objects, will in all likelihood use the latter. But between the two terms there cannot be the slightest contradiction.

Dr. Brentano—whom Professor Gross criticises and modifies—divides the history of guilds into three divisions, the first dealing with the social or religious guilds, the second with merchant, and the third with craft or trade guilds. He shows how the towns gradually absorbed the guild, and how the name of citizen applies in certain cases equally well to members of either organisation. How the idea of a merchant guild had power to absorb, not only a single town, but a multitude of them, may be seen in the wonderful example of the Hanseatic League. This fertile seed of union took life in almost every soil, but it was nipped by many unkindly frosts. As the primitive idea had been noted with disapproval, and to a great extent checked by Charlemagne, who dealt very severely with guilds; as its later development in the towns had been combated by the various rulers and aristocratic classes, who saw their interest

placed in jeopardy; so the earlier craft guilds had to fight their way through much opposition and persecution from the merchant guilds themselves. Perhaps I may say a word upon the methods of progress of these social unions which coincide greatly with the growth of liberty itself. A union of this practical and beneficial kind was necessarily a union of a certain definite, and, I may add, marketable strength. During the strife of parties the adhesion of such a society had a certain value. If the king had a dispute with his nobles, or the lords had a grievance which the king would not redress, the opportunity of the various little bands, guilds, or towns, arrived. The people, to check the tyranny of the nobles, sided with the king; the nobles, on some other occasion, to secure various liberties, called in the people's aid. Look how, under many of our own kings, the little towns secured their own administration of the law! The right to hang their own friends was a decided boon, when it prevented the nearest baron from performing the deed. Immunities from taxes, tolls, and tyrannies, were thus gained by our sturdy ancestors, and, having once been secured, were rarely yielded up again, although we have indeed some instances of monasteries granting charters, and then recalling them.

To make more clear the general system of these fraternities, I propose to give a sketch from various sources of a typical set of ordinances, such as were laid down by the guilds. In certain groups it is impossible to overlook a similarity of form, subsidiary to the general likeness which may be detected in them all. This "general likeness" is worth a word. The pedigree in these matters cannot be overlooked. In the present day if a solicitor is required to form a limited company he forthwith procures the "Articles" of some company as nearly like the one to be formed as he can. Red ink, scissors, and paste soon turn out the new articles, and, *haud aliter*, our ancestors, in forming their guilds, no doubt used the earlier forms of the same plagiarism. The consideration of the specific titles and objects may be postponed. The ordinances begin with a dedication:—"In the worship of God Almighti Our Creator, and Hys moder Seinte Marie, and al halwes, and Seint Jame apostle," or "In the name of the Fader and Sone and Holi Gost, and of our ladi Seinte Marie, Criste's moder, and al the holi cumpanye of heuene," or "In the honour of Our Lord Jhesu Crist, and of oure lady Seinte Marie, and in wurschip of Seyn Austyn, Anglorum Episcopi, and alle holi halwen." Next follows the object of the guild or brotherhood,—"for amendement of her lyves and of her soules, and to noriche more love bytwene the brethren and sustren

of the brotherhede,"—or "every brother and sister shullen halwen evermore the day of St. George,"—or "we shul preyen devoutly for the state of Holy Chirche, and for the pees of the londe," and for 100 other things too long to enumerate,—and "this bede and preyer shal bene reherside and seyde at every time that the aldermen and the brethren bene togeydere,"—or "to offer a candel and to torches of wax and to keep them light and brennynge;"—but many of the objects are only explicity stated in the title, and are to be gathered piecemeal throughout the ordinances.

In the next place, who are to be the members? Here the guilds are unanimous, all must be of good repute. From which it follows that "eny riotour, other contekour, or brawler, other such by whom the fraternite myght be ensclaundred, he shal be put out thereof, into tyme that he have hym amended of the defautes tofore said." A new member must be acceptable to all—"no brother schal be resceyved but upon the day of oure assemble, and at the companyes assent." Brothers and sisters were generally equally eligible. From the guilds which were instituted in the interests of an exclusive trade or craft, outsiders were of course excluded, and there are some curious instances of blackballing, as in that society to which parsons, bakers, and women were not admitted; but for all such there is some definite reason or excuse. One striking case may be adduced—that of St. Michael on the Hill, Lincoln—as it hints at one of the dangers to the guilds of too much success. "Whoever seeks to be received into the Gild, being of the same rank as the brethren and sistren who founded it, namely, of the rank of common and middling folks, shall be charged to be faithful to the Gild, and shall bear his share of its burdens. And whereas this Gild was founded by folks of common and middling rank, it is ordained that no one of the rank of mayor or bailiff shall become a brother of the Gild, unless he is found to be of humble, good, and honest conversation." It was not altogether to the interest of these societies to include among their members people of high degree. It was indeed a tribute to their growing power and influence that such membership should be sought, but the fact of having some great baron or king as one of the brethren, took away a certain amount of independence. Several kings, both in England and on the continent, however, joined these fraternities, at various times. The chief terror which drove the governing class, kings and priests, under the shelter of these humble societies was the dread of the pitiless storm of lampoons, which poured from the rhetorical and pageant-pro-

ducing guilds: even crowned heads and scarlet hats in feudal times had to bow before the stinging hail of well-directed drollery. Motley says, of a later time than the one we shall examine chiefly, "the number of yards of Flemish poetry annually manufactured and consumed throughout the provinces almost exceeds belief. . . . They ridiculed, with their farces and their satires, the vices of the clergy. They dramatised tyranny for public execration." It was, therefore, desirable that the middling class should preserve a free hand, and not be precluded from dramatising king or cardinal because they were fellow members.

The craft guilds were encouraged by the kings from other motives besides self-defence. "Edward III.," says Herbert, "having found that these fraternities were the main spring of the trade of his kingdom, and having given them stability by charters, determined also to raise them in public estimation. As this could not be better done than by setting an example which would be followed by his courtiers, he became himself a brother of one of these societies. The linen-armourers, now merchant taylors, were then great importers of woollen cloth, which the king sought to make the staple manufacture of England, and were the first company who had the honour to boast a sovereign amongst their members, in the person of this monarch."

That which was true of Artemus Ward and his show has generally been found true of all societies, "You can't go in without paying, altho' you may pay without going in." Entrance fee and annual subscription, with occasional free gifts, seem to have met the wants of the guilds. "Alle so it is ordeyned, be on assent of the brethren, be als meche as the lyght fornseide ne may noute be meyntened in the tyme for to come, every man that wille with good deuocion comyn into this ffraternite shall pay 6*s.* 8*d.*," 5*s.*, 3*s.* as the case may be. I will give one specimen of the quarterly and annual subscription:—"What man is take in to be brother schal paie eueri quarter, for to meyntene the light and the almesse of the brotherhede iiid. And if he have a wyf, and she will be a suster, than shall he paie sixpans for hem bothe in the quarter, that is, ijs. in the yeer: and if a sengle womman come into the brotherhede, paie as a brother doth." One of the most striking cases of a guild existing upon free gifts is that of the young scholars, which was begun in 1383, "to mayntene and kepen an ymage of St. Wylyam standyng in a tabernakle . . . fyndende aforn the forseyd ymage vj tapers of wax . . ." After the guild was started "*men*," evidently outside the guild, gave gifts to maintain the image and

the light: and the young scholars end the account of their ordinances in the form of a begging circular. "Also," they say, "forasmuch as we were beden to certefyen yu of goods and chateux, we do yu to witen that the ffraternite have . . . spent the goods . . . wherefore, as children in yonge age, hoping in tyme comyng to have ben encresyd be help and counseyl of wyse men, our godes han dispent as we han forseyd, no catelle kepende,—trustande, as children, withe gifts to ben amendyd."

These old English guilds are interesting for their language and spelling, as well as for the matters of practical interest which they disclose. I may pause a moment to refer to this. In the passage just quoted it will be noticed that there are two forms of our present word chattels, one is *chateux* the other *catelle*: the participle is *ende* or *ande* instead of *ing*: the word *amendyd* was used for our word *enriched*. The spelling throughout the ordinances is curious, and we may gain an insight into the simple and direct way in which the writers worked by noting the orthography of the word Epiphany, which appears thus, *pyffanye*. The change of meanings may be seen also in the words *buxom* and *unbuxom*, which instead of their present unique meaning then stood for obedient, lowly or meek and the reverse—something quite different. Our *Shrovetide* was *fastyngonge*; and *Crouchemesse* or *roodmas* was our *Rogation* tide. Many words purely French are scattered through the pages, e.g. *fenestres* for *windows* and *aneantise* from *aneantir* to *destroy*. Here and there a word throws light upon Shakespeare:—"Housling peple" for communicants recalls the poet's "unhousell'd, disappointed, unaneled." One remark more upon this subject. It is impossible to be accurate on any of these written words without actually seeing the documents themselves, the contractions are so numerous, and the actual way of spelling such a matter of indifference to our ancestors, that many an airy theory to be built upon the modern form and spelling in a printed book might be found upon the sand.

Of course fidelity to the guild was the most important of all matters, and some of their ordinances put loyalty and the seal of it at the head of the list. "The furste poynt is this, that whan a brother or a suster schal be resceyved, that they schul be swore upon a book to the brotherhede, for to holde up and meyntene the poyntz, and the articles that be write after folwynge, eche man to his power, sauyng his estat; and that euerich brother and suster, in tokenynge of love, charite, and pes, atte resceyvynge schule kusse eueri other of tho that be there."

I will presume that all the brethren and sistren have been received and kissed: we have now to appoint officers to rule the fraternity. The number of these "masters" varied—the Peltyers of Norwich had "an alderman, and to felas, and a somoner," whereas the Guild of St. Anthony at Lynn, had "an alderman wyse and wittye, able and konyng . . . four skeuaynes (or stewards), trostmen and trewe . . . and on Dene . . . and on clerke." The "trostmen and trewe," or four sufficient men as they are elsewhere called, were trusted thus far: they were appointed "on to kepe the box, another the keye, and that other two schul resceyve the seluer for the quarterage"—a very effective set of checks if even one was "trewe." Though many of the guilds make no mention of salaries, others do, and the following is one instance: "who so entre into this fraternite he schal paye . . . to the alderman ijd; the clerke, a peny; the deen, a alpeny, and to the wax, a alpeny." This last was not an officer, but we shall hear more of it later. In other cases the fees (as above) were transformed into a fixed salary, in the way that we may have noticed, in some of the large towns, registration fees transformed in recent years. Then there were allowances—"The alderman schul have eueriche day whyles the drynke lastes, a galoun of ale, eythere skyven, a galon; the deen, a galonn; and the clerke, a galon."

The entrance of new members, the election of officers, and the festivities, following the religious observances and business discussions, took place on the guild day and the day after. The assembly was known as morn speech. I should like to be able to give some short account of the twenty-four hours which were specially sacred to the society. There does not seem to have been an exact routine applicable to every guild, but the following will perhaps include most of the chief points of interest. The Guild of the Peltyers at Norwich was in honour of St. William the Innocent and Martyr. Therefore, "at the fyrste, alle the brethren and systren, every year, on the Sunday next after the fest of Seynt Peter and Powel . . . schullen offeren to floured candelys aforn Seynt Willyams toumbe . . . And qwoso be absent, thanne he schal payen to S. Williams lythe thre pound of wax . . . Also a Knave chyld, innocent, beren a candel that day, the wygthe of to pound, led betwyxen to gode men, tokenynge of the gloryous marter."

Here I propose to make another digression. The reader will probably have noticed in churches of some antiquity references to guilds which had been in them at an earlier time. I recall that there were four in Hornsea Church on the Yorkshire coast, known as

Corpus Christi, Holy Trinity, St. Mary, and St. Catherine; and Robert Metham, in the year 1527, leaves by will to the four guilds in Hornsea Church, a quarter of barley each. In the Church of Roos, not far from Hornsea, is a window containing a Latin inscription partly obliterated, "Pray for the souls of the brethren and sisters of the blessed Guild"—the name is lost—"who caused this to be made." The institution must have been very widely spread if a small place like Hornsea could support four guilds; but what I wished to point out more particularly was the fact of the shrine or tomb as the rallying point, the religious service as the centre from which all the good works of the guild were intended to proceed. The care of the souls was the first care; inspired by this anxiety the people put in windows, sang masses, and burnt tapers, and this ceremony accounts for the great prominence which the item *wax* assumes in the ordinances. Three pounds of wax were exacted as a fine for non-attendance at the "toumbe," and one pound for missing the requiem on the following day. The smaller penalty was also inflicted for absence from the feast; the heavier one for refusal to take office upon election. I do not know that we may accuse the Peltyers of meaning a pun, but they say in one place, "and qwo-so be wane (or wanting) schal paye a pound of wax."

So important did it appear to have good musters that the common bellman was sent through the city to give notice of the services and meeting, and to remind the brethren of the fine. In connection with fines for absence may I make one more digression? I remarked that the guilds thought it part of their business to keep a watchful eye on kings and potentates, but it must not be understood that they were in any sense disloyal. That the reverse was the case will be seen from their ordinance which makes the King's service a sufficient excuse for non-attendance, which excuse, with "stronge sekenesse" and a distance of twenty miles, were the only valid ones. But it is even expressly stipulated that no ordinance can stand against the King's right, or prejudice the law. The carpenters of Norwich are equally strong in their loyalty; the fraternity of St. Christopher in the same city declare that it is not in their interest to make any ordinance "in prejudice ne lethyng of the common lawe, but only in worsheppe of Godd and Seynt Cristofore, and norrisshyng of love and charitee."

We left the Furriers at the tomb of little William, and on the morrow of the next day we proceed with them to the altar of the same martyr to hear a Requiem Mass. Sometimes there appears to

The meeting together was called, as I said, morn speech, and of these there were generally four in the year, at fixed times; but the chief meeting was the annual one, when new members were admitted, and the more important transactions of the guild carried out. The chief business matters were the election of officers and members, the dinner, and the audit of the accounts, which would include a report upon the philanthropic work of the society. The officers we have considered before. The feast itself is called in some records by the curious name of "drynkynge," a word which recalls the morning and afternoon drinkings of northern farmers, where the meaning is neither more nor less than meals.

The feast began with prayers. "Every nyth qwil drynkyng lastely at the general time they shul have the prayers for the pees and the state of holy chirche, and for the pes and tha state of the lond; and thereqwile shall the Candelle that longeth to the gilde brennynge and what man maketh any noise in that time—where thro' the brethren shall be grieved," says another ordinance—"he shal paye to amendement of the ligt 2*d*." Another rule puts it, "The Clerk shal stonden up and done pees ben in the house." Although a member was fined for non-attendance it is said that "If ony brother or sister be sek on general day he shall hawen a lof, and a potel of ale, and mes of ketchen stuff." And a brother remaining at home to entertain a friend was also supplied with the means of entertainment. Anyone revealing the affairs of the guild was fined, if he could escape without being summarily ejected from all benefits of the fraternity. A man who is fined and "grucches" or grumbles is fined still more heavily, or "leses the fraternity for evermore"—a good rule to apply in libraries when books are kept too long. The officers not attending to their duties are fined. I notice a very important provision, where all should start fair, in many of these ordinances. "Whoso entres into the chaumbre where the ale lyth or liggeth in and asks non leve of the offesers of the gilde, he shal pay to amendment of the lyght 1*d*., but he have grace." This last clause is often used, and it gives us an insight into the long-suffering nature of the fraternity, that they might be induced to forgive even this crime—the stealthy drinking of their ale. Anyone who stayed after the alderman had left was fined one pound of wax: he also who came to the feast "in tabard, in cloke, barleges, or barfoot." Members were ejected for the following faults in addition to those enumerated:—For refusing the arbitration of the alderman and his associates in cases of dispute between brethren; for being rebel ageyne the law of Holy Chirche; immorality and theft, or generally a breach of any of the Commandments.

Neither did the guild encourage among its children the lack of wisdom any more than the want of principle. Those who fell into misery and poverty through their own folly or riotous living were left in poverty without help.

Two things were disallowed in time of drink, or feast, yea, three were forbidden and punished. To jangle or make a noise, to sleep, or to keep the cup standing by your hand. And the resources of civilisation in dealing with these breaches of good manners were not exhausted by the penalties I have mentioned, for "whoso make a noyse in time of Dryncke or in tyme of morn speeche, and the Dene comande him to ben styl, and he wyl noute, thene schal the dene takon hym, or don taken hym, the yerd (or rod); and, if he wille nouthe reseyv it he shal paye to the lythe iijd, or lose the fraternite." It is worthy of note, this simple society, in which at a club dinner a hilarious member could be brought from his seat to stand up before his friends with the rod of penance in his hand. I think that we would now almost prefer to "lose the fraternity" even of the Reform or Conservative Clubs than "receive the yard."

One of the important matters of the general day was the statement of accounts. "And the skyveyns schulle bringe the catel at the general morn speche, and leyn upon the cheker bifor the aldirman." I have chosen this quotation on account of the word "cheker," which having obtained one exalted position, now held by Mr. Goschen, has become almost obsolete elsewhere.

The guild made loans to its members; "if case falleth that any of the brotherhede have nede for to borwe a certain of selver, that they go to the keepers of the box"—the four sufficient men—"and take that he hath nede, so that the somme be not so moche that on may be esed as well as another, and that they leye a suffisaunt wed (or pledge) or elles fynde suffisaunt borwes (or sureties) of the brotherhede." Like Madame Blaize, they freely lent to all the poor who left a pledge behind. There was a diversity in the charge made for loans. St. Benedict, of Lincoln, charged half the increase that had been made out of the money.

If a member had fallen into poverty the other members were charged with his maintenance, but instead of giving the subscriptions direct, each brother paid his weekly mite, and out of the proceeds the poor brother received his regular dole, and the balance, says one passage, "shall go to the makynge of the image of St. George." Or again, the poor brother going to the houses of the brethren "shall be courteously received, or there shall be given to him, *as if he were the master of the house*, whatever he wants of meat, drink and

clothing, and he shall have a halfpenny like those who are sick; and then he shall go home in the name of the Lord."

Our ancestors said that a man had fallen at mischief when they meant that what we call mischief or loss had befallen him. If we now say that a lad had fallen at mischief it would not altogether suggest the workhouse.

It is a curious fact that the "Poor Men's Guild" should, like all others, retain the clause which speaks of a poor brother or sister falling into poverty. Sickness as well as poverty was cared for, for it often meant poverty then as it does now; and those who lost their goods by sea or other mishap were provided for. If I mention the visiting of any member in prison, and comforting him, the finding work for the young, the support of the aged, and the endowing good girls, either for marriage or to go into a religious house, I shall have given a fair list of the good deeds which these early guilds tried to do.

But, as I said before, the burial of the dead and the services for the souls of the brethren were the most important of all their undertakings in the eyes of the members themselves. And if we consider it, it is well that this should have been so. The reverent care of the dead has always been a sign of growing civilisation. It is closely connected with the sacredness of life, for no merely savage race would search the country round for a missing brother, and bring his body, when discovered, with all the signs of public mourning to a sacred resting-place prepared for it with care. It is no objection to this solicitous attention that the care of the dead has been carried to extremes. You may criticise that Egyptian veneration, which struggles hopelessly to preserve that which must perish, and worships that which cannot receive worship, but you can only do so safely when you keep all the reverence—remembering into whose hands you commit the sacred dust—and discard anxious longings in the knowledge of better things to come. How pathetic and sad in the loving yearning is the Egyptian principle of preservation, but in how terrible an impossibility it ends!

I will not detain the reader with many details of what the guilds did for their dead, because in one of the churches of this land the same services are performed with the same goodwill, and in the same hope now. It may be interesting to know that the duties of the lettered members differed from those of the unlettered, the former being ordered to say the Placebo and Dirige, the latter to repeat the Paternoster and Ave Maria twenty sythes or times. There is a pretty rule in the case of those dying abroad; the same ceremonies were to be performed "as tho' he were at hom amonge them."

Let us mark this:—"If any man wishes, as is common, to keep night watches with the dead, this will be allowed, on the condition that he neither calls up ghosts, nor makes any mockeries of the body:" the connection is rather an insult to the reality of ghosts.

The death day of the members, whether rich or poor, was equally preserved in memory.

Although so much is said of the services of the Church, I wish especially to emphasise one or two facts. The services of a chaplain were considered altogether secondary to the relief of the poor: the clergy were not allowed, as a rule, to meddle with business, the lay brethren being "best able to deal with such things." The chaplains were purely officers appointed for a certain work—when three were retained they celebrated services, one for the living, one for the dead, and the third in honour of the Holy Cross or some such sacred relic or person.

From even such a sketch of the ordinances of some of these guilds it will perhaps be seen that their objects are closely interwoven with their rules. The objects themselves seem less important, often, than their charitable arrangements. The carpenters of Norwich say that their guild "was begunnen by this intent, for to encresin a light of torchis atte sacrament of Cristis bode at selue (or the said) altar." The Guild of St. Thomas of Canterbury was begun through "a grete deuocion to the forseide martir . . . to maintain and find one candle of 2 lbs. of wax." Others seem to have existed in order to offer up prayers. The Norfolk guilds, whose chief actual work was to search for the bodies of the drowned, were founded to "say a Paternoster, and a Ave pur charite Laudemus deum Benedicamus pater &c. . . . Benedictus es Per signum sancte &c. Maria virgo semperletare . . . Beseke we Jhesu Christ mercy." Then follow petitions in English for Richard II., for the barons, for the Pope of Rome, and the Patriarch of Jerusalem and the Church: for the Holy Land: for the fruit of the earth, that God send it "such wederynge that may turne Christen men to profyt: and for schippmen, and for all men that travayle be se and be land:" then more Latin prayers . . . kyrieleison . . . then mercy for "oure fadere saules, and for oure modere saules, and for the criste saules that ben in the bitter payne of purgatore. Paternoster de profundis &c. oremus: Incline Domine fideles benedicite Domine, Ille nos benedicat. Gode's helpe be amonge us Amen." Such prayers as these, widely spread among the common and middling folk, where the old English tongue cannot altogether keep from breaking out, greatly help us to understand, not only the

very phrases, but the meaning of the Common Prayer Book of our English Church. "What! Prayer by the Book and Common! Yes. Why not?" was not a natural exclamation. Prayer by the Book and Common had long been the only prayer in use: it was the other kind which would have caused the exclamation. Here we see the understanding breaking out into the English rather than the Latin tongue; people had begun to ask, Why not use the tongue in which we were born? Common Prayer has the pedigree of an aristocrat; the descent of any other kind is not for us to trace. But I confess that the literary interest to me at the moment is the decided connection between the guild prayers of the past times with the Common Prayer of the English Church, and I think that I am justified in accounting for the wide-spread acceptance of the latter by the broad diffusion and genuine meaning of the former.

We have seen that all the guilds had their procession, but some appear to have existed almost entirely for a procession or a pageant. No antique English town could be found to lend itself in a more picturesque manner to a pageant than Beverley, where we find some interesting guilds. Among the many saints in the calendar whose names were used to head these processions, none was more popular than St. Eleyne or Elene, or as we now call her St. Helen, because she was said to have been a Briton and the mother of Constantine the Great. Many traces of this lady may be found about York—the Roman headquarters and capital—especially in connection with pure wells of water. But St. Helen, who was patron of one of the Beverley guilds, is made more prominent by a great discovery she made, and this discovery is referred to in the ordinances of the Guild of the Holy Cross at Lynn as "the Holy Crouche (or cross) that St. Eleyne founde." One of the drawbacks to my subject is that at all points something turns up—a word or an incident—which tempts me to digress; but I must only now say that the Legend of the Invention or the finding of the Holy Rood will bear comparison with that of the Holy Grail, and the other Christian stories, so beautifully grotesque in their impossibilities, so simple in their faith. Now at Beverley, on the feast of St. Eleyne, the members of the guild (called by the name of the saint) meet together, says the record, "and then a fair youth, the fairest boy they can find, is picked out, and is clad as a queen, like to St. Elene, and an old man goes before this youth, carrying a cross, and another old man carrying a shovel, in token of the finding of the Holy Cross. The sisteren of the guild follow after, two and two; and then the brethren, two and two; and then the two stewards; and after all follows the alderman. And so,

all fairly clad, they go in procession, with much music, to the church of the Friars Minors of Beverley ; and there, at the altar of St. Elene, solemn mass is celebrated, and everyone of the guild makes an offering of a penny." A similar pageant in the same town was prepared by the Guild of St. Mary, in honour of the glorious virgin, where also the members walk "with much music and gladness," as in the other case. Those who have been under the impression that we islanders were unmusical will have to give up that pet idea, and rather acknowledge that we have led the van instead of lagging behind, at a time when, perhaps, music was a more important solace to the struggling population than it has been of late years. It is probable also that Yorkshire led the other counties then as it does now. But to those who know Beverley even a little an immediate and pleasing connection will appear between these music and pageant loving guilds and one relic to be seen in the old town to-day. In the year 1512 the tower of the beautiful church of St. Mary's fell and killed many people. The accident necessitated the rebuilding of a part of the nave, and the benefactors who assisted in the rebuilding are named on the stones which they caused to be reared. Xlay and his wife made two pillars and a half, and good wives made two more, but as we get further East near the tower we find—the quaintest of all—a pillar with this inscription, "Thys pyllor made the meynstrels," which of course means "the minstrels made this pillar." And on the capital of the same pillar are carved the figures of the minstrels themselves, —five of them—with their harps and violins and pipes in their hands, and to make them quainter still a later artist has painted these figures blue.

Some guilds were instituted for the purpose of producing music of a kind which has always been and will be popular. The Bristol guild of the ringers is perhaps a little later than most of those I have mentioned, but this fine art dates from a very early time. The brethren of these guilds, instead of saying masses for the souls of their benefactors, rang out a peal in their honour. They knelt to pray as they entered the belfry ; they punished swearing and cursing, scoffing and unseemly jesting in the church ; speaking even was forbidden while the bells were being rung. They fined any brother who seized a rope before the master had chosen his place, or for any rudeness or quarrelsomeness. They obtained their subscriptions from their rich neighbours by ringing so well, as they say, "that hearing these loud cymbals with the ears, they may, by the sweet harmony thereof, be enlarged in their hearts to pull one string more to make it more sweet." And so they rung their money from them.

Among the objects which these fraternities set before themselves one guild may be mentioned at Bristol, which undertook to keep the ancient records and muniments not only of their own town but of other places.

One of the chief occupations of the Guild of St. Martin, at Stamford, was the hunting of a bull.

The Guild of the Blessed Mary at Chesterfield, afterwards joined by the Guild of the Smiths, was begun in 1218 to hold certain services, and the better to assure the liberties of the town. The members swore to uphold the due claims of the church, to take care for the rights of the lord of the place, and to guard all their liberties, within town and without town, and to give trusty help thereto whenever it may be needed.

The undertakings which have to us in these days perhaps a special interest are the plays which many guilds were founded to perform. In touching upon these I enter upon another subject which it would be quite impossible to discuss properly within the limits of a single paper. The trades of York alone produced more than fifty. We have in our own times, but on the Continent, a specimen of a mystery play still played, which is deeply interesting and instructive in the comparative study of the subject. As to the meaning of the word "mystery" in this connection there are two opposing views: one is that as there is a mystery in every trade, every trade is a mystery: the other is that it is merely the old French word for trade, "mestiere," and to this latter view I lean. Each of the trades, or mysteries, then having their play, the natural description of these dramas would be mystery plays. It is most unfortunate that two such different words as the Greek mystery, the silent, hidden, solemn secret, and trade, the open, bustling, well-trodden way of the market-place, should have rushed into each other thus, and each in a curious manner swallowed each. For it is clear that the idea of mystery has been pushed into the idea of trade, and that which is the least mysterious —the knocking of ideas into the heads of apprentices—should have come to its present occult signification. To learn a trade seems to me to be the very opposite of dwelling upon a mystery.

But to return—I will mention one alone of the guilds which existed to produce plays. "Once on a time," runs the Latin report, "a play setting forth the goodness of the Lord's Prayer was played in the city of York, in which play all manner of vices and sins were held up to scorn, and the virtues were held up to praise. This play met with so much favour that many said, 'Would that this play could be kept up in this city, for the health of souls and for the comfort of

citizens and neighbours.' Hence the keeping up of that play in times to come, for the health and amendment of the souls as well of the upholders as of the hearers of it, became the whole and sole cause of the beginning and fellowship of the brethren of this brotherhood. And so the main charge of the guild is to keep up this play, to the glory of God, the Maker of the said prayer, and for the holding up of sins and vices to scorn. And because those who remain in their sins are unable to call God their Father, therefore the brethren of the guild are first of all bound to shun company and businesses that are unworthy." Then follow naturally the other ordinances.

These, then, are some of the bonds which united these fraternities together. The reader will notice that in trying to gain a general view of the objects and uses of early guilds I have not got beyond the social or religious ones. I have scarcely been able to touch either on merchant guilds or on the later craft or trade guilds. But it will be observed that the system is the same in all; the guild has the same personality, whether we see it as a child protecting its members from the inroads of the thief; as a youth spouting poetry, carrying torches to his brother's grave, or pealing bells; as a strong man in the livery companies which have reached greybearded age. If we were more closely considering the craft guilds there would be many weak points to discuss, as there are in every good thing. For instance, the critics make it a matter of congratulation that in the education of Albert Dürer he was not trammelled by the restrictions of the guilds. But if I were so foolish as to suppose that there could be any good thing without drawbacks incidental to it, I should not be so sanguine as to expect the reader to agree with me. We must take the ancestors of our institutions as we find them, and be thankful if in the main they appear to have done good. If it cannot be shown that the guilds have directly produced for us many of our liberties, I think it is clear that they were the organisations which our forefathers formed for themselves, and used to develope their constant and untiring strife for liberty. And liberty being no morose or selfish thing, was content to be hatched and fostered under the warm wings of fellowship and union. For ourselves, as a rule, those whose fathers have been fired by the zeal for freedom are full of the love of freedom too, but it does not absolutely follow. There always have been and there are still those who are ashamed of their fathers' principles, their fathers' ways, their fathers' trade; the sons of heroes have been found to look down upon the plain *rôle* of hero. But yet it is more natural to do the opposite, to see the halo round a father's head more bright than any but a son can see; and it is

possible that we may trace more benefits to the early guilds than have actually left that source. These fraternities have seemed to me to teach the lesson of mutual support, rectitude of individual conduct, social tenderness and geniality, freedom and deep reverence; if it can be proved that they have not done so, perhaps the lessons are worth learning without this precedent.

GEORGE RADFORD.

PAGES ON PLAYS.

THERE are moments when the discharge of one's duty as a student of plays is not wholly pleasurable. And such moments, such minutes, such hours, have been somewhat largely familiar during the last month. It requires a certain amount of energy, even of devotion, to quit a gracious little seacoast town, all vivid with green grass and blue sky and scarlet houses, and find London muffled in a merciless foul fog and bitterly cold. My gracious little seacoast-town was not as warm as Luxor; the gleaming wave was scarcely as brightly blue as the Sicilian Sea of which Mr. Andrew Lang sings, but for England in winter, and for a part of England within some two hours' train from London, it does well indeed. Its skies are mostly clear; the only thing approaching a fog is a delicate silver sea-mist as fragile as a fairy veil. The sun shines often, lending an appreciable warmth to the wintry air and lighting up the vivid hues of the place after a fashion that might delight the wonderful Spanish colour-poet whom Mr. Grein has lately discovered. To quit all this for a murky city and freezing streets, was to be truly loyal to the service of the drama. I have seen a great many plays in consequence, under more or less degrees of climatic discomfort, but it is only in a few instances that the effort has been rewarded in anything like a satisfactory manner. With a few conspicuous exceptions the dramatic record of the month has not been brilliant.

If I were called upon to declare solemnly upon oath what I sincerely held to be the most important dramatic event of the past month, I should answer unhesitatingly that the appearance of Miss Aida Jenoure in "The Mountebanks" was the most important event. For Miss Jenoure is undoubtedly one of the very cleverest children of the Comic Muse now upon our stage. To begin with, she can dance exquisitely, and to dance exquisitely is to do well in a delightful art. A good dance is an infinitely higher work of art than a mediocre comedy. It should be known, if it is not, of the Caliph Haroun Er-Rasheed, that on one occasion two messengers craved audience of him from distant parts of his dominions. One came to

announce the conquest of a new kingdom, the other to recount the discovery of a wonderful dancing-girl. The Caliph gave this latter the earliest audience. "Kingdoms," said the monarch, "are always to be had; a perfect dancing-girl is a rare jewel." Those who are curious concerning this fragment of oriental history may refresh themselves by reference to El Masoudi's "Meadows of Gold," to the great dictionary of Ibn Kallikan, and to the seven hundred and sixty-fourth quatrain in the Lucknow edition of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. In this quatrain the poet declares himself thus:—"Let whoso will covet wealth and empire and the scimitar of command. I would rather have red wine and white roses than gold or silver; I am like that Sultan who esteemed a cypress-slender dancing-girl more highly than a kingdom."

It is so delightful to be able to welcome unusual talent to the stage, so exhilarating to be able to greet with applause fresh and varied gifts of grace and humour, that there is sometimes a tendency, pardonable but probable on the part of the pleased student of plays and players, to allow a natural enthusiasm to run into extravagance. The poor old Pegasus of criticism, stirred from its amble into a brisk trot, may be tempted to take the bit between its teeth and career away on a swinging gallop. In this hideous English winter and under the somewhat monotonous condition of the comic stage, the appearance of an actress who can use well three of the best gifts in the world, who can sing, who can dance, and who can act, is an event of great importance. But I was determined to test the enthusiasm of the first night. I went again to "The Mountebanks," resolved to be exceptionally severe, to judge carefully if indeed this new star of comic opera deserved all that I had thought, and said, and written. I went through the ordeal to which I had submitted myself with perfect satisfaction to myself. If it were possible, I thought Miss Jenoure's performance even better the second time than I thought it the first time. In all sobriety of speech, I believe her to be the cleverest comic opera actress on our stage. She dances delightfully; and I love dancing as dearly as ever Persian poet or last century Parisian did. But there are others, it may be, who can dance as well, though indeed at this moment I can think of no dancing-girl who seems to dance with such an air of dainty personal enjoyment of the motion. She can sing very sweetly—though on this matter I have little right to speak—but there are many women who sing sweetly on our stage. But Miss Jenoure not only dances delightfully and sings sweetly, but she can act, and that is a thing which very few girls who dance, *and very few girls who sing either*, can do or try to do. She

seems to possess a positive genius of whimsical comedy. She is all alive with fantastic humour, and the art seems to come to her without effort, as naturally as the gift of flight comes to a bird. I have never seen anything of its kind more instinctively graceful, animated by a more fascinating unconscious spirit of mirth. All the buoyant joyousness, all the plastic grace of movement which must have belonged to the creations of the Comedy of Masks seem to have been as it were reincarnated in this young actress who was absolutely unknown to London, absolutely unknown to me, when the year began. Such must have been the charm of the fair women with the fair names who made Columbine famous in Italy and in France, the Beatrice whose praises Loret rhymed, Patricia Adami, the three generations of Biancolelli women, Spinetta, Margherita Rusca, Anna Veronesa whom Marmontel adored, Smeraldina who quitted the Comedy of Masks to play in the fairy fantasies of Carlo Gozzi. These are the artistic precursors of our new priestess of the Frolic Muse. If Miss Jenoure can sustain the success she has made in "The Mountebanks," there is a brilliant career before her, and a great deal of delight in store for London.

"The Mountebanks" is Mr. Gilbert out-Gilberting himself. Much of it is very funny; taken altogether, it is far too long—a fault it shares with most dramatic entertainments. In older days, when the play was less of an institution, less of an habitual amusement, there was more excuse for very long performances, but nowadays, when London is rapidly becoming a city of theatres, when the play is portion and parcel of the life of almost everyone, and when a goodly proportion of the inhabitants of London pass a solid part of their yearly lives within the walls of some playhouse, there is less necessity for protracted entertainments. To the end of the first act "The Mountebanks" goes briskly, full of mad humour, tuneful numbers, and clever acting. But the second act, except when the clockwork figures are on the stage, does drag. Everybody acts with a will—Miss Geraldine Ulmar, Miss Eva Moore, and Miss Lucille Saunders for the women, and Mr. Robertson, Mr. Wyatt, and Mr. Lionel Brough for the men. Mr. Monkhouse shows a higher power of humour than he has yet displayed as the Mountebank, who played the first act of the "Moody Dane" to an audience who laughed at him, and who swore that no human being should ever laugh at him again, and so became a clown. It is curious that so ingenious a dramatist as Mr. Gilbert should have evolved no more ingenious way of getting his people out of the difficulty in which the loss of the antidote has placed them than by the commonplace device of making the jealous

woman who has stolen it repent and return it. The music of the late Mr. Cellier seems to an outsider to be very pleasing and graceful.

The rest of the entertainments that have sought to exhilarate London through this period of frost and fog and snow and slush have not afforded me any especial delight. I do not think that "The Honourable Herbert" is equal to either of Mr. Haddon Chambers's earlier dramas, equal to the "Idler" or equal to "Captain Swift." I do think that Mr. Thorne has gathered an exceedingly good company about him, and that the company do their very best for "The Honourable Herbert," and that it is no fault of theirs if "The Honourable Herbert," unlike fair Phyllis, fail to please. But Mr. Haddon Chambers certainly does not yield as yet either the bolt of Ibsen or the bistouri of Dumas Fils; it is easier to do plays of broad contrasts with a background of strange lands and an atmosphere of desperate adventure than to be the calm inflexible analyser and demonstrator of human nature, to whom the drama is a kind of dissecting-room and life the subject for a clinical lecture. It seems to me that Mr. Comyns Carr has made something of the same mistake as Mr. Haddon Chambers. "Forgiveness" is not the kind of play one expected from Mr. Comyns Carr; it does not reach the level of skill we have a right to expect from him. Dexterous dialogue, indeed, there is in abundance; witty phrase and neat epigram frequently refresh the labouring beholder, patiently endeavouring to solve the puzzle that Mr. Carr has set before him, and to understand the motives which govern the actions of his eccentric personages. I do not think "Forgiveness" is as interesting a play as I thought Mr. Carr would write. I do not think its people are the interesting people that I had expected Mr. Carr to portray. The dialogue of "Forgiveness" is the work of a practised man of letters, in whose case command of his own tongue has reached a high degree of verbal felicity. But the play wants a world of qualities which surely Mr. Carr may be counted upon to show himself the master of when he next produces a piece.

"Henry VIII." at the Lyceum is the solemn ceremony of the opening year. It is a ceremonial of the utmost splendour; its gorgeous pageantry sweeps by to the sound of drums and trumpets emulating the proud glory of a Mantegna procession. It is a wonderful vision of Queens and Cardinals, of Kings and great Princes and Captains, shining like the blessed sun for splendour, and seeking to dazzle by their effulgence the staring spectator into the belief that "Henry VIII." is a profoundly interesting play, and especially a play that affords the Lyceum company excellent oppor-

tunities. But unhappily "Henry VIII." is not a profoundly interesting play, and it does not afford the Lyceum company excellent opportunities. It affords a measure of scholarly delight to the practised critics of Elizabethan drama; it affords them a battle-ground wherein to fight over the great question, Who wrote the play? The plangent war rages; from the din of the melly come the battle-cries; the names of Fletcher and Massinger and Shakespeare and Bacon float on the frightened air. The champions of the differing claims lay about them lustily, and are happy while they hew the targets of their adversaries. But I do not greatly care who wrote the play; its authorship could not alter the fact that it is a very faulty specimen of the chronicle play, adorned, like a poor stuff splendidly brocaded, with some of the most eloquent, the most sonorous, the most stately passages in English literature. But it does not prove an interesting play to see acted, and it does not give to the Lyceum company those opportunities for their talents which have been afforded by preceding Lyceum pieces. Even if the play were intrinsically more attractive than it is, its bulk has to be so reduced to make room for, and find time for, the magnificent processions and elaborate scenes, that the story seems to shrivel away almost into nothingness. Through it moves, to the end of the third act, Mr. Irving as the Cardinal, a majestic figure, awe-inspiring in his power, moving pity in his fall. But his fall takes place at the end of the third act, and that is the last of Mr. Irving. Miss Ellen Terry, who cannot conceal her grace and charm in the somewhat loveless personality of Queen Catherine, lingers on to the fourth act, and then she goes; and then there is yet another act to come—a short act, it is true—an act of glittering upholstery, but deprived of all the interesting figures of the play, with the exception of the King. Under these conditions "Henry VIII." must be in considerable measure disappointing. At the Lyceum the playgoer has learned naturally to look for an almost profligate luxuriousness of appointment, of adornment, of decoration. He knows, and is sometimes pleased to know, that no expense is spared to make the mounting of a piece as gorgeous as may be. But he has learnt also to look for as much as he can of Mr. Irving and of Miss Ellen Terry, and he can scarcely be expected to find increased pleasure in a play which on the whole gives him very little of either of them. There is a great deal of human nature in a playgoer, after all.

Mr. Terriss as the King looked kingly, but emphasised the traditional bluffness of the royal character to a needless degree. Miss Violet Vanbrugh made a very charming Anne Boleyn. Mr. Forbes

Robertson as the ill-starred Buckingham, whose head is swept from his shoulders almost on the very threshold of the play, was one of the conspicuous successes of the revival. There was a noble dignity, a depth of feeling, about the scene of his dying farewell, which deserves enthusiastic praise. It will be interesting to note how far "Henry VIII." pleases the taste of the town. If prodigality of display, if wealth of colour, if richness of realisation can delight, then the "Famous History" will hold its own with the proudest triumphs on the Lyceum record. Norfolk's glowing words about the Field of the Cloth of Gold might almost be employed to blazon it :—

> Men might say
> Till this time pomp was single, but now married
> To one above itself.

Until that time comes desired by Mr. Ruskin, when gold and jewels shall only be thought of as destined to glitter on the housings of the charger and flash from the turban of the slave, men will love to see a brave show, and a more splendid stage show than "Henry VIII." makes at the Lyceum it would be hard to guess at.

There are two other performances which call for comment, but not, I regret to say, for commendation. One is Mrs. Hodgson-Burnett's "The Showman's Daughter" at the Royalty Theatre, the other is Mr. Frankfort Moore's "The Mayflower" at the Opera Comique. In the one instance a distinguished novelist has proved once again that the power of writing very good novels does not in the least mean the power to write very good or even fairly good plays. In the other case a very sweet and graceful poem by a very sweet and gracious poet has been converted to stage uses, and in the conversion has lost its sweetness and its grace without adding to our drama a good acting play. At the Royalty Miss May Whitty did her best with a part which it was impossible to do much with. Miss May Whitty is an exceedingly clever young actress. It is always a wonder to me that she does not get better opportunities of showing how much genuine emotional power and dramatic ability she possesses. At the Opera Comique Miss May Fortescue and Mr. Edward Compton tried hard to make the transplanted John Alden and Priscilla seem vital and interesting. Such is the, on the whole, somewhat profitless record of a busy time. Somewhat, but not wholly, for the dramatic month cannot be considered profitless which enriches our stage with so clever an actress as the girl who is playing Nita the dancing-girl at the Lyric. Let me end, as I began, in great gratitude for that gift of a dramatic fate and of a frolic muse.

JUSTIN HUNTLY M^cCARTHY.

TABLE TALK.

Roumanian Folk-Songs.

UNLESS we class as Folk-Songs the ballad minstrelsy of the Borders and the Northern Counties generally, our literature owes little work of the highest class to this source. In a sense the ballads may be so classed. What are known as the Robin Hood ballads are folk-tales, and are racy of the soil and those who live by it. Others, however, are purely romantic, and can have appealed, very indirectly, to Gurth the swineherd and his associates. To the Queen of Roumania, that graceful poetess of whose serious illness I hear with much regret, and Miss Alma Strettell, we are indebted for some folk-songs and ballads which, while thoroughly saturated with peasant thought and feeling, are entitled to take a place in literature of the highest order. Very long is it since I have read poetry which, for imagination, passion, colour, and dramatic effect, can compare with the Roumanian Folk-Songs collected from the peasants by Hélène Vacaresco,[1] and given to the world by the two authors I have mentioned. Supposing these works to possess a lyric beauty equal to their imaginative gifts—a matter concerning which, when they are only accessible through a dual translation, it is impossible to speak—they must take rank with the highest products of poetry. Attention has been drawn to them in one or two quarters, but nothing at all approximating to justice has been done them. I put in a claim to the gratitude of lovers of poetry in giving one or two specimens of their nature.

Their Origin and Inception.

THEY are, I am told in the preface, peculiar to a certain district of Roumania in which "the mysterious grandeur of mountains has combined with the melancholy and subtle beauty of vast plains in influencing its people." Four years were spent by Miss Hélène Vacaresco in collecting them from the peasants on an estate which had been owned by her family for centuries. So carefully guarded are they that ordinary inducements would not persuade

[1] Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.

the peasants to sing them. With exemplary patience she studied spinning in order to join the girls at their spinning parties, at which they were recited. She hid in the maize to overhear the reapers; she "caught them from the lips" of lute-players, gipsies, and fortune-tellers. She listened for them "by death-beds, by cradles, at the dance, and in the tavern." Many of them have a refrain totally apart, apparently, from the subject, and suggested by close observation of the nature in the midst of which they dwell, and by the desire to show the imagined sympathy between inanimate things and human sufferings. Most of them are said to be improvisations, a statement difficult of acceptance. The spinning songs are thus delivered. "The girls all stand in a circle, spinning, the best spinner and singer being in the middle. She begins to improvise a song, and at any moment she chooses throws her spindle, holding it by a long thread, to another girl, who has to go on spinning while the first girl pulls out the flax—a proceeding requiring great dexterity—and at the same time has to continue the improvisation which has been begun."

Specimens of Folk-Songs.

I DARE not occupy these pages with an entire song, though I am aware that without so doing it is difficult to give an idea of the wail which many of them enshrine. My hope is that a few extracts will drive others to seek the book for themselves. Here is a song entitled "Barren," the significance of which will not be missed :—

I am she that hath borne no children;
Yet there is no one hath cursed me. I look the same as the others.
But the nests pity me even;
The sun, the mother of stars, hath compassion upon me, and saith:
"O childless woman! what dost thou with all the days I make bright?"
Mine ear is full of the murmur of rocking cradles.
"For a single cradle," saith Nature, "I would give every one of my graves."
Joy shrinketh and turneth from me, like the setting sun from the earth.
Fruitful women draw nigh me, and tenderly clasp my hand;
But alone am I, and powerless, when the anguish sways over me.

Equally subtle is the whole of this strange poem. Apart from its other beauties, what a fine proverb that is about Nature and her graves! Here is a Song of the Dagger, in a different and much more gruesome spirit :—

The dagger at my belt it dances
Whene'er I dance;
But when I drink the foaming wine-cup,
Then it grows sad,
For it is thirsty too, the dagger:
It thirsts for blood.

"Give, give me drink," it saith, "O master,
For if I wear no stain of crimson,
The sunshine is ashamed to glitter
Upon my blade!

"Then give, that I too may be drunken
With the warm blood that flows from wounds.
The maids will find thy kisses sweeter
When thou hast quenched my thirst,
And I shall dance when thou art dancing
More gaily at thy belt."

Here is perhaps enough for a first instalment. I shall be sorry if the reader does not see the originality and power of these extracts, short and inadequate though they be. There are many other poems of no less originality and power, and there is a drama at the conclusion which is one of the most tremendous things in literature. This, however, if ever I turn to it, will want a few pages to itself.

Who wrote "King Henry VIII."?

Apart from the many questions, artistic and histrionic, which are stirred by the Lyceum production of the famous history of the life of King Henry VIII., and which are dealt with under a separate heading, I venture to bring up here a matter of literary interest on which I hold a strong opinion. That Shakespeare was not the unassisted author of "Henry VIII." has been maintained by a few scholars for considerably over a century. That his share in it is inconsiderable, and includes few of what are held to be the most characteristic speeches, has been advanced with more or less assurance by a few of the present generation. That he is scarcely, if at all, concerned in it, is what few only dare maintain. This last statement is, however, the truth. Mr. Fleay, whose system of metrical tests, imperfect as it must necessarily be, is not to be overlooked or gainsaid, has not hesitated to point out the scenes, three in all, which are Shakespeare's. These he holds, or rather asserts, to be Act I. scene 2 (the scene in which Henry hears the evidence of the servants of Buckingham against their master), and scenes 2 and 3 of Act II. The former is that in which Norfolk and Suffolk are chidden for intruding upon the King, and Wolsey removes for a little to Campeius his well-worn mask of hypocrisy; the latter that in which Anne Bullen receives the news of her promotion to be Countess of Pembroke. That these are written in phrases terser and more idiomatic than other portions of the play is obvious; that they might not have been written by another than Shakespeare is not to be seriously

maintained. Mr. Fleay goes further, and indicates the passages that are by Massinger, who cannot be proved to have had a hand in the matter. Three-fourths of the play bears the unmistakable impress of Fletcher, a man whose writings can no more be confused with those of Shakespeare than can, in more modern days, the music of Byron be taken for that of Mr. Swinburne.

The Author of "King Henry VIII." is John Fletcher.

THESE statements, though calculated to bewilder old-fashioned readers, will nowhere, among those competent to deal with the question, be seriously disputed. Few men have screwed up their courage quite far enough to abandon Shakespeare's claim to any part in the authorship; and one or two not very probable conjectures have been put forward, that Shakespeare might in his latest play have amused himself by imitating one who was his junior and in every way his inferior. Such a proceeding has not previously been known. Except for the purpose of caricature, no man has ever willingly donned the intellectual garb of an inferior. Wordsworth, in the "White Doe of Rylstone," tried to manage one of Coleridge's metres and failed. He put his name to the book, however, and had no thought of letting Coleridge be credited with the result. To fancy Shakespeare, when on the point of quitting London for Stratford, trying to stand in Fletcher's shoes is quite inconceivable, and the theory may be dismissed. Thus stands it, then. Fletcher is the author of the play. This is so clear that I do not even attempt to occupy these pages by proof. A few scenes were written by Massinger some opine and Mr. Fleay states, and by Shakespeare some dare not cease to hope.

Authority of the First Folio Shakespeare.

IN one of his whimsical satires, Heine questions what would be the state of mind of a Hamburg merchant who discovered, when ripe in years, that his arithmetical calculations were all wrong, and found that one and one did not make two. Similar consternation is to be expected in certain Shakespearean circles when the authority of the First Folio edition is seriously oppugned. The evidence is, however, clear that the blind confidence that has been put in the Folio is to some extent misplaced. While omitting much that is unmistakably Shakespearean, "Cymbeline" to wit, in which the evidences of his workmanship are as clear and convincing as they

are in "Romeo and Juliet" or "Macbeth," it includes four plays in which Shakespeare's task cannot have extended farther than managerial supervision. In the three other plays which are clearly not by Shakespeare—the three parts, namely, of the History of King Henry VI.—Mr. Fleay is able to apportion, more or less satisfactorily to himself, the share of Marlowe with other writers. In this I shall not follow him. Without disputing his conclusions—for I have not bestowed on the subject a tenth of the attention he has paid it—I leave his conjecture for the delight of those for whom it is meant. Whatever arguments in favour of any claim to authorship may be worth, there is no doubt that the negative evidence is conclusive, and that the plays are not Shakespeare's.

Fate of Shakespeare's "King Henry VIII."

At the risk of going over familiar ground, however, I venture to put intelligibly and simply the cause why a counterfeit, or, at least, an erroneous version of "King Henry VIII." is ascribed to Shakespeare. One fact at least is known. On the 29th of June, 1613, owing to the negligent discharge of a peal of ordnance, the thatch of the Globe Theatre was set on fire. An unfavourable wind was blowing, and the house was destroyed. To this fact abundant testimony is forthcoming. It is also known that the play being then performed—it is believed for the first time—was named "All is True," and represented some principal incidents in the reign of King Henry VIII. That this play is not the same as that included in the Folio is proven, since it had in it a fool or a clown, such as appears in "King Lear" or "As You Like It," and many other Shakespearean plays. In the conflagration the play which was being performed perished. The present version was executed subsequently by Fletcher and another, who may be supposed to have gone, to a certain extent, upon the lines of the earlier work. I have little doubt that characters, including that of Wolsey, took their colours from Shakespeare, who died somewhere about the time when the present play of "King Henry VIII." saw the light. When collecting half a dozen years later the plays attributed to Shakespeare, Heminge and Condell, who knew Shakespeare had written one on the subject of Henry VIII., assumed this to be it, or trusted to the reading public to accept it as such.

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DOCTOR GREGORY.

BY ALICE CORKRAN.

DOCTOR GREGORY was walking up the street in which stood the house of his friend, Sir William Fay. It was a steep street, austerely monotonous in its architecture; the August sun was hot, the elderly gentleman carried a heavy bag, yet he walked with a springing step. He was white-haired and of a fine open-air complexion. Notwithstanding a slight stoop, which betokened a dreamy habit of mind, there was a fire and a spirit about his whole appearance. His bright and hopeful eye, of somewhat abstracted gaze, kindled easily as he muttered to himself, and smiles played about his lips.

Doctor Gregory was an antiquary. He devoted his time and his energy to unburying the past. Enthusiastic by temperament, he was apt sometimes to over-estimate the importance of the discoveries he made, nevertheless, the British Museum and some local collections contained some curious relics of Roman and Saxon times that he had presented. While digging in the neighbourhood of a Roman encampment he had lately come upon a square block of masonry ornamented with inscriptions, in relievo, resembling nothing that he had yet found. The old gentleman was hurrying along to share with his friend the excitement and mystery of that find. Sir William Fay was a renowned excavator, of vast learning and judgment, who held a high official position. A warm friendship existed between the two men. Essentially different in temperament, community of tastes gave to their relationship the exhilaration of intellectual comradeship. If the truth must be told, however, Sir William's feeling for Doctor

Gregory was one of affection for the man himself rather than of trust in his judgment as an archæologist. To the doctor, who was an old bachelor, friendship with the eminent scientist was the solace and delight of his solitary and studious life.

Doctor Gregory, not being the most patient of men, felt inclined to fume at being kept waiting on the doorstep. With the abruptness of intimacy he burst into his friend's study and cut short his greetings.

"My dear Fay," he said, in tones of mystery, "you will never guess what I have in this bag."

"The bag and its master, in effect, seem charged with mystery," replied his friend, an amused glimmer flickering up into his faded eyes. He was a man of incisive countenance. His finely-cut features of classic mould were somewhat marred by what looked like an accidental bluntness of the tip of the nose and projection of the chin. His friends said that he resembled a bust of Jupiter, fractured in the process of exhumation.

"I have something here that will surprise you, that will agitate you, my dear friend."

"Agitate me!" repeated Sir William with sceptically humorous emphasis, the amused glimmer, not devoid of sarcasm, still brightening his glance as he regarded Doctor Gregory's face radiant and twitching with restrained communicativeness.

"I must prepare you for this find. I think, Fay, I may say without conceit that I have made some interesting discoveries."

"You certainly have," acquiesced Sir William, inclining his head.

"Well, I have found," cried Doctor Gregory with a burst of sublime confidence, "a fragment which I believe to be unique. You know that encampment I have been digging through; well, I have dug below the Roman city into the early Briton period. Fay, I believe I have found there the trace of an early civilisation—a lost civilisation."

"Take care! take care!" said Sir William in a tone of humorous warning. "We old antiquaries are apt to be all too credulous."

"Credulous! You will judge for yourself. I am tolerably familiar with the great European museums, and I do not remember in any one of these national collections having seen such a fragment. Its shape, the inscription upon it, the position in which I found it, all add to its mystery, all deepen in me the conviction that it is unique."

"*Take* care, that is all I say; take care, Gregory, I know you of *old* You are an enthusiast!"

Doctor Gregory made an impatient gesture as if about to open the bag, but he restrained himself. Affecting carelessness, he pretended to examine the treasures around. In the overweening importance that he attached to his concealed exhibit, he thought by this simple device to pique his friend's curiosity, and to draw from him the request to see that extraordinary relic.

To his mortification, Sir William Fay seemed to have forgotten all about it, and rambled off gaily to his own topics, describing the plan he proposed to adopt in directing certain excavations he was about to undertake in Asia Minor.

"Are you not interested in the important discovery made by your friend?" at last asked Doctor Gregory reproachfully.

"Its importance, my dear Gregory, I do not pretend to estimate," replied Sir William, the gleam of mocking light returning to his glance. "You know we old antiquaries are getting a little weary of that word."

With a seriousness too profound for comment, Doctor Gregory unpacked the broken fragment and held it up at arm's length. "There!" he said.

"Where?" asked Sir William, with short-sighted gaze coldly passing over the fragment.

"Have you eyes?" asked Doctor Gregory with the calmness of irritation.

"My dear Gregory," replied Sir William, in a tone of bantering protest, "I see perfectly what you are showing me, but really your preface led me to expect something amazing!"

"I am aware," said Doctor Gregory, restraining the irritation that was making his temples throb, "that there are two specimens of sepulchral carvings, somewhat similar, perhaps, of immense antiquity in the —— Museum."

"I fail to see a third, my friend," replied Sir William, with courtly chilliness. He put his glass to his eye. "Let me see—very interesting, very curious—but, my dear Gregory, I should say centuries later than the carvings to which you allude."

"I will not allow myself to be vexed, Fay," said Doctor Gregory, with great effort controlling the excitement that was gaining upon him, "but—pardon me for saying so—I do not think you are perfectly sincere. My dear fellow, there is something quite unworthy of you in all this."

"My dear Gregory," retorted Sir William, with polite irony unlike the asperity of his more real tone of affection, "let us make short work of this difference between us; let us compare this

specimen with the undoubted antiquities in the Museum. Come along, I will show you the points of difference."

"Fay!" cried Doctor Gregory, flushing purple, "I am too old to be lectured by you. I am experienced as a scientist. I venture to say that of such antiquities I am a better judge."

"You are too credulous, Gregory, to be a judge. The true scientist approaches every question of the kind with a wholesome incredulity. Now there is old Mr. Goldbeater." Here Sir William Fay indulged in a profane story of the archæological blunders made by a silly quasi antiquary. Poor Doctor Gregory's temper completely gave way on finding himself ranked with an ignorant amateur. With a snort of indignation, and trembling hands, he packed up the precious fragment into its wrappings, returned it to the bag, and made for the door.

As he held it open, "Fay," he said in a muffled voice, "this ends our friendship. I came to you in openness of heart, you have returned my confidence with insult. I do not wish to have any further intercourse with you."

He went out, banged the door after him, and left the house.

One evening, a week later, Doctor Gregory was sitting alone in his study. A melancholy was over him. The lamplight glinted on fragments of mosaics, on broken tiles, on bronze weapons steeped to the hilt in the romance of war, on statuettes of visionary mould. The giant lullaby of the past, which so long had soothed him, had been rudely interrupted by the intrusion of the present's pain. He had not heard from Sir William Fay. The sundering of the old friendship gave the lonely bachelor acute pain.

Doctor Gregory was going once more over all the details of that quarrel, when the servant announced Sir William Fay's son, Fred.

The elderly gentleman felt a spasm of pleasurable anticipation at his heart. Had Fred come on a mission of reconciliation? He disguised his emotion as he greeted his guest; pressed hospitable offers upon him, and talked on indifferent topics. He noticed that the young fellow was moody, that his pleasant laugh was silent.

"The Governor started on his travels two days ago," observed Fred after a moment's silence. "He and I have quarrelled."

"Quarrelled!" exclaimed Doctor Gregory, not averse to hearing that another had suffered from his friend's temper.

Fred moved uneasily, then he rose, went to the mantelpiece, put his elbow upon it, and turned away his head.

"The fact is I am in love!" He brought out the words with shame-faced abruptness. Then he resumed more naturally, "The

governor won't hear of the engagement. If I marry, he says he will cut me off with a shilling."

Doctor Gregory looked at the youth with a blank expression. "Would the match be so unsuitable?"

"Unsuitable! Unsuitable for her. She ought to marry a king!" cried Fred enthusiastically. He was a handsome youth, with a boyish brightness of glance and manner. "But she is willing to have me, and no one can stand in the way. No one!" He spoke with a feverish rapidity peculiar to him when excited.

"What is the objection?" asked Doctor Gregory.

"She has no money. Her father ran through every penny. That is why the governor won't hear of it. But I shall go to the Colonies; I shall live in the bush; I will do anything to make my fortune; then come back and marry her."

"What is her name?" asked Doctor Gregory feebly, overwhelmed by that young ardour.

"Amy! I mean Miss Ancelot."

"Amy Ancelot!" repeated Doctor Gregory with sudden emotion.

The young fellow nodded. "Do you know her?"

"Does she live at Manilhurst, in the Vicarage?"

Fred gazed with a perplexed stare. "She lives at Manilhurst, and she is now staying on a visit at the Vicarage?"

"It is a delightful old house," said Doctor Gregory, "it stands in a beautiful garden. There is a sun dial, and close to it a seat hollowed out in the wall. A passion flower grows over it."

"There is clematis now," said the youth, still staring.

"You wonder," said Doctor Gregory, "how I remember that house and that garden so vividly. Twenty-five years ago there lived in it a girl, the most charming I ever saw. Her name was Amy Ancelot."

"Amy Ancelot!" repeated Fred.

Something in the ingenuous and mystified expression of the young man drew from the doctor the secret he had never breathed to mortal ear. "The mother of the girl you love lived there. I loved her."

"But how do you know she was Amy's mother?" asked Fred.

"My Amy married her cousin. She was the Vicar's daughter. She continued to live at Manilhurst. She died five years ago."

"That is all true," admitted the young man. He hesitated, then he asked, "How is it you did not marry her?"

"She was very charming," said the old man. "She was charming to everybody. It was part of her nature to charm all

those who came near her." Doctor Gregory paused, then continued: "She was incomparably charming. I sometimes thought she cared for me. I was poor. An opportunity presented itself to win distinction, perhaps fortune. You know I had done well at college. I was editing a classical work. A noted explorer offered to take me to Greece. I worked hard under him. I was away two years. My uncle died suddenly, and left me his heir. I returned to England rich and not unsuccessful; but Amy had married."

Fred did not break the silence that followed.

"Has the daughter the same fascination?" asked Doctor Gregory.

"I never saw the mother, sir," replied Fred gently. "I do not know how Amy would strike you. To me she is bewitching beyond all telling."

Doctor Gregory's eyes shone with a moist and tender brightness.

"You must not leave her. Remember my fate, Fred."

"Will you intercede for us with the governor, sir?" said the young man wistfully.

"Intercede! Don't you know that we have quarrelled, Fred?"

"Quarrelled! What about?" exclaimed Fred amazed.

"About that!" the antiquarian replied, pointing to the fragment of stone.

"About that!" repeated Fred, sticking a glass into his eye, and screwing up his face to keep it in place. "What is the matter with it?"

In his heart the young fellow considered all antiquities so much rubbish. He could not understand a craze for broken fragments and old pots.

"Matter with it! it is unique!" cried Doctor Gregory, the antiquarian spirit within him blazing up once more.

"I should think it was!" said Fred, gazing with ferocious interest through his eyeglass at the fragment. "Did the governor dispute its antiquity?"

"Dispute it! he ignored it, Fred! He sees nothing in it!" Doctor Gregory's voice shook.

"Ignored it! why it is the most extraordinary fragment I ever saw, said Fred heartily.

"I is, Fred, it is! You are a good lad, Fred!"

"Will you intercede for us with my father, sir?" Fred resumed, letting his eyeglass drop, and looking at Doctor Gregory with a new wistfulness. "It is my last chance of winning his consent. If you will not, I must go to Australia."

"Don't do that, Fred, don't do that. I'll think over it. I'll let you know."

When Fred had gone, Doctor Gregory sat doing nothing. The enchanted past was about him, the air was full of its whispered "might have beens." Why had he never married? Why had he never cared for a woman as he had cared for this one? A restlessness came over the old man. He had never been able to bring himself to visit the place where she had been; he had avoided it in his thoughts. But now a spell seemed to be drawing him to Manilhurst. Still he shrank from the idea of encountering its golden memories. Then a sudden and wild resolution came over him to go and face these haunting and heart-breaking associations; to go and see the girl who exercised over Fred the fascination that her mother had exercised over him.

The next afternoon Doctor Gregory was strolling in the old-world streets of Manilhurst. The haunted feeling he had dreaded was over him, it filled him with a mournful ecstasy that was almost akin to joy. He had expected to find everything greatly changed; everything was exactly as he had left it. The very shadows of the trees in the High Street seemed the same. He remembered how several times she had walked down that street by his side; he almost fancied he could feel the draperies of her skirt brushing against his feet. He entered the church; he found the place where she used to sit. He paused before the great coloured window behind the altar; he remembered how they had stood and looked at it together. She filled the place; it was alive with her presence. It was the most thrillingly alive place he had visited since he left it twenty-five years ago.

He went to the Vicarage, the sun was shining on the lattice window that was hers; he turned away, he could not enter the house yet. Later on he returned, and summoned up courage to knock. Everyone, the servant said, was out, except Miss Ancelot. Doctor Gregory sent up his card, and was shown up into the drawing-room. The furniture was not the same he remembered, but there was the bow-window where he and she had often sat together. As he stood dreamily looking around him, the door opened, and a tall, slight girl, dressed in black, entered. Doctor Gregory stared; she was exactly like her mother, she had the same charming eyes, penetrating, yet caressing.

"Perhaps you do not know my name. I was a friend of your mother," he said, with the bluntness of desperation, his heart was beating like a drum.

"Yes, my mother has spoken to me of you, Doctor Gregory, and I am glad to meet you," she replied, holding out her hand.

He took it. "I hope she spoke kindly of me," he said, breathlessly, scarcely knowing what he said.

She smiled, but did not answer. It was her mother's entrancing smile, giving to her face the effect of being passingly seen in sunlight.

He moved away. When he turned, she was looking at him with that searching, sympathetic glance.

"You are very like her," he said.

She shook her head. "She was the most beautiful being, and the best. She was an angel."

"No, she was a woman!" he said.

They looked at each other, and he knew that she understood.

They sat down and they talked of her mother. He gathered from what she said that which he had guessed before, that the marriage had not been a happy one. As he watched her, Doctor Gregory recognised that the daughter was not so beautiful as the mother, but she had the same picturesqueness, and her countenance had more determination. He noted also that the expression of the mobile face when at rest was sad. He mentioned Fred's name. Miss Ancelot became very reserved, and he was sure that she grew a little pale.

"Will you not look upon me as an old friend, my dear," he said with a pathetic, flurried smile. "I am a pre-historic friend; I hope I may speak frankly to you. Are you not engaged?"

"If Fred mentioned our engagement, it was premature," she replied distantly with a blush.

"Fred is my godson," explained Doctor Gregory with anxious insistance; "it was natural that he should speak to me of what was all important to him."

Still Amy repeated her expression of regret that the engagement had been mentioned.

"There is an obstacle, a great obstacle, my dear," said the old man slowly, putting his hand on hers. "If anything should make you think of parting with Fred, hesitate. In a manner such partings finish a life. I was parted from your mother."

She rested her bright pitying eyes upon him for a moment, then all her reserve melted.

"I would not part with Fred if I could help it," she said with a flush and a pallor. "His father has written to me, he disapproves of the engagement. He writes with terrible directness; I cannot express how deeply I am wounded at the tenor of his letter. The large family of daughters he has by his second marriage makes it imperative that Fred should, as shortly as possible, be independent of his help.

He is right in saying that with his son's expensive habits a penniless wife would be an inconceivable hindrance to his career. For Fred's sake I must break off this engagement. I must leave this place."

"Don't let it be a break off. Whatever you do, don't let it be a break off," pleaded Doctor Gregory.

"Put yourself in my position," answered the girl, with energy. "What can I do? I cannot, in the face of his father's opposition, keep on this engagement. I have heard of a situation as travelling companion. I shall take it. I must leave Manilhurst. If I did not leave, Fred would never consent to abstain from seeing me."

Doctor Gregory sat in perplexed silence. Loyalty to the friend with whom he had quarrelled kept him dumb; then he said, as with effort, "If Fred would not consent under the circumstances to submit to the honourable necessity of not calling upon you, I admit you had better leave this place."

"I know that he would not; and I too," continued Miss Ancelot, with a quaver in her voice, "confess I am guilty of weakness, perhaps even of doing something very wrong. I am giving Fred a final meeting. I wrote to him that he might come to-day. I think that I hear his step."

She rose and went to the window. Fred's voice sounded outside. "I will not embarrass this meeting," said the old man, rising, "but, I entreat of you, do not let your decision be final. His father may change if circumstances should change."

He took her hand, and held it with a tender and lingering clasp. He felt his eyes grow moist; he turned and left the room softly, closing the door after him.

On the stairs he met Fred, looking pale and anxious. "Take courage, lad. Let my fate be a warning to you. Do not lose heart," he whispered.

When Fred entered the room he could not at first see Amy. Then she stepped from behind the curtain and confronted him in helpless silence for a moment. He put out both hands, and she took them readily. He was about to draw her nearer to him, but she moved away.

"I have something to say, Fred. You will think me cruel, but it is for the best." She spoke with the hoarse note of emotion in her voice.

"What is for the best?" he asked shortly.

"We must break off our engagement," she panted. "Ah!" she went on in a supplicating tone, "your father is right. He has written to me. I know a penniless wife would be a millstone hung about your neck."

"I refuse to release you," said Fred harshly.

"You cannot act for yourself in this matter. I must act for you, Fred." Her voice was husky. "We must part, dear Fred. We should never be happy with the shadow of his disapproval between us."

"I should be happy with you whoever disapproved," the young man replied, pale to the lips. Then, with a sudden rage of jealousy, "This is not the reason that you part from me," he cried. "Chisholme is in love with you. I know it. You have walked out twice with him."

"If you think this, so be it," she replied with a flush. "Let us part."

"No, no, no!" he cried, with a burst of despair.

"Fred," she said gently, "let us trust each other. We may not see each other, but if obstacles can be overcome, we shall overcome them by our constancy."

"I cannot live without seeing you," he cried.

She shook her head without speaking. He looked at her. Something in the expression of her face chilled his heart. He threw himself down on the sofa, hid his face down in the cushions and sobbed. Amy went to him, laid her hand softly on his head. "Your friend, Doctor Gregory, had an intense love for my mother. He loves her still. Let us be like him, Fred, faithful, though apart." With a word and a gentle caress she was gone.

Fred rose; he felt giddy. He wanted to get out into the air. Pulling his hat down over his brows, he strode out into the country. The evening deepened into night, still he tramped on, not caring where he went. When at last he stopped walking through sheer fatigue, the dawn was breaking through the sky. He found that he had retraced his steps, and that he was just outside the Vicarage garden. The stedfastness of the pale stars still keeping their watch, the amity of the morning, sank into his heart and spoke to him of patience. He remained leaning against the low wall, gazing up at her window. The village folk early astir looked curiously at him. He went swiftly to the station and caught the first train up to London. A few hours later he was in Doctor Gregory's study.

The old man looked anxiously at him. "Well?" he asked.

"Our engagement is broken off," said Fred, in a voice that had lost all its hopefulness.

"What! are you mad?" cried the old man with a burst of anger. "Do you mean to say that you took the girl at her word? You have allowed your engagement to be broken off finally?"

"It was her wish," answered Fred.

"Her wish," repeated Doctor Gregory, with a gesture of despair. "But don't you see what you have done? The girl loves you. Her pride is wounded, and you have allowed a decision, taken in a moment of just resentment, to influence your two lives. You have simply thrown away your chance of happiness—your single chance."

"I know it," replied Fred with a groan. "What could I do?"

"What could you do?" echoed Doctor Gregory. "You should have agreed to part from her for a time, but you should have made her understand that you held the engagement between you as indissoluble. Fool! to have thrown away the peerless chance of happiness that comes but once to a man in his life!" The doctor walked restlessly about the room, muttering, "The girl's resolution to remain faithful will grow chill and cold. She will lose her trust in you." Then, pausing in front of Fred, "Go to her at once," he cried.

"Go to her," repeated Fred breathlessly. "Do you really advise me to go to her when she has herself sundered the tie between us?"

"Yes, go to her, go to her at once. Tell her you are ready for a while to hold no communication with her during a period of ordeal. Be ready to keep loyally to that promise, but let there be no breaking off between you."

"Be sure that you are advising me right," said Fred; "for what you counsel I will do."

"Go," repeated Doctor Gregory.

Fred caught the midday express. As the train sped along, his hopes, fears, aspirations raced more quickly yet. Would the train never reach the goal where there awaited him the sight of the girl he loved? At Manilhurst he madly tore down the road that led to the Vicarage. He pulled furiously at the bell. "Miss Ancelot," he said, as the door opened.

"Miss Ancelot is gone, sir. She left an hour ago," the servant replied.

"Gone!" The shock staggered Fred. "Where is she gone?" he asked.

"We do not know, sir; she left no address with us. The Vicar is at home. Would you like to see him?"

Fred was shown into the study. The Vicar received him with suave coldness. He confirmed the servant's report. Miss Ancelot had left an hour ago. He was not at liberty to tell where she had gone. He had given his word not to divulge her secret. No entreaties or remonstrances of Fred could persuade the reverend gentleman to throw any light on Miss Ancelot's movements. It was her intention,

he understood, to leave England shortly. In conclusion, the Vicar exhorted the young man to submit to his father's wishes, and to respect Miss Ancelot's desire to be forgotten. His manner brought an added bitterness to Fred's heart. Towards midnight Dr. Gregory received another visit from Fred.

"She is gone! For God's sake can you tell me where she is?" the young man cried incoherently.

"I can tell you nothing of her," said Doctor Gregory, looking away.

"It cannot be simply because of my father's disapproval that she has left me. I don't believe it," cried Fred.

"Hush! Do not cast a slur upon her," said Doctor Gregory sternly. "Be brave, be firm!" he continued, as the young fellow turned away. "Fred, she has done this for your sake, do not let her have to despise you."

"I shall leave England at once; there is nothing to detain me," said Fred, with a heart-sick groan.

The doctor went to him and laid a hand upon his arm. "Decide nothing for the present; the mystery may clear up, Fred. I am setting off on a journey. Promise to take no important step until I return."

"For the sake of our old friendship," Doctor Gregory pleaded, as Fred did not answer, "promise not to leave England until I return, or, at any rate, until the end of the year."

"I promise, if you wish it," said Fred, walking blindly about the room.

During the weeks that followed Fred's life was one continued effort, first to find her, then to forget her. In both objects he signally failed. Sometimes he thought that the breaking off of his engagement was an illusion—a wild trick of his brain. Sometimes a shapeless torment of jealousy seized him. Temptations to drown his sorrow in forgetfulness beset him, but always the sainted thought of his love restrained him as he hovered on the brink of moral ruin. Once he called on the Vicar, but the reverend gentleman had not heard from Miss Ancelot, and had lost all clue to her whereabouts. He wrote to his father, but received no answer. From Doctor Gregory there came no sign. All enjoyment died out of Fred's life. He avoided his friends. Then once more the longing to leave England seized him, to get away from all that reminded him of her. He remembered his promise to wait till the end of the year; but he took his passage for Brisbane on a ship sailing on the first of January.

Christmas was passed, and the last week of the old year was a few days old when he received a note from Doctor Gregory, announcing

his return, and asking Fred to come up that evening to have a talk. There was not a word of Miss Ancelot in the note.

"Talk! we have had enough talk and to spare," thought poor Fred dejectedly. At the appointed hour, however, he made his way to the doctor's house, and entered the study unannounced. On the threshold he paused. Doctor Gregory had another guest. Fred recognised his father, standing with his back to the fire.

"Well, how are you, sir?" said Sir William Fay, without stretching out his hand to his son. An expression of pity softened the sternness of his glance. Fred looked pale and haggard.

Doctor Gregory shook hands with him with radiant fussiness. "You see my old friend and I have made it up," he exclaimed, patting Sir William Fay on the shoulder. The doctor struck Fred as altered; he appeared worn, and thin. As Fred glanced from one to the other a wild hope seized him. It fell under the chilliness of his father's glance.

"I have heard bad reports of you, sir, of the neglect of your work, of your wildness. Take care, you may presume too much on being my only son," said Sir William.

"I shall presume on it no more, sir. I am going out of England in a few days."

"You are going to the dogs, sir, that is where you are going," growled Sir William, deliberately surveying his son through his spectacles.

"Going to the dogs!" repeated Fred bitterly. "I would have gone there sure enough, but for the thought of the girl from whom you parted me."

"Pshaw! she left you of her own free will. She wrote a most sensible letter, sir, an admirable letter. She saw the force of my decision. Forget her as she has forgotten you."

"She has not forgotten me!" cried Fred with energy. "It was her love which impelled her to leave me. She would not drag me down by poverty."

A thousand doubts had rent his heart during those terrible weeks, now they lay dead at his feet, as he proclaimed Amy's truth.

"Go in there, sir," commanded Sir William in scathing tones, pointing to the door of another room, "and judge for yourself if she has not forgotten you."

"Yes, yes, judge for yourself," repeated Doctor Gregory, opening the door and pushing Fred inside.

He saw her standing there. She looked appealingly towards him.

"What does it mean?" gasped Fred, putting his hand to his forehead.

"It means,"Amy said brokenly, "that if you wish it still, Fred, it you wish it, we can be married."

"If I wish it!" he repeated, and he caught her in his arms.

"Doctor Gregory has done it all! That dear man, for love of my mother, has done it all," she said as soon as she could speak. "He journeyed all the way to that place in Asia Minor to see your father, to plead with him for us. He fell ill, he nearly died on the way, but he won his consent to our marriage. And, oh! Fred, he has adopted me. He has taken me to be his daughter. I am to come to you no longer as a dowerless bride. I shall not hang like a millstone round your neck."

What Fred replied it is needless here to record.

"Well! has she or has she not forgotten you?" inquired Sir William Fay, thrusting his head in through the door. His genial voice was a contrast to the surliness of his former tone.

Walking in, he stretched out his hand. "Come, lad, forgive me," he said. "I did not know you could care for anything so much. Somehow, I thought of you as a fop only, Fred."

"To a fop I would not give the girl I love dearly, for her own sake, more dearly yet for that of another!" said Doctor Gregory in a moved voice. He had entered the room behind his friend. Taking Amy's hand he put it into that of Fred.

Later on, during the evening, Sir William Fay, standing with his back to the fire, suddenly exclaimed: "Gregory, that is a most remarkable fragment, most remarkable! Where did you pick it up?"

"That is the fragment we quarrelled about," replied Doctor Gregory.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Sir William, examining the stone more closely with his short-sighted gaze. "Where were my eyes? A most remarkable fragment, of undoubted and great antiquity, I should say a fragment almost unique of its kind."

"I knew it, I knew you would think so, Fay, if you would examine it," Doctor Gregory said, tears standing in his eyes, as he shook hands with his friend.

BABOOS, BULLS, BLUNDERS, &c.

WHATEVER future may await the British Empire, a very glorious one unquestionably awaits the British tongue—the glory, to wit, of becoming the speech of the majority of civilised men. Already virtually the language of commerce and of navigation throughout the world, what a development awaits it in the mouths of the millions present and to come of America and of Australasia! While venerable tongues like French and German are too probably doomed to dwindle and decline as instruments of speech, our English language is obviously destined to be used more and more by ever-multiplying millions; and, like the river of the poet,

Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum,

until, in fine, it shall become almost a universal tongue.

But the medal has its reverse — *ubi uber ibi tuber* — and this supreme consummation will probably be attended by a fatal danger inherent in its own conditions. The very triumph of our speech will engender the seeds of its decay; and the English language is probably destined to undergo grave deterioration as the price of prodigious diffusion. Just as the pure Latin of the Augustan age gradually assumed Protean forms of change and distortion in the mouths of the motley myriads of the later Empire, so must the world expect to see a gradual, but sure, metamorphosis of the English tongue in proportion as it overspreads the world.

Already in America can be discerned the beginnings — not perhaps of absolute deterioration, but of distinct divergence from the parent type, both in terminology and in pronunciation; and who can tell when this divergence may amount to metamorphosis, or what the cumulative result may be of a thousand years of creeping alteration in that continent, and still more so in the future States of the Pacific? Looking to the changes which have occurred in our language within our own four seas from the time of Chaucer until now, he would be a bold man who should venture to predict, or even to imagine, what altered forms a world-wide English may assume at the end of a few centuries from the present time, especially when the

Hindoo and the Chinaman shall have contributed their grotesque quotas to its transformation.

Small peoples may indeed conserve their speech from change, as Greece has done, whose language at this day differs but little from that of Xenophon; but the liability to lingual alteration increases in almost geometric ratio with the numbers and diffusion of those who use a given language; and, therefore, it must be expected that the English of the twenty-fifth or thirtieth century—if the world lasts so long—will be radically different from the English of to-day.

A whole paper—and a very interesting one—might be written on the single subject of "Pigeon English"—that amazing dialect or jargon which the Chinamen have already brought to such a stage of development that it might now be crystallised into a grammar and lexicon of its own; but, leaving China for the present, let us consider for a moment the potentialities of metamorphosis which are involved in our connection with India; and what the "educated Baboo" may yet achieve in the way of altering the English tongue.

It is, indeed, idle to suppose that English will ever supplant the various vernaculars of India so as to become the speech of all its heterogeneous races; but none the less it is absolutely certain that our language will take root there more or less vigorously; and that it will in time become at least the written language of some millions in that vast peninsula. It is equally certain that, whenever that shall come to pass, our "well of English undefyled" will be found to have undergone very startling changes at the hands of our Indian fellow-subjects.

Just to show that they have already made a tolerably fair beginning in this direction, I would here cite a sample or two of the "Baboo English" of to-day, which I make bold to think will at once curdle the blood of the grammarian and prove amusing to the general reader.

The following is a true and unimproved copy of part of a local newsletter, which was lately sent for publication to an Anglo-Indian journal:

"It is a matter of impressing on the minds of those inhabiting this dark mundane ocean the excitement of fever which was caused on April first, 1889, by the different informations brought to Patna by means of the different throats, entreating that some fifty or sixty robbers are certain to come to plunder some rich portion of the city. On the very day from 8 P.M. to the dead of night the space between the eastern and the western gates of Patna was so crowded by the armed stout and drastic policemen that it was undoubtedly hoped by

the State theory to have no effect of the arms of the robbers on those of the policemen. But soon after the day wended away the information of the robbery was after a deep cogitation known to be a mendacious fabrication."

Still more racy is the following true and exact copy of a petition lately submitted to an English official in India:

"Respectfully showeth: That your honour's servant is a poor man in agricultural behaviour, and much depends on seasons for staffs of life. Therefore he prays that you will favour upon him and take him into your saintly service that he may have some permanently labour for the support of his soul and his family. Wherefore he falls on his family's bended knee and implores you of this merciful consideration to a damnable miserable like your honour's unfortunate petitioner. That your Lordship's servant was too much poorly during the late rains, and was resuscitated by much medicines, which made magnificent excavations in the coffers of your honourable servant, whose means are already circumcised by his large family of five female women and three masculine, the last of whom are still taking milk from mother's chest and are damnably noiseful through pulmonary catastrophe of the interior abdomen. Besides the above-named an additional birth is through the grace of God very shortly occurring to my beloved wife of bosom. That your honour's damnable was officiating in several capacities during past generations, but has become too much old for espousing hard labour in this time of his bodily life, but was not drunkard nor thief nor swindeller nor any of these kind, but was always pious and affectionate to his numerous family, consisting of the aforesaid five female women and three masculine, the last of whom are still milking the parental mother. That your generous honour's lordship's servant was entreating magistrate for employment in State to remove filths, &c., but was not granted petition. Therefore your Lordship will give to me some light work in the department, for which act of kindness your noble Lordship's poor servant will as in duty bound ever pray," &c.[1]

It may be objected to the foregoing startling compositions that they are the productions of ignorant Indians of humble station, and therefore ought not to be taken *au grand sérieux*; but their

[1] Since this paper was written, I have heard that a volume has appeared containing specimens of "Baboo English"; and, among them, this particular sample. This article, however, and all that it contains, was written some time before the appearance of the book in question, and these examples of this curious jargon were collected by the present writer from independent sources.

style is only too true a type of that of the "educated Baboo," and there is little doubt that they are the handiwork of that gentleman himself, who is usually employed by poor natives to engross their petitions. However that may be, no such extenuation can be advanced on behalf of the following true extracts from a published book of no inconsiderable pretensions. I refer to a memoir of the late Honourable Justice Oonookul Chunder Mookerjee, by Mohendro Nauth Mookerjee, his nephew, printed at Calcutta.

Describing the grief of the family on the death of his uncle the author says, "The house presented a second Babel or a pretty kettle of fish." Further on, describing the career of the Justice, he says, "His first business on making an income was to extricate his family from the difficulties in which it had been lately enwarped, and to restore happiness and sunshine to those sweet and well-beloved faces on which he had not seen the soft and fascinating beams of a simper for many a grim-visaged year." In another place, "This was the first time that we see a pleader taking a seat on the Bengal Legislative Council solely by dint of his own legal weapon; and he was an *au fait*, and therefore undoubtedly a transcendental lucre to the Council." Again, "Justice Mookerjee very well understood the boot of his client, for which he would carry a logomachy as if his wheel of fortune depended upon it. . . . His elevation created a catholic ravishment throughout the domain." In a touching sketch of the Justice's personal appearance, the author prettily observes, "When a boy he was filamentous, but gradually in the course of time he became plump as a partridge."

Several good, and short, samples of this remarkable dialect are given in Lady Dufferin's recent and most readable book on India. Of these I shall here cite only two. An Indian thus ended a letter to an English gentleman, "You have been very kind to me, and may God Almighty give you *tit for tat*." Another commenced a petition to Colonel Sir Euan Smith with the startling words, "Honoured Enormity"!

A grateful Baboo closed a letter to an English benefactor with the curious aspiration "may God pickle (preserve) your worship;" and a headservant puzzled his wondering mistress by entering in all seriousness among the items in his weekly account, "one goose's pup"—presumably a gosling.

It will thus be apparent that our friend the Baboo is a personage not to be trifled with, and that he cannot be regarded as a "negligible quantity" in any forecast of the possible future of the English language. Before, however, bidding him to "stand down," justice

compels the admission that not all educated Baboos employ such a travesty of our language, and that some of them are capable of expressing themselves in excellent English.

Not unallied to the above specimens of tortured English are those quaint blunders which educated Europeans are so apt to make in the use of languages other than their own. Thus, for example, the other day a Belgian lady, speaking to a friend of mine, and desiring to compliment him on his appearance and to imply that he was in good case, "fat and well liking," said to him, "My dear sir, you are quite *meaty*." A German professor, expressing to an English friend his hope that Mr. Gladstone was in good health, inquired, "Is he *wholesome* now?" (*gesund*). A French lady, in a railway carriage, wishing to signify that a certain place was occupied, said, "This seat is *busy*." An Italian lady, complaining of a certain house that it was deficient in passages, and did not afford free access to the various rooms—too common a fault in Italy, even in so-called *palazzi*—solemnly observed, "In this house the rooms are all *slaves*"—not free, or freely accessible.

The "Conversations in a Studio" which lately appeared in *Blackwood*, told us of the English lady in Italy who, wishing to say in Italian that she had eaten enough, and did not wish for any more, artlessly but startlingly announced that she had "eaten a ship, and did not wish to eat the anchor also"![1]

We have all heard that Victor Hugo, in his "Toilers of the Sea," called the Firth of Forth "The First of the Fourth," and the bagpipes, "The Bugpipes;" and, what is more, when his attention was called to these blunders, he preferred his old *mumpsimus* to the new *sumpsimus*, and stoutly stuck to them. In the introduction to "Quentin Durward," the Marquis de Hautlieu persists in speaking of the "Bridle of Lammermore;" or, at least, Scott, doubtless with good reason, represents him as doing so; and the same worthy substitutes

Showing the code of sweet and bitter fancy,

for "chewing the cud" thereof.

Not long since a Dutch gentleman of my acquaintance, who spoke fair English too, in describing to me a tragical explosion which had then recently occurred on a Dutch ship of war, causing its destruction and that of most of its crew, comically observed that "his kettle sprang"—a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous certainly, and yet most natural, since "Ketel" means not only a kettle,

[1] "Ho mangiato bastimento, non voglio ancŏra'—instead of "Ho mangiato bastamente, non voglio ancŏra."

but also the boiler of a steamship; and "springen" is not only to spring but to burst.

I myself heard the following absurd blunder from the lips of an English lady in Florence, one of that too numerous class who, on the strength of a smattering of Italian, fancy they know the language. Entering a stationer's shop and desiring an envelope (*busta*), she gravely asked for "un busto"—a pair of stays. The surprise of the polite Florentine stationer may be imagined.

One more specimen: An English lady, at an evening party in Rome, requesting an Italian ecclesiastic to conduct her to an adjoining apartment, and soliciting the assistance of his arm, begged him to take her "abbracciato," instead of "a braccetto"—the latter phrase meaning "arm in arm," the former denoting clasped in a loving embrace! When will the English get rid of the pleasing delusion that Italian is an easy language? No foreign language is easy to speak well.

Then, again, what may be permissible in one language may be deadly in another. A foreign nobleman, of undoubted polish and courtesy, was talking to an American girl, and, in reference to a statement which fell from her, to her horror he exclaimed, "Oh, that is a lie!" He was perfectly unconscious that such a double-shotted discharge was regarded in English as unparliamentary—or, should I say, in view of the amenities of a reformed House of Commons, only too parliamentary? "O, che bugia!" would have been a blank cartridge.

Akin to the foregoing are the absurd mistakes which occur in translations, even when the work of writers of fair general scholarship —*traduttore traditore.* It is said that the first French translation of "Guy Mannering" rendered Dominie Sampson's epithet of "a stickit minister," in the startling form of "un prêtre assassiné;" leaving the Gallic reader to make what sense he could of it, and to reconcile as best he might the idea of the living Dominie with that of an assassinated priest.

"Welsh rabbit" has figured as "lapin du pays de Galles," with a foot-note explaining that in Wales the rabbits are exceptionally large and well-flavoured. "Love's last shift" was gravely translated, "la dernière chemise de l'amour"! and the "mourning bride" was felicitously called "l'épouse du matin"!

Cusani's generally excellent translation of the "Last Days of Pompeii" contains several strange blunders. In explanation of "Mayfair" he has a solemn foot-note to the following effect: "Letteralmente Bel Maggio, luogo assai ameno fuori di Londra, ove nella bella stagione v'ha gran concorso di gente che gironza, balla, ecc."—

"Literally Beautiful May, a very charming spot in the outskirts of London, where in the fine season large numbers of people assemble to ramble about and dance, &c." !

In Book IV., chapter 17, Sosia says to Nydia: "So far as an innocent chat goes, I have no objection to indulge you." This is positively translated thus: "Ti lascerò muovere appunto come un gatto innocente"—"I will let thee move exactly like an innocent *cat*"—making absolute nonsense, our "chat" being strangely and unaccountably confounded with the French *chat*. In the same chapter Sallust, when pressed to take another cup of wine, thinking it over-iced, says: "It is a thought too cold," meaning, of course, a trifle too cold—a little too cold. This is translated: "Pensiero che mi fa rabbrividire"—"a thought which makes me shudder"—not only a blunder in translation, but also quite nonsensical in relation to the context.

It is said that Jules Janin rendered Macbeth's "Out, out, brief candle!" by "Sortez, chandelle!" Another French writer, translating the lines in Henry IV., Part II. i. 1.—

> Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
> So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,

was good enough to render the last words, thus: "*Ainsi, douleur, va-t'en*"!

A certain English writer, having stated that a certain English officer had been "broken" (meaning "cashiered" or "dismissed") for misconduct at the battle of Minden, a French author translated that word as *roué*—"broken on the wheel"—and proceeded to comment with severity on the barbarity of the English!

But, to let alone foreigners, it is strange to see what bulls and blunders writers can make, even in their own language; like him who alluded to an Archbishop of Canterbury as being "The very worst of all his predecessors"; and—since *corruptio optimi pessima*—there is Milton's well-known double-barrelled bull,

> Adam, the goodliest man of men since born,
> His sons; the fairest of her daughters Eve—

as if Adam could be one of his own sons, or Eve one of her own daughters! Verily even good Homer sometimes nods.

The Roman satirist warns us against indulgence in *crambe repetita*, and the many-wiled Ulysses himself expressed to Alcinous his horror of the *réchauffé*.[1] Nevertheless, the humours of Bible printing are such good *crambe* that they can bear reproduction.

[1] ἐχθρὸν δέ μοί ἐστιν
αὖτις ἀριζήλως εἰρημένα μυθολογεύειν.
Odyssey, xii. 452.

All the world has heard, or, in other words, many people have *not* heard of the "Vinegar Bible," so-called because in the table of contents of the 20th chapter of Luke the parable of the vineyard is printed "parable of the *vinegar*." Then there is the "Printers' Bible," in which the royal psalmist is made to say, "*Printers* have persecuted me without a cause." The "Whig, or Place-makers' Bible" has, in the Beatitudes, "Blessed are the *placemakers*." The "Wicked Bible" omits the "not" in the Seventh Commandment; and the "Bug Bible" thus renders the fifth verse of the 91st Psalm: "Thou shalt not nede to be afraid for any *bugges* by night"—"bugge" here meaning, not of course a vulgar insect, but any frightful thing—a terror, as in bugbear, bugaboo, &c.

Of course everybody *has* heard of most of the other funny bibles; as the "Breeches Bible," the "Treacle Bible," and the "Rosin Bible," &c.

I spoke but now of creeping change in language. Archbishop Trench, in his delightful book, "English, Past and Present"—all the more delightful because so unpretentious and so "popular"—gives sundry examples of the strange tendency of words originally void of offence to take on a sinister meaning, such as knave, villain, boor, heathen, demon, and the like. In this connection Leopardi has the following passage in his wonted biting manner: "Non fà molto onore—non so s'io dica agli uomini o alla virtù—vedere che in tutte le lingue civili, antiche e moderne, le medesime voci significano bontà e sciocchezza, uomo da bene e uomo da poco. Parecchie di questo genere, come in italiano dabbenaggine, in Greco ἐυήθεια, prive del significato proprio, nel quale forse sarebbero poco utili, non ritengono, o non ebbero da principio, altro che il secondo."[1] So, when we characterise a person as a "good-natured man," we euphemistically imply that he is a fool.

As an example of creeping change in language, perhaps no better instance could be adduced than that afforded by our verb "to progress." Few people to-day would imagine that this verb, now so familiar to us all, is actually quite recent in our language. So lately as in 1831 Sir Walter Scott—assuredly no squeamish purist or strait-laced quibbler on words—spoke of it with strong repugnance as a strange and objectionable Americanism, just then stealing into our speech. And that fascinating book, "A Publisher and his Friends,"

[1] "It does not reflect much honour—shall I say on mankind or on virtue?—to find that in all civilised languages, ancient and modern, the same terms are used in order to connote *goodness* and *folly*; an *honest man*, and a *fool*. Many words of this class—as in Italian, 'dabbenaggine,' or in Greek, ἐυήθεια—have entirely lost their proper signification, in which, perhaps, they would have little utility, and now retain no other sense but the secondary (*i.e.* the bad) one—if *indeed they* ever had any other."

mentions how Lady Dacre, writing to John Murray regarding Fanny Butler (Kemble), says with impatience: "I wish she would not *progress*. How I hate that word as a verb! A few more American expressions I would fain change."[1]

The same word well illustrates the capricious nature of such innovations; for, while the noun "prógress" has given us the verb "to progréss," we have still no verbs "to egréss" or "to ingréss."

It is curious, too, to note the changes which creep into the pronunciation of words and names. Originally Trafalgar had the emphasis on its last syllable. Thus in the Prologue to "Marmion" we find:

> Nor mourn ye less his perished worth
> Who bade the conqueror go forth,
> And launched that thunderbolt of war
> On Egypt, Hafnia, Trafalgar.

And similarly Byron, in "Childe Harold," Canto iv. 181:

> Oft did he mark the scenes of vanished war,
> Actium, Lepanto, fatal Trafalgar.

And "Don Juan," Canto i. 4:

> Nelson was once Britannia's God of War
> And still should be so, but the tide is turned;
> There's no more to be said of Trafalgar, &c.

When, and how, and why did the accent come to fall on the second syllable? And, *à propos* of Byron's couplet, it should be observed that Lepanto, with the accent on the second syllable, is in itself wrong, since the accent ought to be on the first syllable—Lĕpăntŏ.

Serapis is another word which has shifted its accent. Milton has it on the first syllable:

> Not Babylon,
> Nor great Alcairo, such magnificence
> Equalled in all their glories, to enshrine
> Belus or Serapis their gods.

Yet we now call it Serāpis, and probably we are right.

In pronunciation, of course, custom, even if wrong, is king—*communis error facit jus*—"custom, even if erroneous, makes the law." But oh, the pity of it! Under this blundering law "Andronicus" has practically become "Andronícus"; "Romĕo" is now firmly

[1] It may be contended that in King John V. 2, Shakespeare uses the word "progress" as a verb. But, in the first place, it is not absolutely certain that in that passage the word is intended to be a verb; and, even if it is, its accent is on the first syllable. In any case it is, so far as I know, the only case of the word being used as a verb until quite recent times.

established as "Romĕo"; and, worse still, "Desdĕmona" has changed to "Desdemōna," thereby gaining nothing in melody, and losing its essence and its meaning. In Giraldo Cinthio's "Hecatomithi," iii. 7, from which Shakespeare drew the material for his Othello, the name appears as Disdemona. As the Italian language has no "y," the Greek "υ" in words drawn from the Greek is always represented in Italian by "i." Thus "Disdemona" was from δυσδαίμων, "the unfortunate or unhappy one"; and, of course, the "e" in the second syllable was long and the "o" in the third syllable was short, and so the word is still always pronounced in Italy. But, in an evil hour, the "i" in the first syllable got corrupted into "e"; the sense of the word becoming thereby obscured; and, finally, the accent got transferred from the second to the third syllable, and the sense was lost, and the fine old word was ruined.

Then there is the large group of words—such as gold, Rome, Russia, Prussia, oblige, and even tea—which were formerly pronounced quite differently from the way they are pronounced now.

Not long ago a writer in the *Quarterly Review* stated that the pronunciation of "Birmingham" as "Brummagem" was formerly not a mere vulgar corruption, or a jocular form as now, but that the word used to be so pronounced in all gravity by persons of rank and education, and indeed by royalty itself, as the approved mode. And it is probable that the word "ache" used to be pronounced like the letter "h," if we may judge by the following lines in Hudibras:

> For as old sinners have all points
> O' th' compass in their bones and joints,
> Can by their pangs and *aches* find
> All turns and changes of the wind, &c.

They who will persist in pronouncing "Froude" like "proud" should remember Charles Kingsley's playful lines commencing,

> Oh, Mr. Froude,
> How wise and good!

and Kingsley was the historian's brother-in-law, and ought to have known the right pronunciation. In Alma Tadema the "e" is short. I implore all persons to cease to talk of Brindisi, and to call the place Brindisi; and I entreat all *parsons* to say "Abĕdnĕgo," and not "Abednēgo;" and, if they want to know the reason why, I shall be happy to tell them, free of charge.

Sir George Bowen, in his "Thirty Years of Colonial Government," tells a good story of Bishop Wilberforce being unexpectedly snubbed as to the pronunciation of Greek by a young candidate for deacon's

orders, who had spent his boyhood in Athens. The Bishop had been disposed to "plough" him on account of what was really the correctness of his pronunciation, because it was so different from our barbarous conventional mode of pronouncing the language; but, on learning the state of the case, he discreetly "shut up."

There is a curious tendency in words to set up a sort of pleonastic process by needless accumulation of factors. Thus Brandonhill—Bran itself means hill—Bran, brae, brow. Don likewise means hill—Don, dun, dune, down. Yet on the top of all is piled the word hill, so that the word means hill, hill, hill. Why not superadd "mont," and make Brandonhill-mont; or even, in German, Brandonhillmont-gebirge.

The very same process is seen in the names Orkney Islands and Faroe Islands. The "ey" in Orkney and the "oe" in Faroe themselves mean island. Orkney is from the Scandinavian Örkenö, "a desolate isle"; so Orkney islands amounts to "the desolate island islands." Similarly, Faroe is formed from the Danish Faar Öer—the sheep islands—and thus Faroe islands means the sheep islands islands.

All observers of the phenomena of language must be familiar with that process of change which is for ever taking place, however microscopically, in the structure of every living tongue—a process compounded of growth and of decay, of gain and of loss, of development and of corruption, of birth and of death. This process, like the movement of the glacier, is imperceptible at any given moment, yet it is ever going on. It might be compared to the movement of the hands of a clock, or even to the geologic slowness of the evolutions which occur in the structure of the earth. Like pulsation in a living body, it continues while a language lives; when it ceases, the language is dead.

Without dwelling here on the various features of this process, I would advert now to those changes which arise from corruption—from the gradual advance and establishment of positive error. Changes due to legitimate and healthy growth are to be welcomed: those due to the creeping paralysis of error should be resisted. Of course, in matters of language, when error becomes universal it becomes law—as above said, *communis error facit jus*—but it should never be allowed to reach that stage without a struggle.

Purists have by this time almost abandoned all resistance to the use or abuse of such words as "mutual," "reliable," and the like. Such abuses have now almost established themselves in the language, and there is no more to be said about it. But there are some creeping errors which have not yet attained general sanction; and, on the

principle of *principiis obsta*, these should be resisted while there is yet time to do so.

Conspicuous among these is the use, or rather the abuse, of the Greek derivative "phil," or "phile," or "philo," in the formation of English compound words. Here error, though not yet established, is creeping on apace, and it is time to make a stand against it.

There would seem to be no clear idea of the correct law for the use of this factor; certainly there is no fixed or uniform practice in the matter. One writer adopts one way, another adopts its opposite, and sometimes the same writer—aye, and in the same sentence—adopts both ways! But there is only one right way.

"Phil," or "philo," as a prefix, has an active sense; as in philanthropist, "one who loves man"; Philip, "one who loves horses"; "Phil," or "phile," as a suffix, has a passive sense: as in Theophilus, "beloved of God." Thus when we wish to denote one who loves the Turks or the Russians, we should not say Turcophile or Russophile, but Philo-Turk and Philo-Russ; as in Phil-Hellene, philharmonic, and the like.

In the *Edinburgh Review* for April, 1888, in an article on Froude's late book on the West Indies, both forms actually occur in the same sentence: "It may gladden the heart of the negrophile and the philanthropist." Both forms cannot be right, not, at least, until the law of *communis error*—here, happily, not yet established—makes them so. It is still worth while to try to preserve accuracy in this matter; and it is to be hoped that Dr. Murray will come to the rescue. Of course, if the sovereign English people prefer to be wrong, why then—*padronissimo!*[1]

But enough said on Baboos, Bulls, and Blunders. Now to wind up with the "etcetera" promised in the title of this paper; and as the present writer is—or once was—a military man, the closing scraps shall be of a military character.

My attention was attracted lately by a brace of anecdotes illustrating one of the differences between our English and our Indian soldiers. The latter is of a highly poetical and romantic temperament, as is shown by the following extract from a recent and most readable book, "Northern Afghanistan," by Major C. E. Yate:

The evening we arrived at the Oxus some of us went down to the river, where I heard an old native officer of the 11th Bengal Lancers remark, 'Long is the arm of the Sirkar [Government], for I have

[1] These remarks on the factor "phil" are for the most part reproduced from an article on this subject from the pen of the present writer which appeared some time ago in "Notes and Queries."

watered my horse in the Tientsin river in China and to-day in the Amu Daria.'"

The British soldier, though brave, is prosaic. He is warlike, but not military. In fact we are not a military nation. Soldiers in uniform are still often excluded from places of public entertainment; and the respectable lower orders are still ashamed of having a son or brother in the army. This is mending, it is true, and doubtless will still further mend; but it yet lingers. A Punjaub ploughman would say with pride, "I was a soldier once." Not so Thomas Atkins. An officer of a Hussar regiment told me that once one of his men, being in trouble, or possibly sighing over his degraded position as being a soldier, exclaimed, with a mixture of pride and regret, as one who had seen better days, "Ah, I was not always a soldier, I was once—a pork butcher"!

It may be interesting to some people to know, or to be reminded of, the derivation of the well-known French military term "Zouave," as well as the origin of the celebrated corps which bore that name. The name itself was derived from that of a warlike and hardy Kabyle tribe of the Jurjura range of mountains, who rejoiced in the name of "Zouaoua," a terrible welter of vowels, and one well fitted for a savage war-cry, but impossible of pronunciation by civilised tongues, and therefore it was soon corrupted or improved into its present form. That tribe had always maintained a practical independence, and its fighting men were celebrated for their valour and fidelity as mercenary soldiers; but, although the new levies took their name from that tribe, it appears that not many members of the clan actually joined the corps, either on its first formation or at any subsequent time. Probably, like the Afreedees and other fierce Moslem warriors of our Afghan border, they were willing enough to fight, but impatient of the restraints of even the most rudimentary discipline.

The first levy of Zouaves was raised in 1830 by General Clausel, who had then just succeeded to the command in Algeria on the resignation of its first conqueror, Marshal Bourmont, who, on the fall of Charles X. in the revolution of that year, had refused to serve under Louis Philippe, and had accordingly resigned his command. This levy, which consisted of two battalions, was originally composed of native African soldiers, with French officers and sergeants, like the sepoys of the late East India Company.[1]

Later on the Zouaves began to contain in their ranks a certain

[1] Our present native troops in India have a certain proportion of British officers, but no European sergeants.

admixture of European soldiers, who were for the most part reckless political spirits from Paris, and roving adventurers from various countries of Europe—so that in that respect the corps then somewhat resembled the troops which the Dutch used to maintain in their East Indian possessions, which were a motley sort of olio of natives and Europeans. As time went on this European element steadily increased; indeed, it would appear that the service had at no time been very popular among the natives, since, like the high-caste Sepoys of the old Bengal army of pre-Mutiny days, they considered themselves degraded as soldiers by the enforced labour of pioneering and entrenching operations—they were willing to fight, but not to work.

Not long after that, all the European members of the corps, other than French, were removed from the Zouaves, and were formed into the Foreign Legion. Later still, at the summons of Abd-el-Kader, large numbers of the native Zouaves deserted from the colours, and joined the ranks of their compatriots; in consequence of which the proportion of Frenchmen in the corps was greatly increased. In 1841 a third battalion was raised, the corps was entirely remodelled, and it was decreed that thereafter there should be only one company of African natives in each battalion. From that time even that reduced proportion of natives steadily decreased, until, finally, the Zouaves became composed of Frenchmen only.[1]

Simultaneously with the first levy of Zouaves in 1830 General Clausel raised also the original nucleus of the well-known corps of African native cavalry, or "Spahis." Of course the term "spahi" is etymologically identical with our Indian word "sepoy," which latter is nothing but a fantastic corruption of "sipahi," a Persian word signifying simply a soldier, from "sipah," an army; but, curiously enough, while in India the term has never been applied—at least by the British—to any but foot-soldiers, in Algeria it has, so far as I know, never been applied by the French to any but mounted troops. The Algerian Spahis have on numerous occasions covered themselves with glory; and, indeed, they might well have been expected to prove most efficient [illegible] when we consider the chivalrous [illegible] were drawn. A French writer [illegible] disparage the soldiers of [illegible] often found that one [illegible] goons. Nor need [illegible] that Sir Henry Law- [illegible] has informed us that

[1] [illegible] d'Aumale. Paris, 1855.

during the Sutledge campaign in 1845–6 he had himself seen a single Sikh horseman dealing successfully with two English dragoons at once.

It has sometimes been the fashion with a certain school of military thinkers, who imagine that there is no balm but in the Aldershot Gilead, to assert that the French Army underwent deterioration in their Algerian campaigns, and that their disasters in 1870 could be traced to that cause. This, however, has never been the opinion of authorities most competent to judge. War—real war, whatever its character or wherever its scene—must ever be improving to soldiers. One ounce of the real article is worth a pound of sham fighting and peace manœuvres, and it is idle to suppose that a struggle with a numerous and brave people, in a distant and difficult country, could possibly have a demoralising effect on any army. No; the misfortunes of the French in 1870 can be traced to causes much nearer home than Africa—to defective organisation, and, simply, to the superiority of their antagonists.

In warfare with savage races or irregular foes pedantic adherence to the theories and textbooks of regular war may do harm, just as the canons of scientific fencing might prove ineffectual in dealing with a ruffian armed with a bludgeon. It is possible to be *too* regular; and drillbooks kill originality and fertility of resource. The life-guardsman of the story, when asked how he came by a certain scar on his face, replied, "Well, you see, it was like this. I comes across a French queerasseer; I gives him cut one, and in course I then comes to guard two, when he ought to have delivered cut two at my right cheek; but the infernal scoundrel cut me over *the wrong cheek*, and very nigh did for me." So in Molière's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," Monsieur Jourdain plaintively exclaims to Nicole, "Oui, mais tu me pousses en tierce avant que de pousser en quarte, et tu n'as pas la patience que je pare." Well, it is good at times to cut over the wrong cheek, and to thrust in *tierce* when the adversary expects *quarte*.

Sir Francis Doyle tells a good story to the effect that Monsieur Hamon, the famous French fencing-master, was once applied to by a gentleman for his aid or advice under the following circumstances. The gentleman had incurred a deadly quarrel with another, and it was agreed that they were to fight *à outrance*;[1] but a fortnight was both to set their affairs in order. The man who applied knew nothing of fencing; his antagonist was a skilled lo the former came to Hamon to ask him to teach him a could of his art in the fortnight. "What," exclaimed

[1] I implore people not to say *à l'outrance*.

Hamon; "teach you fencing in a fortnight! Impossible. Your only chance is to adopt some mode of attack utterly opposed to all the rules of science; *that* may baffle and confound him." This was done, and with success. Hamon's client killed his man.

After Majuba Hill General Gordon wrote to the *Times*, pointing out that, in dealing with a brave irregular enemy on his own ground, the very regularity of regular troops was a disadvantage to them.

The Italians in the neighbourhood of Massowah adhered too much and too pedantically to the rules and axioms of scientific warfare—if there be such a thing—and, while they never scored a success, they incurred grievous disaster both at Dogali and at Sanganeiti.

There are times to throw aside rules and canons, or to act in defiance of them. Sometimes the greatest rashness is the greatest prudence. Red tape chokes self-reliance and kills initiative. Our whole military history in India proves it. Almost every battle we have fought in that country was fought in defiance of the principles of textbook warfare, and *ought* to have been lost, but was won. No service develops a bold self-reliance and a bold defiance of theory so much as the Indian service, a service where subalterns are accustomed to act on their own responsibility in detached positions of great difficulty. Witness Edwardes in the second Sikh war, a lieutenant commanding an army, and leading it to victory, while the Commander-in-Chief, at the head of a regular force, held back! Witness also Grant of Manipur.

The whole of what a French writer[1] calls "the heroic period" of the Mutiny—that is, from its commencement till the arrival of the reinforcements under Sir Colin Campbell—was a brilliant series of dashing defiances of theory. The siege of Delhi itself was a glorious defiance of theory, where 10,000 men besieged 100,000 in a position so extensive that the so-called besiegers could "observe" but a small part of the enemy's works, and were, in fact, themselves besieged; yet they took the place. When Lawrence and other stout spirits urged the assault, the red-tapists said it was impossible, there was no precedent for such a thing, madness, &c. But Lawrence insisted, and it was done; and we won.

And that was a good story—suspiciously good, perhaps; more like *ben trovato* than *vero*—told of Lawrence in, I think, the "Life of Herbert Edwardes," as to General A.—more famous for whist than war—wiring to Sir John that he must entrench his force and stand on the defensive, and Sir John's reply—"Clubs are trumps, not spades."

[1] "La Révolte des Cipayes." E. D. Forgues.

This smacks of Edwardes's own fun. Irreverent speculators have often wondered *when* Delhi would have fallen if Sir Colin Campbell had been in command, and with the means then available. He was *too* regular. Nicholson was the man for such a crisis. A Trenck was better than a Daun.

PATRICK MAXWELL.

"MARQUESAN MELVILLE."

HAS America a literature? I am inclined to think it a grave mistake to argue seriously with those afflicted persons who periodically exercise themselves over this idlest of academic questions. It is wiser to meet them with a practical counter-thrust, and pointedly inquire, for example, whether they are familiar with the writings of Herman Melville. Whereupon, confusion will in most cases ensue, and you will go on to suggest that to criticise "Hamlet," with the prince's part omitted, would be no whit more fatuous than to demonstrate the non-existence of an American literature, while taking no account of its true intellectual giants. When it was announced, a few months ago, that "Mr. Herman Melville, the author," had just died in New York at the age of seventy-two, the news excited but little interest on this side of the Atlantic; yet, forty years ago, his name was familiar to English, as to American readers, and there is little or no exaggeration in Robert Buchanan's remark, that he is "the one great imaginative writer fit to stand shoulder to shoulder with Whitman on that continent."

It was in 1846 that Melville fairly took the world by storm with his "Typee: the Narrative of a four months' residence in the Marquesas Islands," the first of a brilliant series of volumes of adventure, in which reality was so deftly encircled with a halo of romance that readers were at once captivated by the force and freshness of the style and puzzled as to the personality of the author. Who and what was this mysterious sojourner in the far islands of the Pacific—this "Marquesan Melville," as a writer in *Blackwood* denominated him? Speculation was rife, and not unaccompanied by suspicion; for there were some critics who not only questioned the veracity of Herman Melville's "Narratives," but declared his very name to be fictitious. "Separately," remarked one sagacious reviewer, "the names are not uncommon; we can urge no valid reason against their juncture; yet in this instance they fall suspiciously on our ear."

Herman Melville, however, was far from being a mythical personage, though in his early life, as in his later, he seems to have

instinctively shrunk from any other publicity than that which was brought him by his books. He was a genuine child of nature, a sort of nautical George Borrow, on whom the irresistible sea-passion had descended in his boyhood, and won him away from the ordinary routine of respectable civilised life, until, to quote his own words, to travel had become a necessity of his existence, "a way of driving off the spleen and regulating the circulation." The son of a cultured American merchant, of Scotch extraction, he had early imbibed from his father's anecdotes a romantic attachment to the sea. "Of winter evenings," he says, "by the well-remembered sea-coal fires in old Greenwich Street, New York, he used to tell my brother and me of the monstrous waves at sea, mountain-high, and of the masts bending like twigs." At the age of eighteen, his father having died in bankruptcy, he found himself unexpectedly face to face with poverty and disappointment, and was forced to embark as a common seaman in a merchant vessel bound to Liverpool, a voyage of disillusionment and bitter experience, of which he has left us what is apparently an authentic record in one of his early volumes.[1]

Returned from this expedition, he essayed for a time to gain a quiet livelihood as a teacher. But destiny and his natural genius had willed it otherwise; it was no academic lecture-room, but the deck of a whale-ship, that was to be "his Yale College and his Harvard." "Oh, give me again the rover's life," he exclaims, "the joy, the thrill, the whirl! Let me feel thee again, old sea! Let me leap into thy saddle once more! I am sick of these *terra firma* toils and cares, sick of the dust and reek of towns. Let me snuff thee up, sea-breeze, and whinny in thy spray!" So in 1841 the child of nature was again aboard, and off to the Pacific on a whaler; and it was the adventures that befell him, during this absence of nearly four years' duration, that subsequently furnished the material for the chief series of his volumes. In "Typee" he related the story of his romantic captivity among a tribe of noble savages in the Marquesas; in "Omoo" we have his further wanderings in the Society and Sandwich Islands; in "White Jacket," his return voyage as a common sailor in a man-of-war. "Mardi," on the other hand, is a phantasy, in which the imaginative element, having slipped from the control of the narrative, runs riot in the wildest and most extravagant luxuriance.

"Typee" must be regarded as, on the whole, the most charming of Melville's writings, and the one which may most surely count on lasting popularity; it is certainly the masterpiece of his earlier

[1] *Redburn, his First Voyage: being the Sailor-boy Confessions and Reminiscences of the Son of a Gentleman in the Merchant Service*, 1849.

period, during which the artistic sense was still predominant over those transcendental tendencies which characterised his later volumes. Coming at a time when men's minds were filled with a vague, undefined interest in the wonders of the Pacific, and when the French annexation of Tahiti, of which Melville was an eye-witness, had drawn universal attention to that quarter of the globe, it gained an instantaneous and wide-spread success, both in America and England, and was quickly translated into several European tongues. Alike in the calm beauty of its descriptive passages, and in the intense vividness of its character-sketches, it was, and is, and must ever be, a most powerful and fascinating work. Indeed, I think I speak within the mark in saying that nothing better of its kind is to be found in English literature, so firm and clear is it in outline, yet so dreamily suggestive in the dim mystic atmosphere which pervades it. Here is a passage from one of the early chapters, itself as rhythmical as the rhythmical drifting of the whaler "Dolly" under the trade-winds of the Pacific :

> The sky presented a clear expanse of the most delicate blue, except along the skirts of the horizon, where you might see a thin drapery of pale clouds which never varied their form or colour. The long, measured, dirge-like swell of the Pacific came rolling along with its surface broken by little tiny waves, sparkling in the sunshine. Every now and then a shoal of flying fish, scared from the water under the bows, would leap into the air, and fall the next moment like a shower of silver into the sea. Then you would see the superb albicore, with his glittering sides, sailing aloft, and, often describing an arc in his descent, disappear on the surface of the water. Far off, the lofty jet of the whale might be seen, and nearer at hand the prowling shark, that villainous foot-pad of the seas, would come skulking along, and at a wary distance regard us with his evil eye. At times some shapeless monster of the deep, floating on the surface, would, as we approached, sink slowly into the blue waters, and fade away from the sight. But the most impressive feature of the scene was the almost unbroken silence that reigned over sky and water. Scarcely a sound could be heard but the occasional breathing of the grampus and the rippling at the cutwater.

And Typee itself, the scene of Melville's detention, when he and a companion sailor had deserted from the whale-ship—what a fairy-land of tropical valleys, and crystal streams, and groves of cocoa-palms and bread-fruit trees, is here magically depicted for us! How life-like the portraiture of the innocent, placid, happy islanders, who, albeit cannibals at times, were yet far superior to civilised nations in many of the best qualities by which civilisation is supposed to be distingu shed! And Fayaway—surely never was Indian maiden so glorified by poet or romancer[1] as is the gentle, beautiful, faithful Fayaway in Melville's marvellous tale! The strongest and tenderest

[1] Unless it be Paquita, in Joaquin Miller's *Life among the Modocs*.

pictures that George Borrow has drawn for us of his friendly relations with the wandering gipsy-folk by roadside or dingle are not more strong and tender than Melville's reminiscences of this "peep at Polynesian life." As Borrow possessed the secret of winning the confidence of the gipsies, so Melville, by the same talisman of utter simplicity and naturalness, was able to fraternise in perfect good fellowship with the so-called savages of the Pacific.

It is, furthermore, significant that Melville's familiarity with these "noble savages" was productive of a feeling the very opposite of contempt; he bears repeated and explicit testimony to the enviable healthfulness and happiness of the uncivilised society in which he sojourned so long. "The continual happiness," he says, "which, so far as I was able to judge, appeared to prevail in the valley, sprung principally from that all-pervading sensation which Rousseau has told us he at one time experienced, the mere buoyant sense of a healthful, physical existence. And indeed, in this particular, the Typees had ample reason to felicitate themselves, for sickness was almost unknown. During the whole period of my stay, I saw but one invalid among them; and on their smooth, clear skins you observed no blemish or mark of disease." Still more emphatic is his tribute to their moral qualities. "Civilisation does not engross all the virtues of humanity: she has not even her full share of them. . . . If truth and justice, and the better principles of our nature, cannot exist unless enforced by the statute-book, how are we to account for the social condition of the Typees? So pure and upright were they in all the relations of life, that entering their valley, as I did, under the most erroneous impressions of their character, I was soon led to exclaim in amazement: Are these the ferocious savages, the blood-thirsty cannibals, of whom I have heard such frightful tales! . . . I will frankly declare that after passing a few weeks in this valley of the Marquesas, I formed a higher estimate of human nature than I had ever before entertained. But, alas! since then I have been one of the crew of a man-of-war, and the pent-up wickedness of five hundred men has nearly overturned all my previous theories."

But here it may be asked by later, as by earlier readers, "Was Melville's narrative a true one? Is his testimony on these subjects a testimony of any scientific value?" The answer to this question, despite the suspicion of the critics, is a decided affirmative. Not only is Melville's account of Typee in close agreement with that of earlier voyagers, as, for example, Captain Porter's "Journal of a Cruise to the Pacific Ocean," published in 1822, but it has been expressly

corroborated by later adventurers. "I cannot resist," wrote an American naval officer,[1] "paying the faint tribute of my own individual admiration to Mr. Melville. Apart from the innate beauty and charming tone of his narratives, the delineations of island life and scenery, from my own personal observation, are most correctly and faithfully drawn." Another witness, who has recently been cited, was the Rev. Titus Coan, of the Hawaiian Islands, who "had personally visited the Marquesas group, found the Typee valley, and verified in every detail the romantic descriptions of the gentle but man-devouring islanders."[2]

After the publication of "Typee," Melville married the daughter of Chief Justice Shaw, to whom the book was dedicated, and made his home, from 1850 to 1863, in an old spacious farmhouse at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, commanding picturesque views of Greylock and the other Berkshire mountains. He was here a neighbour of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who was then living at Lenox, and there are records of many friendly intimacies between the two authors, whose intellects were in many ways akin. We read in the Hawthorne diaries of "Mr. Omoo's visits," and how he came accompanied by "his great dog," and how he held transcendental conversations with Hawthorne "about time and eternity, things of this world and of the next, and books, and publishers, and all possible and impossible matters, that lasted pretty deep into the night." It is during this residence at Pittsfield, the adventurous struggles of his early life being now concluded, that we note the commencement of the second, the transcendental period of Melville's literary career. It has been truly said of him that "he had all the metaphysical tendencies which belong so eminently to the American mind;" and it is interesting to observe in this, as in other cases, the conjunction of the practical with the metaphysical temperament. "The chief characteristic of Herman Melville's writings"—so I have elsewhere remarked[3]—"is this attempted union of the practical with the ideal. Commencing with a basis of solid fact, he loves to build up a fantastic structure, which is finally lost in the cloudland of metaphysical speculation."

As "Typee" is the best production of the earlier and simpler phase of Melville's authorship, so undoubtedly is "The Whale" (or "Moby Dick," as it is sometimes styled) the crown and glory of the later phase; less shapely and artistic than "Typee," it far surpasses

[1] Lieut. Wise, in *Los Gringos*, a volume of travels published in 1849.

[2] For this and other particulars I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Arthur man of New York, the friend and literary executor of Herman Melville.

[3] *Review*, November 1889.

it in immensity of scope and triumphant energy of execution.[1] It is in "The Whale" that we see Melville casting to the winds all conventional restrictions, and rioting in the prodigality of his imaginative vigour. It is in "The Whale" that we find the fullest recognition of that magical influence of the sea—the "image of the ungraspable phantom of life"—which from first to last was the most vital inspiration of his restless and indomitable genius. ("The ocean," he finely wrote in a later volume, "brims with natural griefs and tragedies; and into that watery immensity of terror man's private grief is lost like a drop.") Ostensibly nothing more than a wild story of a strange voyage of vengeance, a "quenchless feud" between a fierce old sea-captain and a particular white sperm-whale of renowned strength and audacity, the book, which abounds with real facts concerning the details of the whale-fishery, has a mystic esoteric significance which lifts it into a wholly different category. In the character of Captain Ahab, who "looked like a man cut away from the stake when the fire has overrunningly wasted all the limbs without consuming them," we see a lurid personification of the self-destructive spirit of Hatred and Revenge, while Moby Dick, the white whale, "swam before him as the monomaniac incarnation of all those malicious agencies which some deep men feel eating in them." To quote detached passages from a work of such ambitious conception and colossal proportions would be worse than useless; I must therefore content myself with saying that "The Whale," faulty as it is in many respects, owing to the turgid mannerisms of Melville's transcendental mood, is nevertheless the supreme production of a master mind—let no one presume to pass judgment on American literature unless he has read, and re-read, and wonderingly pondered, the three mighty volumes of "The Whale."

The increasing transcendentalism of Melville's later thought was accompanied and reflected by a corresponding complexity of language, the limpid simplicity so remarkable in "Typee," and "Omoo," and "White Jacket" being now succeeded by a habit of gorgeous and fantastic word-painting, which, though brilliantly effective at its best, degenerated, at its worst, into mere bombast and rhetoric, a process which had already been discernible in the concluding portions of "Mardi," while in "Pierre" (or "The Ambiguities," as it was appropriately designated) it reached the fatal

[1] *The Whale* was dedicated to Hawthorne, and is referred to in his "Wonder-Book." "On the hither side of Pittsfield sits Herman Melville, shaping out the gigantic conception of his 'White Whale,' while the gigantic shadow of Greylock looms upon him from his study window."

climax of its development. This unfortunate book, published in 1852, was to a great extent the ruin of its author's reputation; for the critics not unfairly protested against the perversity of "a man born to create, who resolves to anatomise; a man born to see, who insists upon speculating." Of "The Confidence Man" (1857), and Melville's later books in general, it is not necessary to speak; though it is noticeable that in his narrative of "Israel Potter" (1855), and one or two of the short stories in "The Piazza Tales" (1856), he partly recovered his old firmness of touch and delicacy of workmanship.

For, in spite of all the obscurities and mannerisms which confessedly deform his later writings, it remains true that *naturalness* is, on the whole, Melville's prime characteristic, both in the tone and in the style of his productions. His narratives are as racy and vigorous as those of Defoe or Smollett or Marryat; his character-sketches are such as only a man of keen observation, and as keen a sense of humour, could have realised and depicted. His seamen and his sea-captains all, his savages ashore or aboard, from the noble unsophisticated Mehevi in "Typee" to the semi-civilised comical Queequeg in "The Whale," are admirably vivid and impressive, and the reader who shall once have made their acquaintance will thenceforward in no wise be persuaded that they are not real and living personages. Moreover, there is a large-souled humanity in Melville—the direct outcome of his generous, emotional, yet uniformly sane temperament—which differentiates him entirely from the mere artist or *littérateur*. "I stand for the heart," he writes, in one of his letters to Nathaniel Hawthorne, a statement fully substantiated by the many humane sentiments that find expression in his pages, whether on the subject of modern warfare, or negro slavery, or the barbarities of naval discipline, or the cruel treatment of the harmless "savages" of the Pacific by the more savage apostles of "civilisation." For the rest of it, Melville appears as a frank, simple believer in common human nature, and so little a respecter of persons that his democracy was described by Hawthorne as "ruthless." "With no son of man,' says Melville, "do I stand upon any etiquette or ceremony, except the Christian ones of charity and honesty . . . . A thief in jail is as honourable a personage as General George Washington."

It may be surmised that this uncompromising attitude was scarcely calculated to win the favour of society. A friend who visited Melville at Pittsfield described him as an Ishmael who was "apparently considered by the good people of Pittsfield as little better than a cannibal or a beach-comber." "In vain," he says,[1] "I

[1] Dr. Titus Coan's letter, quoted in the *New York World's* obituary notice of *Melville*.

sought to hear of Typee and those Paradise islands ; he preferred to pour forth his philosophy and his theories of life. The shade of Aristotle arose like a cold mist between myself and Fayaway. But what a talk it was ! Melville is transformed from a Marquesan to a gipsy student, the gipsy element still remaining strong in him. And this contradiction gives him the air of one who has suffered from opposition, both literary and social."

There is no doubt that Melville's characteristic reticence on personal matters, together with his increasing love of retirement, was in large measure the cause of his otherwise unaccountable loss of literary fame ; for even the well-merited failure of such books as "Pierre" and "The Confidence Man," would be in itself insufficient to explain the neglect of his genuine masterpieces. It is true that for a few years he was induced to lecture, in various parts of the States, on the subject of his voyages to the South Seas ; but, as a rule, he could not, or would not, cultivate the indispensable art of keeping his name before the public. The man who could win the affections of a cannibal community in the Pacific was less at home in the intricacies of self-advertisement and "business." "Dollars damn me," he remarks in one of his letters. "When I feel most moved to write, that is banned—it will not pay. Yet, altogether, write the *other* way I cannot. So the product is a final hash, and all my books are botches." That he felt keenly mortified at the ill success of "Pierre," is beyond question. When, on the occasion of a tour in Europe, in 1856, he visited Hawthorne at the Liverpool consulate, he told his friend that "the spirit of adventure had gone out of him." He is described by Hawthorne as looking "a little paler, perhaps, and a little sadder, and with his characteristic gravity and reserve of manner. . . . He has suffered from too constant literary occupations, pursued without much success latterly ; and his writings, for a long while past, have indicated a morbid state of mind."

In 1863, Melville found it necessary, for the better education of his children, to leave his home at Pittsfield, and to take up his quarters at New York, where for many years he held an inspectorship in the custom-house. His life became now altogether one of quietude and retirement ; content to let the noisy world go by, he made no attempt to recover the fame which had once been his, and to which he still possessed an inalienable title. During these years, however, he published two volumes of poetry ; "Battle Pieces," which deals mainly with incidents of the civil war, and "Clarel, a Pilgrimage in the Holy Land," described by Melville himself, in a letter to an English correspondent, as "a metrical affair, a pilgrimage or what

not, of several thousand lines, eminently adapted for unpopularity." More interesting than these is a little story, "John Marr and other Sailors," issued in 1888, and limited to twenty-five copies—a limitation which affords a pathetic and significant comment on the acumen of a "reading public" which had allowed itself to become almost entirely oblivious of the author of "Typee" and "The Whale"! We need not doubt, however, that Melville found ample compensation for this neglect in that assurance of ultimate and lasting recognition which is seldom denied to men of genius. "His tall, stalwart figure," says Mr. Stedman,[1] "until recently could be seen almost daily, tramping through the Fort George district or Central Park; his roving inclination leading him to obtain as much out-door life as possible. His evenings were spent at home, with his books, his pictures, and his family, and usually with them alone."

His love of literature was fully sustained to the end. I have before me a most interesting batch of letters, dated between 1884 and 1888, addressed by him to Mr. James Billson, of Leicester, and mostly dealing with the poems of James Thomson ("B. V."), of which he was a great admirer. Some of these comments and appreciations are in Melville's best style. "'Sunday up the River,'" he writes, "contrasting with the 'City of Dreadful Night,' is like a Cuban humming-bird, beautiful in faery tints, flying against the tropic thundercloud. Your friend was a sterling poet, if ever one sang. As to pessimism, although neither pessimist nor optimist myself, nevertheless I relish it in the verse, if for nothing else than as a counterpoise to the exorbitant hopefulness, juvenile and shallow, that makes such a muster in these days—at least in some quarters."

"Exorbitant hopefulness" could indeed have been hardly otherwise than distasteful to one who, like his own "John Marr" (a retired sailor whose fate it was to live on a "frontier-prairie," among an unresponsive inland people who cared nothing for the sea), had so long experienced the solitude of disappointed genius. But it is impossible to believe that this undeserved neglect can be permanent. The opinion of those competent judges who are students of Melville's works is so clear and emphatic in his favour,[2] that it is not too much to say that to read his books is generally to appreciate them; nor is it only those who have what is called an "educated taste" who are thus impressed, for I have been told of instances in which English working-men became his hearty admirers. It is satisfactory to know

[1] *New York Tribune*, October 1, 1891.

[2] I may instance Mr. William Morris, Mr. Theodore Watts, Mr. R. L. Stevenson, Mr. Robert Buchanan, and Mr. W. Clark Russell.

that a new edition of his best books is forthcoming, both in America and England, and that the public will thus have an opportunity, I will not say of repairing a wrong done to a distinguished writer, for, as I have already shown, the decay of his fame was partly due to circumstances of his own making, but at least of rehabilitating and confirming its earlier and truer judgment. Herman Melville will then resume his honourable place in American literature (for, to end as I began, I hold that the existence of an American literature is a fact and not a supposition), as the prose-poet of the Pacific—

> the sea-compelling man,
> Before whose wand Leviathan
> Rose hoary-white upon the deep,
> With awful sounds that stirred its sleep;
> Melville, whose magic drew Typee,
> Radiant as Venus, from the sea.[1]

HENRY S. SALT.

[1] Robert Buchanan's *Socrates in Camden.*

ILLUSTRATIVE ART: PAST AND PRESENT.

IT is not my purpose, nor is it within my province as an artist and illustrator, to give the history of illustrative art, with its rise and development; I leave that side of the subject to such masters as William Andrew Chatto, Austin Dobson, and David Croal Thomson, with the other specialists who devote themselves to the historical as well as the critical qualities of artists, past and present.

My present intention is to write as a workman about the work he is constantly engaged upon. I wish to describe the qualities of the different illustrators as they have impressed and influenced my work, trusting that in this I have a fair, open, and useful field before me.

I approach the subject with the greatest diffidence, because, when a man begins to analyse his own particular work, he occupies the peculiar position of being his own critic, and must either make a sacrifice of his feelings, *i.e.*, his vanity, and natural desire to cover up his weaknesses and pose only on his few strong parts, for, of course, every man who has had experience must know in his inmost consciousness his strength and failings (although it may not always be advisable to reveal the knowledge even to himself, far less to his critical friends), or else be ruthless and strip himself bare for the benefit of those coming after him.

If I were only a critic, I could enter the lists in a jocund spirit and tilt away right and left as critics mostly do, satisfied that no one could pierce my armour and place me *hors de combat*, but when a knight goes to the tournament with armour a little worse designed than many of the coats of mail he is facing, or, at least, when he is aware of the sad fact, he does not ride forth so joyfully.

Nevertheless I shall endeavour, as far as possible, to lay aside my *amour propre* for the sake of my readers and give them the benefit of my experience, even although I may be wounded badly while I am doing so.

I take a few of the illustrated books which lie handiest to me at this moment, and make them the text for my remarks, which, as I have already said, I intend to make strictly practical rather than historical; therefore, I shall only touch upon illustrative work in the more distant past in so far as it may apply to the canons which I have laid down for myself to follow, and no further.

An illustrated book, to be perfect, ought to have nothing intrusive about it; no single picture ought to assert itself unduly, and so make the text with the other illustrations appear mean, washy, or weak. If the keynote struck is to be rugged strength, let there be no incongruity of super-refined and delicate lines, let the text be bold and assertive enough to suit the quality of the illustrations from the title-page to the end, so that the reader's eye may get accustomed at once to take a distant view of the whole, and not have to push the book back from him to arm's length on the one page, and bring it close to his eyes at the next. Books are like pictures, or ought to be—either gallery works, or produced for the cabinet; either to be admired from the distance, or else examined with a microscopic lens.

A coarsely painted picture requires a strongly designed frame; a book with coarse or strong effects in its illustrations also requires a strong text, deep head-lines, massive headings and title-page, and ornate binding; and to see the full beauty of this, and how perfect are the harmony of the lettering and edge-lines, I can only refer my readers to one of the earliest of wood engravings—the "St. Christopher," dated 1423 (original in the possession of Earl Spencer), a reproduction of which may be seen on page 46 of "A Treatise on Wood Engraving," by Chatto & Jackson. This seems to me a very perfect specimen of what ought to be, in quality and just balance. The drawing is in outline, massive and decided all through, without a single unnecessary line; the descriptive lettering is black letter with broad band round it. In its present position in the centre of the modern text, it suggests two ideas, either that it is too coarse for its present surroundings, or else that the text is too fine; therefore, to be seen to proper advantage, it ought to be enclosed in a black-letter text. Contrast this as to general harmony with the two *reduced* copies of outline work on page 72 in the same work; here the illustrations, although bold in the original, by reason of the reduction, have been brought more into unity with the modern type. You can see both pictures and text in the first glance without any extra effort, whereas in the "St. Christopher" page, the picture intrudes itself and almost requires to be covered before the reader can enjoy or settle down to the text. Of course, in a work of this kind, where different

specimens of engraving must be shown, the authors have no choice in the matter, and perfect unity cannot be studied.

Looking over these old engravings, one cannot help being struck not only with the boldness and decision of the technique, but also with the consummate restraint and knowledge of effect displayed by the worker. Perhaps amongst our modern living men Walter Crane is the only artist who exhibits a similar courage and grasp of the essentials. (*See* his "Queen Summer," published by Cassell & Co., for some of the best and most characteristic work he has yet given to the public in book form.)

The next stage in illustrative art which we have to mention is where cross-hatching has been introduced, to give depth and richness to the shadows. The earliest style of work shows only outlines which are in many cases to be preferred to more elaborate work, particularly when inserted with the text; after this, shadows are suggested by single lines, as in the specimens which I have quoted.

Cross-hatching appears to have been used first in the year 1486, in a frontispiece to the Latin edition of "Breydenbach's Travels," which was printed at Mentz by Erhard Reuwich. The name of the artist is not known—a sample of modesty characteristic of the early inventors; for the work upon this plate is as beautiful and elaborate as it is unique at this early date. With the introduction of cross-hatching, used at first directly, horizontally and perpendicularly, we get the *feeling* of colour and tone in illustrative work which are its most pronounced features at the present day. In this we have advanced, and are still advancing, day by day to a perfection of feebleness, and with lack of distinctive character and force. In outline drawing we have not improved since the close of the 15th century—to wit, the Poliphili of 1499—where the lines are perfectly modulated to suggest light edges and shadows.

We next come to the beautiful work of Albert Dürer, where he uses the cross-hatching diagonally, as it is executed at the present day, with broken lines and dots, where such were required. In fact, this rare artist seems to have had all the tricks of the trade at his command, and to have paused at no device in order to gain his effect. I shall not describe any of his work here, as it is sufficiently well known with the influence it brought to bear upon illustrative art generally.

When taking up the practical side of an art, it is only a waste of time to enumerate all the different workers who may have left their own particular, if not always very prominent, marks in the pages of its history. I would rather call attention, in the short space at my

disposal, to what constitutes the different great epochs, such as the unknown outline workers, the men who aimed at tone and colour, dating distinctly from the time of Albert Dürer; the distinctive chiaro-oscuro workers, amongst whom I would exemplify Rembrandt; the purely-tone artists such as Turner, the grotesque in Hogarth and Cruikshank; and next take our modern men who carry on the art at the present day, and exemplify a few such prominent workers as Small, Parsons, Barnard, and Abbey, although the army of first-class illustrators is so large at the present day that it becomes a difficult and ungracious task for me to mention names at all.

The different stages of progression in illustrative art may be broadly defined after this fashion: the time when artists drew directly on the wood with pencil or pen only, and engravers followed their hard lines; the date when bold effects with Indian ink and Chinese white were introduced, and engravers were permitted to use their own lines, and so became liberated from the trammels, and could first lay their claims to being original artists, as well as the men who drew the designs which they cut; the last and most satisfactory stage, when photography stepped in and became the umpire between artist and engraver.

In the first stage the engraver was a mechanic pure and simple, unless he drew his own design, or could take the liberty of improving upon the artist's lines. If, however, it was an experienced artist, the engraver simply copied, and did not trouble himself to think much so long as he got his lines out clean. In the second stage, when he had wash drawings on the block, there was seldom any appeal from the artist; he had, it is true, the option of lightening up his picture on the proof and saving his reputation somewhat by making a few bold and hard lights where his other effect had been lost; but this was all that was left to him because *his original drawing* had been cut up.

Now, the original drawing is seldom destroyed; it stands to the bitter end and settles any disputes between engravers and artist, because the engraver works only upon a photograph from the original sketch, and has it all along beside him to work from as a copy as well as to confute him if he is a bungler, which is a right and proper state of things, for now the indifferent artist cannot flatter himself or steal the reputation of the skilful engraver, and the unqualified engraver cannot lay his faults on the shoulders of the artist; each tub must stand upon its own bottom.

After Albert Dürer, with his delicacy and finish, as well as spirituality and suggestiveness, we come to Rembrandt as the most

perfect master of chiaro-oscuro that the world has produced. At the present day we cannot hope to surpass him; we are satisfied if we approach somewhat near to his matchless gradations, depth of shadow, and lustre.

There was considerably over a century between these two influences; but it was a progressive century as the numerous book-plates throughout Europe can show. The school of Dürer gave the illustrator the first real hint about colour; Rembrandt showed them how much power may be had out of a flat surface.

From Rembrandt to Bewick the merits of the different book plates vary. Nature, however, did not occupy much room in their calculations. Bewick was, perhaps, our first great realist, for all his studies were drawn uncompromisingly from the object itself, and before his advent the illustrators, like the novelists, were content to interest their audience; but, after Bewick, it was found necessary to study accuracy as well as sentiment and effect, and this we continue and try to improve upon at the present day.

Hogarth, as an illustrator, gave a turn to art which it had not before. It is always a pleasant thought to me, as a native of Britain, that, while looking towards Germany and Holland for our early inspiration in illustrative art, we must return to our own shores once again for its revival, to Hogarth, Bewick, and Turner, with Constable (as a painter) for the apostles of that realism, suggestiveness and satire with which the other nations now strive to lead off. As in literature, so in art, we have the original creators of those styles, to acquire which our students now go to France and Belgium.

Shakespeare made Goethe, Schiller, Hugo, and Zola. Constable and Turner created the modern French school of Impressionists, Bewick the realistic draughtsmen; Hogarth the satirists of the pencil. We may be a heavy nation and apt to take a joke sadly, yet we have had our humorists also who have been appreciated by other nations as well as their own, and perhaps a little more so.

Amongst modern men, that is, comparatively modern men, who have had a great influence in book pictures, I would mention, in landscape art, Turner as the first; in caricature Cruikshank, and in general force of black and white, Doré. These three, I think, I may safely place as having the greatest influence in their different walks.

Turner I now quote as the most imitated painter and illustrator that ever lived, which is about the surest test of his individuality that can be given. Individualism as well as mannerism, alas! for the main body of the imitators who could only

pick up the mannerisms, without getting one touch at the genius which made him great—those bald sunlight effects which somehow remind us after a grotesque and wearisome fashion of the master which they have attempted vainly to follow. How often have we taken up a volume of steel engravings in the half light, thinking that we had found a collection of Turner's works, until we brought them to the light and realised our mistake at one stunning instant! The invention and poetry were totally lacking, the effect dry and empty, and the design meaningless.

Ruskin is quite right to go into raptures over the great genius of Turner, and in this he shows his own perception of true poetic power, inasmuch as he makes a mistake in over-estimating Creswick's black-and-white work, but that he should close his eyes to the glaring faults of Turner, or rather, that he should call these faults virtues, is simply reducing the weight of his critical influence until it is not worth using. If he *will* hold up for praise, blemishes which even the most ignorant can see for themselves, how is it possible for them to set him up for a guide in matters which lie beyond their knowledge?

The tree work in most of Turner's illustrations and pictures is not drawn from nature, and the trees have no natural characteristic about them, in fact they are monstrosities in the vegetable sense, and no preacher in the world, no matter how eloquently he may discourse, would be able to convince a gardener that these are the correct sort of trees for these landscapes, or that the pictures would not have been improved with properly-drawn trees instead of these unnatural monstrosities; and, like the realistic gardener, I must also say that Mr. Ruskin could never convince me that a single breath of the poetry would have been lost had Turner drawn real instead of imaginary trees.

His ships are not the kind of craft which practical seamen would care to venture beyond the harbour-bar in, if they even cared to risk their lives so far to sea, although they may look very nice and picturesque to a landsman's eye. Stanfield was a much more correct painter of ships, in spite of all that Mr. Ruskin may have written to the contrary, as any sailor could tell him, and, therefore, I contend that the drawings and paintings of Turner would not have lost any of their poetic charm even although he had tried a little more to please the sailors, and given to them ships in which they might have been able to sail and fight.

At times, also, in spite of his exquisite drawing, his architectural work is not beyond reproach, and may be pecked at by a very

immature and even budding professor of that exact science, yet in this department his faults are trivial compared to his frailties in other departments.

The shapeless dolls which he introduced and so often crowded into his compositions (with a few exceptions) are simply atrocious, and would not have been tolerated from an inferior artist. In his illustrative work he is seen at his very worst in this respect; witness most of the plates in Moore's "Epicurean," the "Rivers of France" series, &c.

But in his effects he stands unapproachable, his dreamy delicacy and subtilty, his skies and water and aerial perspective; in his suggestiveness, multiplicity of detail and complete unity of the many parts into one harmonious whole, the colour with which his black-and-whites are invested is so thorough that any artist can define each tint with which he would have coloured his black-and-whites, or what he used in the sketches from which so many of his illustrations were made.

For these great qualities, Mr. Ruskin could not indeed praise him too extravagantly, for these raised him leagues above any other landscapist, before or after him, and might well excuse any other faults in detail; but for all that no critic has a right to extol in one artist what he would justly condemn in any other.

His direct influence on illustrative art made a distinct epoch in this branch; artists no longer stuck to the hard and fast laws which had curtailed them before, they became suggestive and poetic, and no longer confined themselves to the stationary effects of mid-day, when objects are seen photographically, but gave their pictures the atmosphere which they so often lacked before. Turner is the father of the suggestive and impressionist schools, and perhaps one of the ablest of his modern disciples is Alfred Parsons, an artist who has had the genius to pick out the best of his master without taking any of his faults; he has imbibed the poetry and discarded the extravagance, and never in his most dreamy effect does he lose his grip of nature. For the truth of my remarks I would ask you to study two illustrations which lie handy to me at this moment, where the effects are somewhat similar: the "Rouen" (from the Seine) by J. M. W. Turner; and "Still Glides the Stream and Shall for Ever Glide" (the River Duddon), by Alfred Parsons, which was engraved in Vol. 75 of *Harper's Magazine*.

I would now select a few of the illustrations from the most modern of our artists and books to show how these lessons of Turner have been utilised in the best sense at the present day along with that

rigid adherence to nature which is one of the most prominent characteristics of the nineteenth century, an exactitude for which we as artists are indebted to the revelations of photography perhaps more than any advance in our own personal knowledge of Nature, for I daresay the artists of past times looked as lovingly and as keenly at Nature as we do to-day, only that they had no realistic camera to put them right in their impressions as we now have.

We know from the camera how a lightning-flash really looks, what a horse is like when at full speed, the different actions of a bird's wings when flying, the true shape of each wave in a storm, also the swing of drapery in a high wind, and how men and women really appear when excited, for before instantaneous photography, the painter was apt to be deceived, and take as one, several motions and effects.

When speaking about the direct influence of a great inventive genius like Turner's or Constable's, I may point to works which do not bear the smallest resemblance to their style and mannerisms; for instance, I may point out a piece of work marked by all the characteristics of the modern Flemish or French schools, or I may point to the work of a figure painter, and quote him as a conscious or unconscious follower of Turner or Constable. It is very likely that the artist has gone to France or Holland for his own art finish, nevertheless those schools which gave him his finish, borrowed their own manipulative qualities from either or both these rival masters.

In the new illustrated edition of "Lorna Doone," that masterpiece of Blackmore's, I notice nine or ten Devonshire landscapes which are more distinctively Turneresque than many of the modern books exhibit. They are drawn as a rule with fidelity to nature, and engraved with sympathetic tenderness, perhaps in some cases too tenderly and over-finished for the purpose and effect. The most imitative and to me the least satisfactory effect is "Watchett on a Regatta Day"; the best, as far as sky-work is concerned, is "Dunking Beacon Fire."

In this same volume W. Small exhibits his powers at their full strength in his colossal figures, startling effects, rich shadows, and tender backgrounds; the last picture of all simply swims in the colour and lustre of mid-day.

C. W. Wyllie is another free and faithful worker who has had the best of Turner and Constable measured out to him in a French fashion, as most of our modern English work is fashioned. Davidson Knowles displays this also in his dreamy suggestive work, William Hatherell, with a host of others whom I cannot mention for want of space.

The modern tone or wash work as exhibited in the *American Magazine*, *The Century*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and in *The Magazine of Art*, shows the effect of Turner more and more every day. Fortunately the hard and laborious reign of steel engraving is over, as I think nothing can be more unsuitable to book illustrations than steel engraving, and nothing more suitable than a first-class woodcut, when carefully mounted and clearly printed. The steel is always hard and metallic, whereas the wood gives all the tone and colour of the drawing; and now that we have the numerous process inventions to reproduce pen-and-ink drawings, and so give all the characteristics of the artist, it becomes only a waste of time and money to employ an engraver of any talent to produce any other kind of work except tone drawing; and as for the indifferent workmanship which might have satisfied the public before the advent of such magazines and papers as *The Graphic*, *Black and White*, *The English Illustrated Magazine*, *The Magazine of Art*, with the American works already mentioned, and others of the same class, the less expensive process work, such as I generally use in my own books, is infinitely to be preferred.

In speaking of George Cruikshank as an illustrator, I do not refer to his qualities as a caricaturist, as those are sufficiently well known from the numerous works he has left behind him, and of which some of the finest specimens may be possessed for a few shillings by any one so desirous, in the re-issue of his "Comic Almanack," published by Chatto & Windus, where in the two bulky volumes, may be had his best work during the best eighteen years of his art life.

It is his delicate outline and etching qualities that I would call attention to, which have influenced the pen-and-ink workers of the present day. Most of his designs were done on copper, but in a few cases he worked for the engravers, and these do not show up so satisfactorily. Indeed, although I believe it to be a law with *Punch's* proprietors to have all their pen work engraved on wood, and thus keep to the old traditions, artistically speaking, I think they are wrong, and suffer accordingly, now that zincography is able to give the artist's work line for line, with less of his delicate work lost, and none of his characteristics destroyed, as must be the case in many cases, even with the best wood engraver. Indeed, I would rather have some of the best work as given sometimes in *Ally Sloper's Half Holiday* and *Pick-me-up*, pure and simple as it is, than I would have the wood-engraving imitations of pen work in our national comic leader, *Punch*.

Punch, as a high-class paper, appeals to a certain and select

order of readers, but in the sense that Cruikshank was comic it is not at all funny. *Ally Sloper* is the only paper of the present day to whom the peculiar genius of the old caricaturists has descended; his Hogarthian satire and Rabelaisian humour is, in this much-illustrated weekly paper, reproduced in modernised costume and surroundings. Parisian nattiness and smartness blends with the broad buffoonery with which Cruikshank delighted his audience of the past generation. We are not so simple in our tastes (more is the pity); therefore, instead of the horseplay of the clown and harlequin, we have Tootsie Sloper and her erratic but impecunious and disreputable parent, with her own Frivolity friends to disport themselves through the pages; yet, inasmuch as "The Comic Almanack" faithfully held up, in its own particularly good-natured way, the weaknesses and follies of the day in which it was produced, so does this happy-go-lucky paper exhibit the froth of ours.

Ally Sloper is a distinct creation, as I may say also the Elder McNab is, and as the first hits off the shady cockney, so, as a Scotchman, I must own to the grotesque fidelity of the latter. For the past twenty years I have watched the natural progress of the old humbug, Ally, and at the present day can read about his ever varied doings with undiminished pleasure, and to continue such a character without wearying old readers for twenty years is, to me, the surest test of his vitality.

Like Rembrandt, Cruikshank's correctness of drawing might be objected to, yet, like that other great master of the needle, no one could surpass him in his knowledge of chiaro-oscuro and balancing of parts; but it is in the subtilty of his lines, and the expression which he was able to give with the least labour, that he stands unapproachable. At the present day those who admire the dexterity with which Mr. Harry Furniss can cram in multitudes of characters into his cartoons for *Punch* may only look at one of the crowded scenes on a small scale, such as "Lord Mayor's Day" in Cruikshank's "Comic Almanack," to see where the inspiration comes from.

Before the revolution which photography caused in illustrative art, that wonderful native of Strasburg, Gustave Doré, burst upon the art world like a flaming meteor, and gave quite a turn to artists and engravers. Before his coming, draughtsmen had worked on a white ground with a thin first wash, afterwards hatching up the details with a four or six H pencil; but Doré, in his frantic hurry to produce his exuberant fancies, discarded all these slow methods, using a black ground with a few dashes of light and half-tone to express himself, as in some of his Inferno scenes, or with a

thin wash of light grey and some white touches, as in his Paradise pictures.

For example, "The Vision of Death," for flimsy yet immensely clever touches of half-light and high-light on a jet-black block: here the figure of Death with his scythe sits astride a reinless horse, with figures of dragons, angels, and demons coming after him like vultures on the wing.

This is one of the most effortless yet best balanced pictures in his collection. As Doré worked, I should say he produced this conception in about half-an-hour, if not less. The figures are rushing along pell-mell amongst dark rolling clouds, and the artist has been in a similar hurry. It is extravagant and theatrical, as all his work was, and sketchy in the extreme; but it is about as good a sample as I can call attention to for this description of work.

Doré's system was an extremely simple one, and straightforward. He fixed on his single light and set to gathering as much shadow about it as possible, a broad light in which he placed as many of his characters as he could cram, and then set to fill out the shadows with as much detail as he could cram into them; for a sample of this, see his "The Prince in the Banqueting Hall" (I quote from Cassell's Doré Gallery), "The Mouth of Hell," "The Gathering of the Waters," &c., &c. The composition is of the same naïve character throughout most of his weird or fantastic conceptions.

The workmanship, compared with the artistic work of to-day, is atrociously coarse and unsatisfactory. Although it suited his original and fevered genius as no other style of work could have done, he flung out his imaginings with a lavish hand, after the manner that Rubens painted many of his pictures, he could not wait to finish off; yet, take him all in all, he gave an impulse to book-plate work which no other illustrator had done before him, and made the workers coming after him more courageous and less afraid of their masses.

In his Francisca groups, however, we have not this reproach to lay to him, and in the drawing from which his masterpiece was painted, or which was drawn from his picture, we can only stand and admire. This is a perfect poem, and lifts his pencil from the ruck of his other wreckage as much as the few exquisite lines which relate that romantic episode rise out of the dreary monotony and catalogue of woes which the Italian poet Dante treats us to in his faulty Inferno.

This Doré Gallery is not the book I would recommend to a young artist to have beside him as a guide unless he has been

cramping his hand and mind over such examples as Bewick, yet to any one getting too finicky in his work a brief study of Doré will do him the same good that a short course of scene painting will do to the landscape painter; it will set him free, and give him a little more "go." In such pictures as Samson destroying the Philistines he will learn how to make a vast crowd on a small scale as well, if not better, than from any other source.

Doré worked always at a furious pace and without much meditation; his memory was so retentive that he could reproduce, or rather translate, whatever he once looked upon. I believe he took no notes or sketches, but trusted to his wonderful memory entirely; also that he went through Spain when preparing for his Don Quixote at express speed; that he painted his Christian Martyr picture in six hours, and did not retouch it. Salvator Rosa did the same with his work, painted a picture between daylight and dark, and composed a poem when the lamps were lit.

He could not paint directly from the model or from nature, as all true artists ought to do, or else *force themselves* to do. Once a student of mine was sketching outside when Doré came upon him and asked to have a try at his sketch. It was in oil that my pupil was working at the time, and, in about five minutes after Doré had taken the brushes in his hand, he returned them (with the oil and turpentine running down the handles, and the canvas in a hopeless mess) with an impatient groan. When a boy I met him once in London and raised him to the seventh heaven of delight by my enthusiasm over his "Christ Leaving the Prætorium." Doré never ceased being a boy; but he was a very extravagant youngster.

What an overpowering crowd of lions he gives us in his "Strange Nations Slain by the Lions of Samaria"! There were enough in that circumscribed space to demolish an empire, almost as many lions as the *Daily Graphic* correspondent, the daring "Randolph," encountered during his late trip to Africa: "The glade appeared to be alive with them."

Doré drew directly on the wood, as did all artists of his time, and as I also did when I commenced illustrative work, and by his example taught us brush work instead of laborious pencil work, *i.e.*, we *painted* our subject, with perhaps the exception of a few finishing touches, with a fine brush on to the block, choosing a light or dark tone as groundwork, as the subject required, and the less we did in the way of finish, or rather pencil strokes, the better the engraver liked our work and the better he worked himself. It is eighteen years ago since I did my last drawing directly on the wood, and I

for one was not sorry when photography did this part of the work for me, for after that I could work as I had been accustomed to do with my sketches, on paper and cardboard.

To Mr. Bolton is due the honour of being the inventor of printing by photography on to the wood, and this invention of his gave the biggest push forward to book-work that it ever had.

Formerly when an artist had to paint his subject on the block, he was forced to hold his brush and not lay on too much colour, or else the engraver could not cut through his crust of Chinese white without danger of taking off large scales. He had also to be careful not to wet the block too much, as that would spoil it. The block sucked in the moisture like blotting paper if he painted thinly; so that this, with a hundred other troubles, curbed his dash very seriously.

Now we can pile on the paint as much as ever we like to get up our effect, and leave adroit brush marks all over our original. The good engraver likes the bold dash and characteristic brush-work of the painter, and I must say he imitates it with rare skill and sympathy. The photographic print on his block reproduces all these eccentricities of the artist, and gives all the appearance of the lumpy lights without troubling the engraver to cut through any crust, for the film on the block is infinitesimal in thickness. He works away at that film without any unnecessary vexation, with the double advantage of having the artist's sketch before him to study as he goes along: the result of all this being that the public have the opportunity of comparing the artist's original work with the engravings, when they are shown in exhibitions, also the benefit of purchasing the original sketches for their smoking-rooms or libraries, while the publisher or artist have the decided advantage of being able to get some more money for their designs, instead of having them totally destroyed by the engraver's chisel—a boon all round which we owe to Mr. Bolton and his timely invention.

I have been asked often how a book ought to be illustrated, and I wish now to answer that question to the best of my artistic ability.

When a tradesman, a plumber for instance, is asked by a foolish proprietor how many pipes he ought to lay on to his new property, it would not be unnatural if even the honestest of that mysterious craft were to reply, "As many as you can afford, sir; the more the better!"

Perhaps I ought to go on that safe rule also; but as a foolish artist, with a rigid sense of propriety, I must sink my own interest and regard the book only as something outside myself.

My opinion is, that if a book is to be illustrated with more than a frontispiece and vignette, it ought to be illustrated thoroughly

throughout. It ought to be an *édition de luxe*, or else a book with only a frontispiece and vignette.

I think that every book bound in cloth ought to have a frontispiece at least; if possible, also a vignette for the title-page. When I publish a book I always try to persuade my publishers to go to this expense.

If it is a novel of a sensational or exciting nature it does not require any more. The tasteful reader, when he takes up a book, likes to be introduced to it with a well-drawn, finely-executed frontispiece; he naturally looks at that first because it opens first to him.

He lingers for a space over that frontispiece, and is either attracted or repelled by it. If it is a bald, commonplace group of figures, without action or sentiment, something that he is in the habit of seeing on every hand, if he is artistic or romantic he will be indebted to that frontispiece; for, taking that as an index to the character of the work, if he does not want commonplace, he will lay it down respectfully and seek out some other amusement.

If the frontispiece has been drawn by a sympathetic artist, the interest of the reader is touched straight off and he turns next to the title-page.

Here he may find something to linger over, a dreamy vignette *à la* Turner, or an artistic commonplace which may suit his purpose. I prefer, as a book collector and a member of the Ex Libris Society, a vignette either quaint and unique, or else one dreamy, soft, and suggestive, something of the style of the best editions of Sir Walter Scott, or of the old world of art, such as Walter Crane can give us, say a delicious Birket Foster, a Turner, or a Bewick, something which will tempt us, providing the binding is good enough, to paste our book-plate inside the cover and put it tenderly among the other kind friends of our solitude on to our shelves, *after* we have read it, something in fact which may tempt us to order from the publishers a special copy bound in morocco, so that we may honour the artist who has delighted our eyes, as Esther did Ahasuerus.

As a good man who has gained an audience by a favourable introduction I would leave the author to do the rest. When once the reader has started on the story, he (the reader) does not feel grateful for any distraction. If the book is worth reading he wants to get right on with it without any interruption; if, however, it fails to interest him, he will lay it down after a few chapters and most likely send it on to some friend, or lend it out, or bestow it upon some charitable institution, or sell it with other works of the same kind to a second-hand bookseller.



A scientific work or book treating on special subjects which strictly require illustrations so that the reader and author may be *en rapport*, the illustrations may be few or many as the text requires. This may be left to the author and the publisher entirely, because the reader lays aside his artistic sense of unity for the sake of the information he requires.

A properly illustrated book should be illustrated on every page. My ideal of such a book is to have to every chapter a head and tail piece, with marginal designs, running up and down wherever the text appears, in pen-and-ink or etching, for I hold that only outline drawing can harmonise with type as highly ornamental as possible. No tone-drawing should ever be introduced where type appears; but each chapter or poem ought to be separated by a full-page plate in tone, wood-engraving if possible, or the best process tone work.

As much attention should be paid to the index and fly-leaves as to the other portions, whilst the binding should be in perfect harmony.

So the *édition de luxe* will be looked at and admired with the respectful care shown to a lady at a ball, while the book with frontispiece and vignette will be fondled over as affectionate husbands ought to fondle their well-dressed, but not over-dressed, wives.

HUME NISBET.

SIR HENRY WOTTON: GENTLEMAN & SCHOOLMASTER.

IT would be easy to cull together a representative gallery of gentlemen from English history; a gentleman-soldier in the person of Sir Philip Sidney, a gentleman-sailor in Lord Howard of Effingham, literature would choose to be represented

> by that gentle Bard,
> Chosen by the Muses for their Page of State—
> Sweet Spenser,

—gentlemen all. Schoolmasters looking into the past will not fail to acknowledge Sir Henry Wotton as a gentleman-schoolmaster.

Miss Beale, in an address given to the Association of Assistant Mistresses, relates that she once heard of a schoolmaster who told another, "I am a gentleman after four o'clock." The other asked, "What were you before?" Sir Henry Wotton's many friends would eagerly have replied for him—"A gentleman always."

It might, indeed, be said that in Sir Henry Wotton there was a good deal more of the gentleman than of the schoolmaster. This famous man was the Provost of Eton College. We who are accustomed to the thought of the varied and trying duties in the life of those who preside over the destinies of schools can understand that Sir Henry Wotton is of another age of schoolmasters when we read: "The Colledge was, to his mind, as a quiet harbour to a sea-faring man after a tempestuous voyage . . . . where he was freed from corroding cares, and seated on such a Rock as the Waves of want could not probably shake; where he might sit in a calme, and looking down, behold the busie multitude tost in a tempestuous Sea of dangers."

After such a passage as this, teachers of the modern school will shake their heads and lose their interest in Wotton. To do so is short-sighted wisdom. There is so much that is exhilarating in his character, so much that is instructive in his ideas of teaching, so much that is beautiful in his life "of toil unsevered from tranquillity,"

that everyone may rejoice to know him. Moreover, his life was written by Izaak Walton. Here, then, is a feast for those who can read—the life of a gentleman, written by a gentleman!

What a full heart and a ready wit has the "honest Izaak" (as Dr. King hath it) when he sets himself to the genial task of showing how the Wotton family of old "both in England and in Foreign parts, have adorned themselves and this nation." How familiarly he brings up the names (and hangs a sweetly-sounding sentence round each) of Sir Robert Wotton, Sir Edward Wotton, Thomas Wotton, and his four sons, Sir Edward, Sir James, Sir Henry, and Nicholas. Then, half-reluctantly, the friendly writer leaves the ancestors, content to have shown the nobility of Wotton's family, and the inherent probability that his hero, Sir Henry, would be fired with the ambition to preserve the noble traditions of his race.

What a charming determination the author then shows throughout his book to prove that Sir Henry Wotton was worthy of his ancestors! How he takes the reader into his confidence, and every now and again, as it were, whispers into his ear his cherished conviction that his poor pen is unable to do justice to such a noble character as that of his hero! Yet his humble language may be accepted, for at any rate it is a "commixture of truth and Sir Henry Wotton's merits."

We must not leave Sir Henry Wotton to linger over Izaak Walton. They were close friends, and there is something appropriate in finding them inseparable. The linked sweetness of the style, the very words, sentences, and paragraphs almost running into affectionate sound, shows that Sir Henry Wotton was a man to be loved. Izaak Walton's friends somehow always were.

Let us return to Sir Henry Wotton. His father had been twice married, and Henry was the son of the second wife. His father had decided, on the death of his first wife, he would not marry a woman who had children, law-suits, or who was of his own kindred. Yet, so much for the consistency of man, Sir Henry Wotton's mother had all those disqualifications! Sir Henry's relations to his father are worth notice. Walton tells us how Sir Henry Wotton never mentioned his father's name without this or some like reverential expression, as "That good man, my father," or "My father, the best of men.'

Henry Wotton was educated at Winchester School and New College, Oxford. About 1588, in the twentieth year of his age, he proceeded Master of Arts, and wrote three lectures "de Oculo." The learned Albericus Gentilis then took an interest in Wotton, and (we *are quaintly* informed) "would have breathed all his excellent know-

ledge into the breast of his dear Harry" if it had been possible. As it was not possible (we are left to conjecture the reason why), he contented himself with teaching him Italian, and leaving him to pick up the crumbs of science as best he might.

For the next six years he travelled, principally in Italy, making friends of Theodore Beza and Isaac Casaubon. On his return to England he was noted of many, for he was "of a choice shape, tall of stature, and of a most persuasive behaviour." He soon attracted the notice of the Earl of Essex, who took him as a secretary, together with Henry Cuffe. Wotton attended Essex in two voyages at sea against the Spaniards, and also on the ill-fated journey to Ireland. Essex and his secretary Cuffe were beheaded; Sir Henry, however, made good his escape. He then returned to Italy, where he stayed some years. Hearing of a conspiracy against James VI. of Scotland (I. of England), he, in the disguise of an Italian, went to Scotland, where by his skilful address he made himself known and liked by James, who afterwards, as King of England, made him Ambassador to Venice. He was at Venice during the critical time of the quarrel with Rome, and was a firm friend of Father Paul. It was while on his way to Italy he wrote his "pleasant" definition of an ambassador: "Legatus est vir bonus peregrè missus ad mentiendum causa Reipublicæ," which he translated: "An ambassador is an honest man sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country."[1] This pleasantry was eight years afterwards the subject of a serious representation to King James against Sir Henry, but by skilful and learned apologies Sir Henry was declared to "have commuted sufficiently."

When Wotton returned to England, his salary for foreign employment was in arrears. The king not being inclined to make these good, at any rate not all at once, put Sir Henry into the Provostship of Eton, then vacant. "And Sir Henry, who had for many years (like Sisyphus) rolled the restless stone of state-employment, knowing experimentally that the great blessing of sweet content was not to be found in multitudes of men or business: and that a Colledge was the fittest place to nourish holy thoughts and to afford rest both to his body and mind, which his age (being now almost three score years) seemed to require," was made very happy by his election as Provost. He had felt, like a halter round his neck, the remembrance of his debts, many contracted abroad, and his will is triumphantly cited as a proof of his anxiety to discharge them. He died in 1639, aged seventy-one, after being Provost of Eton fifteen years.

[1] The humour of the English was clear to Sir Henry, but to his "enemies" not so clear as the meaning of the Latin.

Such are the events of the life of Sir Henry Wotton. That Izaak Walton's eulogy of him is not undeserved, will appear still more clearly on a closer study of his life.

What I have to say of Wotton will arrange itself readily under the following heads :

I. His Friends ; II. His Poetry ; III. His Projected Books ; IV. His Life as Schoolmaster.

I. He had friends in positions high and low. A man who numbered among his friends the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Bacon, Archbishop Laud, Bishop Juxon, the Lord Keeper, not to mention the chief authorities of Florence and Venice, the Queen of Bohemia, King James I., and King Charles I. of England, might have fluttered in the regions of the Court, and eventually have made a comfortable nest there. Amongst his friends also were some of the leading scholars, literary and scientific, both in England and abroad. Yet, modest and contented in heart, his affections, and with them his attentions, went forth to humbler individuals. But for him such names as Morton, Bedel, and Pey might have sunk into undeserved oblivion, or at any rate have lost something of the pleasant odour which they have. But for him, and I should add, for Izaak Walton. Wotton wrote letters to the three just named, Walton collected them. I have before me a copy of a book edited by Izaak Walton, a book as remarkable for its contents as for its title :

"Reliquiæ Wottonianæ. Or, A Collection of { Lives / Letters / Poems } with characters of Sundry Personages and other Incomparable Pieces of Language and Art. By the curious pensil of the Ever Memorable Sir Henry Wotton, Kt., Late Provost of Eton Colledge. London, Printed by Thomas Maxey, for R. Marriot, G. Bedel, and T. Garthwait. 1651."

Notice, no word, not even a modest one, does the hero-worshipper Walton add as to the admirable memoir which he had himself supplied !

From this delightful book we gather our knowledge of Sir Henry Wotton's friends. Bishop Bedel, it is true, has had a somewhat long and grand biography written of him by Bishop Gilbert Burnet ; but we would not on that account dispense with the glimpses of him which Sir Henry Wotton gives. Bedel was a clergyman of Suffolk, and was chosen as chaplain by Sir Henry Wotton. Curiously enough, a fellow clergyman in Suffolk, by name Wadsworth, was chosen at the same time as tutor to the Infanta of Spain, who would, *it was expected*, become the bride of King James's son, Charles.

Wadsworth was converted to Catholicism. This led to a sharp controversy between the Venetian ambassador's chaplain and the Infanta's tutor, but one which has made itself peculiarly famous by the emphatically gentlemanly manner in which the combatants treated one another. After Bedel returned to England he applied for the governorship of Trinity College, Dublin. This is Sir Henry Wotton's testimonial: "Myself being required to render unto your Majesty some testimonial of the said Wm. Bedel (who was long my chaplain at Venice in the time of my first Imployment), I am bound, in all conscience and truth (as far as your Majesty will vouchsafe to accept my poor judgment), to affirm of him, that I think hardly a fitter man for that charge could have been propounded unto your Majesty in your whole kingdom, for singular erudition and piety, conformitie to the Rites of your Church, and zeal to advance the cause of God, wherein his travels abroad were not obscure in the time of the excommunication of the Venetians." What magnificence combined with modesty! William Bedel easily won the post.

Sir Albertus Morton was Sir Henry Wotton's secretary. He afterwards became Secretary of State. Wotton's grief at the death of Morton was inexpressibly great, Walton tells us. Sir Henry writes to his friend, Nicholas Pey: "I received notice of Sir Albertus Morton's departure out of this world, who was dearer to me than mine own being in it." It was to Morton's memory Wotton wrote the poem beginning:

> Silence, in truth, would speak my sorrow best,
> For deepest wounds can least their feelings tell:
> Yet let me borrow from my own unrest
> A time to bid him, whom I loved, farewell.

Later on, at the death of Sir Albertus Morton's wife, Wotton wrote the simple but touching couplet:

> He first deceas'd: She for a little tried
> To live without Him: lik'd it not, and di'd.

Mr. Nicholas Pey had been a servant of Sir Henry's brother, and through him had been advanced to be a great officer in the king's house. He is remarkable as displaying the "constant service of the antique world." A man he was, we are told by Izaak Walton, of a "radical honesty." To him Sir Henry Wotton thus refers in his will: "To Mr. Nicholas Pey I leave my chest or cabinet of instruments and engines of all kinds of uses; in the lower box whereof are some fit to be bequeathed to none but so entire an honest man as he is." Zouch, in his useful edition of "Walton's Lives," states that in this box were Italian locks, pick-locks, screws to force open

doors, and many things of worth and rarity that Sir Henry Wotton had gathered in his foreign travel.

Lastly, we must not omit to speak of his "worthy Friend" Izaak Walton himself. In the Reliquiæ Wottonianæ are two letters written to Walton; one to encourage him in writing a life of Dr. Davis. This is how the magnificent Wotton gets over his omission of an early reply. "I am not able to yield any reason, no, not so much as may satisfy myself, why a most ingenuous letter of yours hath lyen so long by me (as it were in lavender) without an answer, save this only. The pleasure I have taken in your Stile and Conceptions, together with a Meditation of the Subject you propound, may seem to have cast me into a profound slumber. But, being now awaked, I do herein returne you most heartie thanks for the kinde prosecution of your first motion, touching a just office, due to the memory of our ever memorable Friend." The second letter I give in full:

My worthy Friend.

Since I last saw you I have been confin'd to my Chamber by a quotidian Fever, I thank God, of more contumacie than malignitie. It had once left me, as I thought; but it was only to fetch more company, returning with a surcrew of those splenetick vapors that are call'd Hypocondriacal: of which most say, the cure is good company; and I desire no better Physician then yourself. I have in one of those fits indeavour'd to make it more easie by composing a short Hymn; and since I have apparelled my best thoughts so lightly as in Verse, I hope I shall be pardon'd a second vanitie, if I communicate it with such a friend as yourself; to whom I wish a chearfull spirit and a thankfull heart to value it as one of the greatest blessings of our good God; in whose dear love I leave you, remaining

Your poor Friend to serve you,
H. Wotton.

Thus writes Sir Henry Wotton to Izaak Walton. Let us for a moment leave the Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, where, perhaps, Izaak Walton cannot but speak in unbounded praise, for "the life" of a man in the 17th century is what we might call an elegy in prose. In the "Complete Angler" Walton is naming honoured names which stand sponsor for the justifiability of angling. He then ("Complete Angler," 1st edition, pp. 32, 33) says: "My next and last example shall be that undervaluer of money, the late Provost of Eaton Colledge, Sir Henry Wotton (a man with whom I have often fish'd and convers'd), a man whose forraign imployments in the service of this Nation, and whose experience, learning, wit, and cheerfulness made his company to be esteemed one of the delights of mankind; this man, whose very approbation of Angling were sufficient to convince any modest Censurer of it, this man was also a most dear lover, and a frequent practicer of the Art of Angling."

Thus, then, in turns, write the two to one another and of one another. What has already been said of Wotton's friendship to Bedel, Morton, Pey, and Walton might be added to, though in a minor degree, perhaps, with regard to others. Jeremy Taylor says: "When we speak of friendship, which is the best thing in the world (for it is love and beneficence, it is charity that is fitted for society), we cannot suppose a brave pile should be built up with nothing." Great friendships, in other words, imply large souls.

Sir Henry Wotton's large-heartedness is displayed in every aspect of his life, but perhaps nowhere is it quite so remarkable, considering the age in which he lived, as in his religious toleration. Let me quote some of the anecdotes told by Walton. In conversation with a priest, Wotton pounced upon him with this question, "Do you believe that those many thousands of poor Christians were damned that were excommunicated because the Pope and the Duke of Venice could not agree about their temporal power? even those poor Christians that knew not why they quarrelled. Speak your conscience." To which the astounded priest could only find breath to reply, "Excusez-moi." Again, to one who asked him, "Whether a Papist may be saved?" he replied, "You may be saved without knowing that. Look to yourself." To another whose earnestness exceeded his knowledge, and was still railing against the Papists, he gave this advice: "Pray, sir, forbear, till you have studied the points better. . . . . Take heed of thinking the farther you go from the Church of Rome, the nearer you are to God."

May we not, on reading these and such-like sayings, justly apply to him the words in which Chaucer describes his knight, "he was a verray parfight, gentil knight"?

II. Sir Henry Wotton's Poetry.

I have already mentioned the lines written on the death of Morton, the couplet on the death of Morton's wife, and the hymn written on his sick-bed. Sir Henry Wotton's poems are not numerous. They may be divided into loyal poems, such as "On his Mestris, the Queen of Bohemia;" a hymn upon the birth of Prince Charles; religious poems, including a translation of the 104th Psalm; and Poems on Nature. The last-named include "A Description of the Spring on a Banck as I sate a-Fishing," which Izaak Walton has quoted entire in the "Complete Angler." Another is "A Description of the Countrey's Recreations," which deserves to be read through whole.



Quivering feares, Heart-tearing cares,
Anxious sighes, Untimely tears,
Fly, fly to Courts;
Fly to fond wordling's sports,
Where strain'd Sardonick smiles are glossing still,
And greife is forc'd to laugh against her wil;
Where mirth's but mummery;
And sorrows only real be.

Fly from our Country pastimes! fly,
Sad troop of humane misery;
Come serene lookes,
Cleare as the Christal brookes,
Or the pure azur'd heaven, that smiles to see
The rich attendance of our poverty.
Peace and a secure mind,
(Which al men seeke) we only find.

Abused Mortalls! did you know
Where Joy, Hearts ease, and Comforts grow;
You'd scorne proud towers,
And seeke them in these bowers,
Where winds sometimes, our woods perhaps may shake,
But blustring care could never tempest make,
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountaines that glide by us.

Here's no fantastick Mask, nor dance,
But of our Kids, that frisk and prance:
Nor warres are seen,
Unless upon the greene
Two harmeless Lambs are butting one the other;
Which done, both bleating run, each to his Mother.
And wounds are never found,
Save what the Plow-share gives the ground.

Here are no false entrapping baites,
To hasten too, too hasty fates;
Unless it be
The fond Credulity
Of silly fish, which worldling-like, still look
Upon the bait, but never on the hook:
Nor envy, unless among
The Birds for prize of their sweet song.

Go! let the diving Negro seek
For Gemmes hid in some forlorne creek:
We all Pearles scorne,
Save what the dewy morne
Congeals upon each little spire of grass;
Which careless shepheards beat down as they pass;
And gold ne'er here appears,
Save what the yellow Ceres beares.

Blest silent Groves! ô may ye be
For ever Mirth's best Nursery!
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents
Upon these Downs, these Meads, these Rocks, these Mountains,
And Peace still slüber, by these purling fountains!
Which we may every yeare
Find when we come a fishing here.

Two other poems in the small collection must be mentioned. The first is his best known poem, "The Character of a Happy Life":

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not an other's will?
Whose Armour is his honest thought,
And simple Truth his utmost Skill?

Whose Passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepar'd for Death;
Untied unto the world, by care
Of Publick fame, or private breath.

Who envies none that Chance doth raise,
Nor Vice hath ever understood;
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of State, but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose Conscience is his strong retreat:
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruine make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend:
And entertaines the harmless day
With a Religious Book, or Friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or feare to fall:
Lord of himselfe, though not of Lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

There is in Walton's "Life of Wotton" an entire absence of any reference to his hero's relations with women. We should have expected that this ideal knight would have sworn

"To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until he won her."

Yet what we actually find in this early poem is removed *toto cælo* from this.

> O Faithless World, and thy more faithless part,
> A woman's heart !
> The true shop of variety, where sits
> Nothing but fits
> And feavers of desire, and pangs of love,
> Which toyes remove.

He winds up by saying :

> Know, that love lodg'd in a woman's breast
> Is but a guest.

One remark only I wish to make on this apparently self-revealing poem. Izaak Walton delighted to record the love of his friends and their married experiences (*e.g.* the curious and unfortunate married life of Richard Hooker), and yet not a word on this subject about Henry Wotton. For anything we read, this might be a world without women in it. Remark the omission from the life of a man, handsome, brave, clever, generous, attractive, with all the qualities which win a woman ! Evidently friendship in Izaak Walton's view of it did not include the telling to the world of that with which the world has nothing to do, or even accounting for the absence of that which might be expected. Would that modern biographers would learn of him !

When, in his fifty-seventh year, Sir Henry Wotton was so fortunate as to light upon restful Eton, he set himself to quiet work. We have to consider him in this third aspect as the writer of books.

III. His printed works are contained, as mentioned before, in the Reliquiæ Wottonianæ. Let me quote from Izaak Walton an account of the contents :—" Now of the work itself. Thou shalt find in it many curious things about Architecture, Picture, Sculpture, Landskip, Magnetical experiments, Gardens, Fountains, Groves, Aviaries, Conservatories of rare beasts, Fish-ponds. And also many observations of the mysteries and Laberinths in Courts and States, delivered in Lives, Letters to Characters of sundry Personages, as Observations and Characters (which he took in his employment abroad) of these Dukes of Venice, Giovanni Bembo and four others ; an account of Foscarini, the Archduke Leopold, and Count Tampier ; Artists and famous men mentioned. Tycho Brahe, Kepler, and ten others ; Observations (at home) of the Courts of Queen Elizabeth, King James, and King Charles, with Lives and Characters of the Earl of Essex, Duke of Buckingham, and of King Charles ; Characters and observations of Queen Elizabeth and twenty-five other leading his-

torical characters of the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, King James I., and King Charles I.; the author's character; Censure of Felton, Egglesham, Stamford, Scioppius."

One of the most important of these subjects treated is "The Elements of Architecture," following and improving upon Vitruvius.

Besides these actually written subjects, it had been Sir Henry Wotton's cherished intention to write a life of Martin Luther. For this Walton points out that Wotton was eminently qualified on account of his experience in embassies abroad, and his favour with various princes, which would have secured for him access to various records, and "to the knowledge of many secret passages that fell not under common view. . . . But in the midst of this design, his late Majesty, King Charles I., that knew the value of Sir Henry Wotton's pen, did, by a persuasive loving violence, to which may be added a promise of £500 a year, force him to lay Luther aside, and betake himself to write the history of England." This at the time of his death he had to some slight extent attempted. He had written "Characters" of a few Kings, and had laid the plan of writing at greater length an account of the life of Henry VI., the founder of Eton College, when death seized him from his restful and grateful work.

IV. Sir Henry Wotton as Schoolmaster.

Mr. Thomas Murray, Provost of Eton College, the successor of the famous Sir Henry Savile, died in 1623. Sir Henry Wotton, by sheer dint of influence, amongst a number of competitors, secured the post. Indeed, it was lucky for him that he succeeded in obtaining it, for, to all account, his finances were in a most unsatisfactory state. We are told that he had to borrow money from his good friend, Mr. Nicholas Pey, to pay his expenses of removal. It is quite clear that Wotton took the Provostship as a means of livelihood, and not from any love of the pedagogic profession.

Teachers nowadays recognise the advisability, most, indeed, the necessity of adequate training for the work of, at any rate, a head master. It would be interesting to consider how far a large, wide, varied experience of human affairs by a large-minded and large-hearted man may practically more than compensate for the lack of special training. To suggest this I am afraid may seem rank heresy. But the fact is, we must admit, that we have had so seldom the opportunity of observing a thoroughly able man, with an active varied experience, set himself to the work of teaching, that we can hardly judge *a priori* what the result would be.

Moreover, in the case we are now considering, teaching, in the

specialised sense in which we employ the term, scarcely can be said to have been stuff of the intellectual conscience. In the words of the good Jeremy Taylor, himself a schoolmaster, education leads a man to build and adorn his house "with advantages and ornaments of learning, upon the foundation of piety."

We may judge from such words that the ideal of a schoolmaster in those days was not that of the most methodic instiller of knowledge, but, as it is surely in all times, the most efficient man in influencing the whole character of pupils, of which the intellect forms an important part. Now in this work of influence on character, undoubtedly, Sir Henry Wotton was not inexperienced. It may be objected that his experience had reference to men only, and that men and boys are so widely different that experience in the one cannot be read off into terms of the other. Perhaps so, generally speaking, but the case of Sir Henry Wotton tends to show that this is not an impossibility. Wotton, in short, gives the impression of being a man whose resources (except, indeed, his financial resources) were never exhausted. He shows power in action, and what is quite as necessary, power in repose. He can act vigorously, and he can sit still, smoke his pipe, and forget there is a schoolroom only the other side of his study-door. *Voilà*, a model for some latter-day masters.

Now for his methods of teaching. Do not laugh at them. Remember he flourished 250 years ago. I give Izaac Walton's words, thankful such (must I call them unscientific?) methods can be spoken of so pleasantly:

> He was a constant cherisher of all those youths in that school in whom he found either a constant diligence or a genius that prompted them to learning.

To-day the youngest pupil-teacher could tell him that he was only thinking of the "interesting" cases, and that he was neglecting the dull boys. Next, however, to our joy, we hear of something that looks uncommonly like an object-lesson.

> He was (besides many other things of necessity and beauty) at the charge of setting up in it (the school) two rows of pillars, on which he caused to be choicely drawn the pictures of divers of the most famous Greek and Latin historians, poets, and orators: persuading them not to neglect rhetoric, because "Almighty God has left mankind affections to be wrought upon." And he would often say, "that none despised eloquence but such dull souls as were not capable of it." He would also often make choice of some observations out of those historians and poets, and would never leave the school without dropping some choice Greek or Latin apothegm or sentence that might be worthy of a room in the memory of a growing scholar.

Surely a pleasing picture! One too that should make us feel that essential as is the study of methods for us to-day, yet such

study only goes a short way to make the teacher; beyond and above that is the personal influence which attracts, and which by its own graciousness unconsciously refines and draws those around into imitation. Wotton had, we allow, no knowledge of method, but he had the *otium cum dignitate*, and, above all, he had a passionate love of goodness and a restful content, which when joined with great powers of mind, fascinates young and old alike. In the life of the Hon. Robert Boyle, the well-known philosopher, we are told that he (Boyle) was "bred up at Eton College, whose provost at that time was Sir Henry Wotton, a person that was not only a fine gentleman himself, but very well skilled in the art of making others so."

To return to Izaak Walton.

Sir Henry "was pleased constantly to breed up one or more hopeful youths, which he picked out of the school and took into his own domestic care, and to attend him at his meals; out of whose discourse and behaviour he gathered observations for the *better completing of his intended book of education: of which, by his still striving to make the whole better, he lived to leave but part to posterity.*"

Now I have dwelt, it may be thought, with unnecessary emphasis on Sir Henry Wotton's ignorance of the study of methods. I was obliged to do so, because the idea of a man between fifty and sixty, ignorant of the science of education, holding a prominent educational post, to us is ludicrous. But I must therefore the more earnestly call attention to the passage I have just quoted. It is an instance of a man, over 250 years ago, without scientific training, deliberately setting about to consider for himself the psychological basis of education. Nor is that all. We have seen that to our notions Wotton was in some respects behindhand. Now I fear we have to see that he is in advance of some of us. How many of us practically observe and note down for useful purposes of reference and general direction that which goes on day by day in our contact with boys? How many head masters take hopeful boys and, at their own expense, "breed them up," so as to more closely see the conditions and possibilities of sound education? How many of us, with our vaunted interest in the science of education, study and make observations, and are able to quote our "cases," as do our professional fellows, the lawyer and the doctor?

Yet this is precisely what we find Sir Henry Wotton doing. The energetic and successful diplomatist, the graceful and refined courtier, the astute man of the world, if you will, the tasteful, tuneful poet, and the contented lover of the angle, is not only the most enterprising schoolmaster of his time (and that without training), but he

is also an investigator of the principles of psychology on inductive lines, in exactly the way that our leaders would have us, in the nineteenth century, to go. Mark, too, his desire of thoroughness and his reluctance to rush into print. "Of which, by his still striving to make the whole better, he lived to leave but part to posterity."

His educational work, therefore, is unfortunately only a fragment. It is entitled "A Philosophical Survey of Education: or Moral Architecture." There is, as is usual with the age of Elizabeth and the early Stuarts, an Epistle Dedicatory to the Sovereign. Wotton early explains that education, though conversant with children, is not merely a domestic affair, but has a direct relation to the Commonwealth, and quotes the instances of the ancients to prove that it belongs to the domain of politics.

The heads under which he divides his work are:

I. There must proceed a way how to discern the natural capacities and inclinations of children.

II. Next, the culture and furnishment of the mind.

III. The moulding of behaviour and decent forms.

IV. The tempering of affections.

V. The quickening and exciting of observations and practical judgments.

VI. Timely instilling of conscientious principles and seeds of religion.

Sir Henry Wotton only completed his treatment of the first head, touching the study of natural capabilities and inclinations.

He urges that the teacher must search for "signatures of hopefulness" or "characters," whereby may timely be descried what the child will prove in probability.

"Characters" are either (1) impressed on the outward person, like stamps of Nature, or (2) taken from some emergent art of his mind.

As examples of "characters" impressed on the outer person he takes (*a*) the child's colour or complexion; (*b*) the structure and conformation of limbs; (*c*) "spirituous resultance" from the other two, which makes the countenance.

All these are matters of observation, and can be noted and reduced to empirical principles. For instance, it is easy to distinguish two classes of complexions—(*a*) a palish clearness (the sign of an even, phlegmatic humour); (*b*) a pure sanguine melancholic tincture.

As to the outward frame and fabric, Wotton draws attention to the importance of observing carefully the shape and size of the head and the quickness of the eye. As to the former he says: "It must

needs be a silent character of hope, when there is good store of roomage and receipt where the powers (of mind) are stowed: as commonly we may think husbanding men to foresee their own plenty who prepare beforehand large barns and granaries." Yet Wotton candidly acknowledges that Thucydides is reported to have been "taper-headed," "as many of the Genoesers are at this day in common observation, who yet are a people of singular sagacity." Further, he cites as an instance against his own view, Il Donato Testolina, yet on the whole, he argues, in spite of instances to the contrary, the head he wishes in a child should be "great and round."

The eye, he considers, betrays in a manner the whole state of the mind, and "letteth out all our fancies and passions as it were by a window." He would therefore have in the eye of the child that is to excel a "settled vivacity." Once more, however, he candidly avows, "I have known a number of dull-sighted, very sharp-witted men."

With marked sagacity, however, Wotton insists that our judgments of children must be taken from what he well terms "the total resultance."

He then gives examples of "the more solid and conclusive characters," which start out of children when they are themselves least aware of them. He quotes Seneca and Angelus Politianus as saying:

1. *Tantum ingenii, quantum iræ.* (The child will have as much wit as he has waywardness.) Wotton is disposed to think this a sometimes fallacious "signature."

2. Quintilian says: *Tantum ingenii quantum memoriæ.* This maxim has a stronger consequence of hope, not only because it is important as showing a good retention, but also, as Wotton acutely points out, it is an infallible argument of *good attention!*

3. Parents should mark whether their children be naturally *apt to imitate.*

Besides these points, Sir Henry Wotton invites the attention of those who have the care of children to the following matters:

1. Note the witty excuses of children.

2. The kind of jests or pleasant incidents with which he is most taken in others.

3. Note especially the child at his play, or, as Wotton calls it, his "pretty pastime."

4. Note, not only articulate speech, but also the child's smiles and frowns, especially when they lighten or cloud the whole form in a moment.

5. Note his dreams.

So far of capacities.

As to inclinations, Sir Henry Wotton names two as examples of what should be noted :

1. Does the child love solitude and silence? He likes him not to do so.

2. When alone, does he sit still and do nothing? "If so, I like him worse. There is commonly but a little distance in time between doing of nothing and doing of ill."

In all this there is a downright, thorough-going attempt to an empirical child psychology. We know, of course, that the merest tyro in psychology would pronounce that much of Sir Henry Wotton's psychology is poor stuff; and much of it is simply empirical observation in physiognomy. But we could with equal cogency point out that many a boy in a fifth form could now do mathematics which Sir Isaac Newton never, in his palmiest days, attempted. Yet all our boys have not yet learned how to become Sir Isaac Newtons. So with Sir Henry Wotton. His ideas of studying complexions, and thence discovering "humours," are somewhat curious to the modern mind. His judgment of character and ability by the appearance is apt to be met by Shakespeare's

"There is no art to read the mind's construction in the face."

Admitting all these and other limitations to the acceptance of Sir Henry Wotton's pedagogy, it has to be remembered that the essential value of Sir Henry's work is not in what he observed merely, so much as in the fact that he thought children worthy of observation. To an age which has received the impress of the genius of Froebel and his missionaries, this is part of our common-sense. It is in the air; moreover, it is not far above our heads. Hence, if we ever open our educational eyes at all, we see it writ large wherever we go. But to Wotton's age it was a paradox. We must never forget that *learning* was looked upon as the be-all and the end-all of education. Now *learning* never could be a possession of the young child; hence, educationally speaking, the child was uninteresting. It was the Scaligers, the Casaubons, the scholars, who invited the attention and aroused the envy of the school-masters. The little children were not scholars; experience showed that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they never became learned. Hence there was no satisfaction to be got out of them.

I hope, however, I have made clear the fact that Sir Henry Wotton was interested in those boys who personally came under his care, and that he was profoundly convinced of the importance of a

careful study of the temperaments and dispositions of children with a view to training and developing them.

There is one aspect I cannot refrain from alluding to and even emphasizing. In Sir Henry's observations there are included natural capacities and inclinations, the culture and furnishing of the mind, behaviour and carriage, affections, observing powers, and practical judgments and the culture of religion. It is not too much to say that our boasted "liberal education" breaks down before such an analysis. To-day we lay stress on intellectual acquirements, and on those almost entirely. I am not now raising the question as to our wisdom or otherwise in so doing, I only point out that Sir Henry Wotton is wider and in some respects higher in his general outlook. The width and height of his observations are at least suggestive for us even to-day.

The truth is, that a man like Wotton, who knew the highways of life in so many directions, saw, with the clearness borne in upon him from experiences accumulating on every side, that life is more than learning, and that education is in its narrow sense preparation for life, and in its broad sense it is life itself. Such a man, deeply rooted in all the activities of the time, in the court, in the country, at home and abroad; well-read as to the past, a part of the present, hopeful of the future; unfettered by tradition, and without any knowledge of rules-of-the-thumb maxims of teaching, could not but throw light on the specialistic profession which he took up. He is the type of the successful all-round man, trying his hand at the education of boys. That one of the most distinguished diplomatists in his latter days should undertake the control of a school and the study of pedagogics, is an experiment little likely in our days or in the future to be repeated. If, therefore, the attempt, from the side of the accomplished gentleman, to become a schoolmaster has become impossible from the specialisation which now characterizes or is destined apparently to characterize teaching, it only remains for the schoolmasters to know their own work thoroughly, and to endeavour to approach Sir Henry Wotton by their grace of bearing, their culture, not only of learning, but of arts, of actions, of conversation, and of piety. He is accurately described as Sir Henry Wotton, Gentleman and Schoolmaster. Schoolmasters have before them still the desirability of the same combination. The circumstances of the age may demand the reversal of the order. Now it is schoolmaster and gentleman. The combination is essential for high work, and no example would more pointedly illustrate this than that of Sir Henry Wotton.

FOSTER WATSON.

THE NEW FOREST UNDER FIRE.

SOME two years ago an article[1] appeared in this Magazine which dealt with the proposal, then recently made, to establish the much-needed School of Forestry within the precincts of the New Forest. Considerable anxiety prevailed among lovers of sylvan scenery lest the ruthless axes of professors and students of scientific forestry should despoil the woods, and civilise the wild and natural beauty of this charming district. The writer of the article endeavoured to point out that there was no necessary antagonism between the lovers of Nature and of science, and that the ancient woods were safeguarded by the Act of 1877, fitly termed the Charter of New Forest rights. To-day, however, danger of a very different kind threatens the New Forest, and the rights and privileges of the "commoners" are liable, not only to be curtailed, but to be entirely extinguished, by the operation of the Ranges Act, 1891. The material injury sustained by the commoners is, however, only one aspect of the question; for the New Forest is, perhaps, the most cherished spot in this densely-populated country, and its friends, who may be numbered by thousands, are also exceedingly jealous of any encroachment on what they regard as *their* rights and privileges. To review briefly the nature of the danger which now threatens the Forest, and to glance at both sides of the question (for there are supporters as well as opponents of the Government proposals), is, of course, all that is possible within the limits of a short article. A fair statement of the *casus belli* is frequently, however, all that is required to enlist the sympathies of unprejudiced readers, and if those sympathies are enlisted on the side of justice, the object of the present article will have been attained.

A few statistics are necessary to make the position clear. The New Forest comprises some 63,000 acres, all of which, up to the year 1698, were unenclosed. Under the Acts of 9 and 10 William III., c. 36 (1698), and 48 George III., c. 72 (1808), the Crown was empowered to enclose (free of rights of common) up to 6,000 acres

[1] "The New Forest as a National School." March 1890.

for the growth of timber. By 14 and 15 Vict., c. 76 (the Deer Removal Act, 1851), the Crown was enabled to plant up to 10,000 acres, in addition to the 6,000 acres already mentioned. Further encroachments by the Crown or any public department were prevented by the New Forest Act, 1877 (40 and 41 Vict., c. 121), which was the result of a vast amount of trouble and labour on the part of those who loved the Forest, and wished to see it preserved for public enjoyment, without injury to the rights of the commoners, which had existed for centuries. Among those who took an active part in securing the passing of this Act may be mentioned the late Right Hon. W. H. Smith and Lord Montagu of Beaulieu (then Lord Henry Scott, M.P.). Any open attempt to repeal the Act of 1877 would have called forth so strong a feeling as to ensure defeat. The Ranges Act, 1891 (54 and 55 Vict., c. 54), was passed at the end of last session, and does not seem to have aroused the suspicions of the sitting member for the New Forest Division of Hants, nor of the verderers. At any rate, the Act slipped quietly through its stages, and the enormous powers it contained were not recognised till after it had become the law of the land. Section 10 of the Ranges Act virtually repeals the Act of 1877, inasmuch as it gives power to the War Department, with the consent of the Commissioners for Woods and Forests, to take possession of any part of the Forest for "military purposes." Compensation is to be given for injury, and commoners' rights can be bought up and extinguished. There is no limit fixed as to the amount of land which may be acquired, and practically the whole of the Forest may be gradually converted into a military encampment. The New Forest Bill which is being introduced this session, and is promoted by the verderers of the Forest (an elective body representing the commoners), will, if passed, entirely exclude the New Forest from the effect of section 10 of the Ranges Act, 1891. This outline of the legislation affecting this subject will, it is hoped, make clear to those unacquainted with the facts on what lines the Parliamentary battle will be fought. Before dealing with the arguments for and against the proposed ranges, it will be advisable to indicate to readers of this article who do not know the Forest from personal experience, wherein lies the secret of its charm. Two short quotations from the late Mr. J. R. Wise's deeply interesting work, "The New Forest: its History and Scenery," will best serve this purpose, and supply the key to the enthusiastic feeling which has been aroused by the threatened invasion of its precincts:—

I choose the New Forest as a subject because, although in some points it may not be more beautiful than many other parts of England—and I am glad to think

so—it gives, more than any other place, a far greater range of subject, in sea and moor and valley; because, too, the traveller can here go where he pleases, without any of those lets and hindrances which take away so much pleasure; and lastly, because here can best be seen Nature's crown of glory—her woods.

I suppose this is what strikes most persons when they first come to the New Forest—a sense that amidst all the change which is going forward, here is one place which is little altered. This is what gives it its greatest charm—the beauty of wildness and desolateness, broken by glimpses of cultivated fields and the smoke of unseen homesteads among the woods.

But to return to the immediate subject under consideration. It will be more convenient to state first the arguments employed by the supporters of the Ranges Act, and the steps already taken to acquire 800 acres of land, described by an adjoining owner as "a fine picturesque stretch of country" known as Blackdown, and near the road from Lyndhurst to Beaulieu. The principal, and by far the strongest ground for supporting the acquisition of this and other portions of the Forest for "military purposes," is that, long-range rifles having been adopted and served out to our troops, it is necessary to provide ranges of sufficient extent for practice with such rifles. It is further urged, that if England is to maintain the efficiency of her Army and Volunteers, all other considerations must give way to the needs of the War Department. Another class of supporters look at the scheme (naturally enough) from a purely £ *s. d.* point of view. They argue that the establishment of a military camp means the development of the district, and a demand for forage and other articles of agricultural produce, to say nothing of a better market for the hardy ponies so largely bred in the Forest. With regard to the destruction of the common rights, the Ranges Act, it is pointed out, provides for compensation being paid; while as to the depreciation in the value of residential properties in the vicinity of the ranges, and, indeed, throughout the Forest, and the total change which would be effected in the whole character of the district, these drawbacks are either altogether denied, or ridiculed as sentimental and unworthy of the consideration of practical men. The foregoing, it is submitted, is a fair summary of the arguments on one side of the question. Let us now see what can be said on the other side. In reply to the "military necessity" argument, the opponents of the Ranges Act say, with much force, that it is not proved, nor do they admit it as a fact, that no suitable ranges can be found except in the New Forest. On the contrary, they assert that there are other suitable districts where none of the objections which apply so strongly in the Forest could be urged. Patriotism, they admit, is a cardinal virtue; but that is a spurious patriotism which

selfishly, and without the excuse of urgent necessity, destroys common rights, and converts what for many years has been one of the "haunts of ancient peace," and a place of rest and repose "far from the madding crowd," as well as the chosen temple of lovers and students of Nature and all her wonderful secrets, into a military encampment which, with its accessories, is absolutely out of harmony with the Forest as it now exists. The commoners, too, have a strong case against the encroachment on their rights, and the abrogation of their charter of 1877. Pecuniary compensation is no equivalent for the destruction of the privileges of pasture, &c., without which the sturdy and industrious peasant-proprietors of the Forest could not make a livelihood. That "Blackdown," the site of the first intended range, is a bare, valueless waste, is strongly denied by those who know best the needs of the commoners; and, indeed, it is stated that it is one of the best feeding-grounds for the cattle and ponies. Apart from this, any attempt to abolish public rights over common land is directly opposed to public sentiment, and of itself will create many opponents to the Government proposals. The support given by those who see profit to be derived from the establishment of a military camp is open to this criticism—Are they not sacrificing the substance for the shadow? Has not, in fact, the large ingress of visitors and tourists, and the permanent residence of numbers of people, attracted by the beauties of the Forest, done far more to benefit the class referred to than can ever be expected from a military population? There is another argument which must not be lost sight of, and which will probably have great weight with Parliament. It is that of the serious danger to man and beast arising from stray rifle-bullets. The enormous distance which a bullet fired from one of the new rifles will travel is almost incredible. In every detachment of troops will be found one or two careless or clumsy marksmen, and the danger arising from their shooting cannot be denied. It is essential, therefore, that a range for practice with these rifles should be absolutely remote from roads used by the public, or from land on which cattle and ponies are in the habit of feeding. Here, then, is the position clearly defined. On one side, Government officials and military authorities claim the Forest for what they consider it is specially adapted, viz., rifle-ranges and military camps—in other words, a district which can be readily converted into another Aldershot. On the other side stand the verderers and the majority of the commoners, who sturdily resist any encroachment on their privileges; while behind them is a great multitude of those who love the Forest for its own sake, including

poets, painters, divines, writers, botanists, members of learned societies, statesmen, and brain-workers of every kind, besides the thousands of all classes who find happiness in a holiday, whether for a week or a day, in this lovely district.

Rifle-ranges and camps may be found or formed elsewhere. There is but one New Forest in Great Britain. Is it to be preserved as a sylvan retreat, or handed over to the War Department to become, in fact, "the New Forest under fire"? That is the issue which has to be decided.

FRANCIS H. CANDY.

THE COMTE DE FERSEN.

. . . "A likely young soldier with alert decisive ways." Thus Carlyle, in one brief trenchant sentence, describes the man who, in coachman's disguise, drove a carriage load of trembling fugitives out of Paris, and on "through the ambrosial night" of June 20, 1791. It is in connection with that flight of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, which, well conceived and boldly executed through his agency, ended in such miserable, disastrous failure at Varennes, that the name of Jean Axel de Fersen is chiefly remembered. Not in virtue of his own stainless, gallant life, or in virtue of its most terrible and tragic ending, but of that link, broken only in death, which connected him with a beautiful, heroic, discrowned woman, a queen, in whose slow martyrdom, in whose last lonely hours of anguish, men and women of whatever faith, of whatever politics, must always feel an undying interest, a living sympathy almost as fresh as when in those days of terror all Europe stood aloof and waited for news of her fate. The Comte de Fersen waited with the rest. But he at least had done what he could to save her, in memory of those bright bygone days when together they had danced in merry company in gay ball rooms, together they had driven their gilded sleighs over the frozen snow, together they had wandered through the sweet-scented gardens, the tranquil woodland ways of the little Trianon. These two had played in concert at tragedy and comedy on a mimic stage, and when the other actors vanished, falling away from her, the inspirer of their pleasures, the life of their sports, like sapless leaves at the first pinch of frost, it was but natural that this man, who loved her disinterestedly, where so many professed devotion and paid a homage which had always some personal end in view, should stand by her as long as he could; that he should to the last, when his actual presence would only have been an added danger, cheer her by his words of comfort and counsel from a distance. It was the abiding memory of those other days, which seemed now as gone by and remote as if the dust of centuries already covered them, that kept the young Swedish noble in Paris, while

French nobles fled, that brought him masquerading on the box seat of that historic coach into the deserted courtyard of the Tuileries, to wait with beating heart the advent of his precious freight.

Of all the European sovereigns, Gustavus III. of Sweden was the staunchest friend that the French Royal family possessed, so that the Comte de Fersen could at least feel that, in all he strove to do for them as an individual, he was backed by his master's approval. "If I can serve them," he writes to his father, "what pleasure will it not give me to acquit myself of a part at least of the obligations I owe them. What a sweet satisfaction for my heart if I am able to contribute towards their happiness. . . ." What he owed them was a kindly reception when he first came, young and a stranger, to Paris; and, later, in the early days of Marie Antoinette's reign, what he recalled with such gratitude was the distinction bestowed on him by words and smiles from those gracious girlish lips—the smiles not only of a queen, but of a charming woman. Of all the others in that light-hearted, light-heeled crowd, scarce one friend remained to her now. Some were in exile, voluntary or not; some had gone before her on the dark road to the guillotine; some had deliberately forsaken and traduced her in the hour of her need. It is a national characteristic of which the French have no reason to be proud, that they are inconstant in adversity, ready to belaud the victor of to-day to the skies, and to trample the victim of to-morrow in the dust. Marie Antoinette had kept a few friends—a very few—out of the wreck of her life, and none held a closer place in it than Axel de Fersen. How close, how dear, no one will ever know. Calumny battened on their friendship, and called it an intrigue. But calumny had pursued the Queen from the moment she set foot in France, as a merry child of fifteen, a light-hearted Dauphiness, had haunted her most innocent pleasures, and dogged her from her throne to her felon's grave. And it was never able to produce a single proof positive against a virtue that was exposed to every temptation, subject to every contamination. If any such proof had existed, we may feel certain it would have been brought to light and flung in her face along with that hideous list of vague and preposterous accusations upon which Fouquier framed her death warrant. That they ever were more to each other than friends, dearest, truest friends, there is nothing definite to indicate. Had they been so in a court where every little thing she said and did was spied on by a hundred spiteful eyes, and listened to by a hundred spiteful ears, to be whispered about almost before it was guessed at, a court where the Queen lived

night and day in public, the story would have passed beyond the surmise of scandal.

That Fersen was the man to whom as a woman Marie Antoinette's heart would naturally have responded one can well believe. She was young, lovely, and left to herself by a husband eminently unsuited to win her affection. She found in his gentle reliability and steadfast truth a support and companionship she sorely needed, and he possessed all the outward attributes that charm as well. "His face and air were very well suited to a hero of romance—but not of a French romance," was a comment passed on him by a contemporary. One has only to consider that face and air, as portrayed in a beautiful engraving from a miniature painted of him at the age of twenty-eight, to endorse the compliment and the criticism. Coming from Parisian lips, it was doubtless meant as both.

Axel de Fersen belonged, both in looks and disposition, to an essentially Northern type. On the broad, grave forehead, in the long full-lidded grey eyes—which, with their soft sweep of eyelash and the finely pencilled brows above them, are almost womanly in their beauty—there lies a seriousness akin to melancholy; while the delicate lines of his charming mouth and the firmness of his chin express a character calm, reserved, and resolute. It is the face of a man "sans peur et sans reproche"—the face of a man a woman might trust to the world's end.

The de Goncourts, in their admirable "Histoire de Marie Antoinette," while refuting one after the other the various calumnies against the Queen, by pointing out on what slight and doubtful evidence they rest, yet admit that the testimony of all contemporary letters and memoirs goes to prove that for Fersen she had "l'amitié la plus vive, la plus tendre, la plus approchante du sentiment." And that friendship, begun in sunshine, starting gaily on the smooth tide of prosperity, outlived the foundering of many others. Long after, when Marie Antoinette's graceful coquetries were washed out in bitter tears, when her lips had forgotten their smiles, and her heart was dead to all personal hope and joy, and beat only in throbs of anguish for her children, her letters to Fersen attest how inalienable a place he held in her gratitude and affection. He was, perhaps, foremost in her mind when in that sad final hour she wrote her farewell letter—one of the noblest and most pathetic letters ever penned by a woman—to Madame Elisabeth. "... I had friends once: the idea of being separated from them for ever, and of their sorrow, is one of the greatest regrets I carry with me in

dying. Let them know, at least, that until my last moment I thought of them. . . ."

Jean Axel de Fersen was born in September 1755. He came of a noble Swedish family, distinguished in the annals of their country for military achievements, and for other qualities which fitted them for being more than merely brave soldiers. His father, Field-Marshal Frederic de Fersen, headed the liberal party among the Swedish aristocracy. At the age of fifteen, young Fersen was sent abroad with a tutor to pursue his studies, military studies especially, at Brunswick, Turin, and Strasburg. Three years later, in 1773, he paid his first visit to Paris, and here and at this period his diary, which he had already commenced keeping with great care and some fulness of detail, begins to be extremely interesting. This diary, kept through nearly all the troublous days of the French Revolution and up to his own tragic death, as well as the bulk of his letters to Marie Antoinette and other people of note, was published in 1878, with a sketch of his life by his great-nephew, the Baron de Klinckowström. It bears the title of "Le Comte de Fersen et la Cour de France," and for any one who cares to read an authentic record of events, before and during the Terror, the book is full of interest, the first volume especially. Not the least of the interest it contains lies in the peculiarly charming mind and character of Axel de Fersen.

But to return to that first visit of his to Paris. No sign of the coming storm had as yet stirred the serenity of the atmosphere, or ts mutterings were still so distant and so low that only very keen ears caught them forebodingly. Versailles was at its brightest, the Court at its gayest, and M. de Fersen's rank and connections gave him the *entrée* of the highest society, while his eighteen years and his manly good looks enabled him to enjoy to the uttermost the balls, theatricals, card parties, and other diversions to which he was bidden on all sides. The *jeunesse dorée* must have been more energetic in those days than they are now. Young Fersen thought nothing of dancing from eight one evening to six the next morning, and seems to have done it in good company, though he considered that his Parisian acquaintances lacked a proper zest in their amusements. "They have the bad habit," he writes, "of always saying 'I am bored,' and that poisons all their pleasures."

The Swedish Ambassador wrote with positive enthusiasm to Gustavus III. in his young compatriot's praise. "It is not possible to behave with greater tact and discretion than he does. With the handsomest of faces, and plenty of wit, he could not fail to succeed

in society, and that he has done completely. Your Majesty will certainly be pleased with him, but what so especially makes M. de Fersen worthy of his favours, is that he is of a singular nobility and elevation of mind. . . ." "More judgment than wit, circumspect with men, reserved with women, serious without being dull," was the verdict passed on him by the Duc de Lévis, at the period of his *début.*

There is no account of Axel de Fersen's first meeting with the woman who was destined so deeply to influence his whole life. Only he records on January 30, 1774, that he went to the "bal de l'opéra." "There were a crowd of people, Mdme. la Dauphine and M. le Dauphin came and stayed half an hour without any one remarking their presence. Mdme. la Dauphine talked to me for some time without my recognising her." Marie Antoinette was then in the first freshness of her light-hearted youth and the same age as himself. But he did not remain long in Paris on this occasion to enjoy his social successes; he left for England in the spring, returning early in the following year to Sweden. A military career was made very smooth in those days for young men of rank like Axel de Fersen. He had held a cavalry commission almost from his childhood, and he was now given a captaincy in the King's Light Horse. But he had no fancy for being a mere carpet soldier, and with Sweden at peace with the rest of the world, and no chance of active service at home, he started once more on his travels. The autumn of 1778 found him again in Paris. When he reappeared at court Marie Antoinette, now Queen of France, exclaimed on seeing him, "Ah! Here is an old acquaintance!" Fersen, writing a little later to his father, says: "The Queen, who is the prettiest and most lovable princess that I know, has had the kindness often to inquire after me. She asked Creutz why I did not come to her Sunday card parties."

Marie Antoinette was always especially gracious to foreigners. She felt she could allow herself to be so. Among them, after her friendship with the Polignacs had been cooled by circumstances not to the latter's credit, she formed her most intimate circle. And when some one thought it necessary to point out to her the dangers of showing such a marked preference, and the offence it gave to the French nobility, she replied sadly, "You are right, but they are the only ones who ask nothing from me."

Her favours had been so traded on, her natural kindness and generosity made the occasion of such constant intrigues, it was no wonder if she came to look on a disinterested affection as one of the first best goods of life, and the most unattain-

able. When Fersen appeared at her card-table, she never failed to receive him with "a few words full of kindness," and after that they met frequently, and with little of the formality of court etiquette, at balls, at merry evenings at the Trianon "en petite comité," at select parties given for the Queen in Mme. de Polignac's or Mme. de Lamballe's apartments. The bonds of frivolous amusement first drew them together, and the light links it wove between them strengthened into that deep attachment which none of the after storms of fate could sever. They must have been a goodly pair. Marie Antoinette in the undimmed brilliance of her radiant variable beauty; Axel de Fersen with his soldierly bearing and clear cut aristocratic face. In those bright days of mutual pleasure, no inkling of a cruel future could have crossed their minds. Why should it? They were young, handsome, light-hearted. One belonged to a royal, the other to a privileged race; all the desirable things in life seemed theirs inalienably by birthright.

But envy and malice soon crept into their small paradise and spoilt it. People began to talk of their intimacy, jumping, as seems to have been always the way of courtiers, to the worst possible conclusions. It was whispered in the highest circles, and from them filtered down to the lowest, that the Queen was deeply in love with M. de Fersen; that they were always meeting alone and having long interviews; that, seated one evening at her piano, Marie Antoinette had looked meaningly at him as she sang the words of a then fashionable operatic song:—

> Ah! que je fus bien inspirée,
> Quand je vous reçus dans ma cour!

Axel de Fersen was able for the time being to silence slander, and to obtain the main object for which he had left Sweden. He was appointed, as a great favour, Aide-de-camp to the General in command of the French expedition about to start for America. All the court favourites, whose successful rival he had been, rejoiced unfeignedly over his unexpectedly sudden departure; and a great lady had the effrontery to say to him before he left: "What, Monsieur, you abandon thus your conquest?" "If I had made one," replied Fersen, with quiet dignity, "I should not have abandoned it. I depart free; and, unhappily, without leaving behind me any regrets."

And here we may quote from the despatch of Baron Creutz, the Swedish Ambassador to Gustavus III., on which the calumniators of the Queen have delighted to dwell maliciously in proof of their assumptions. He wrote thus of M. de Fersen's going: "I confess I cannot help believing that she has a *penchant* for him. I have seen

indications too certain to be able to doubt of it. The young Comte de Fersen behaved on this occasion with an admirable modesty and reserve; above all, in the part which he took in leaving for America. The Queen's eyes could not quit him those last days; in looking at him they were full of tears. . . ."

Some pathetic little verses which she wrote in a note-book belonging to him, beside a miniature of herself signed by Boquet, are recorded in the private correspondence of the Comte de Vaudreuil. They run thus:

Qu'écrirez-vous sur ces tablettes?
Quels secrets leur confierez-vous?
Ah! sans doute elles furent faites
Pour les souvenirs les plus doux!
En attendant qu'à cet usage
Ce souvenir soit employé,
Qu'il soit permis à l'amitié
D'en remplir la première page!

Alas! poor Queen! If she loved him, or would have, under other circumstances; if, in her early loveless life, her warm heart, craving for affection, turned to his, is it a thing to be wondered at? Is it the subject for a sneer? Afterwards, when she lived only for her children, and all her affections were centred in them, she remembered him; and he loved and served her till she had passed beyond help of his, however loyal, "to where, beyond these voices, there is peace."

Yes, for once, Fersen, the aristocrat, drew his sword on the side of democratic liberty. He assisted as Rochambeau's A.D.C. at the siege of York Town, where Lord Cornwallis surrendered, and remained in America till peace was concluded in 1783. He gained considerable advancement in the service, as well as experience, from those three years of campaigning. By Gustavus III. he was made a Chevalier de l'Epée and Lieutenant-Colonel, by Louis XVI. Chevalier of the Order of Military Merit, and Colonel of one of his regiments—the Royal Suédois; all this at eight-and-twenty! It was at this period that his miniature was painted, the engraving from which makes a charming frontispiece to the first volume of his diary. Henceforth his duties in both armies obliged him to divide his time between France and Sweden.

Axel de Fersen was no narrow-minded aristocrat. He had indeed fewer prejudices than most of his class, having been brought up in an atmosphere of what were then considered liberal ideas. At first the Revolution which he returned to find impending seemed to him a beginning of better things for oppressed, tax-loaded France.

To use his own words, "a healthy malady needing only a good doctor." Then, as the months passed, and the fever heat rose higher and higher, the near prospect appalled him, and his hopefulness changed to dismay. Early in 1790 he resigned the command of the Royal Suédois, and was sent by Gustavus III. to reside in Paris and be his direct means of communication with the King and Queen. To the Comte de Fersen this was a most welcome opportunity of proving his gratitude and devotion to those who had shown him kindness in happier days. And while others sought safety in flight, he remained, forming one of a little ever-dwindling group of friends and counsellors on whom Marie Antoinette could really depend.

By the early summer of the following year the King's position had become so desperate, their last best hope lay in flight. It was then that Fersen planned and carried out the escape which ended so fatally at Varennes ; he only left them when he had taken them safely past the barrier as far as Bondy. From thence he did not disappear "into unknown space," as Carlyle puts it, but rode across country to Mons, to send a few triumphant lines to his father, telling him that the Royal family were well on their way to Normandy, and that he himself was about to rejoin them. At midnight on June 23 he wrote to him again, this time in bitter grief and disappointment. "My dear father, all is lost, and I am in despair. The King has been arrested at Varennes. Judge of my sorrow and pity me." Perhaps he was most to be pitied when, shortly after, there reached him that sad little letter from his unhappy Queen. . . . "I exist," it begins, "that is all. How anxious I have been for you, and how I compassionate you for all you will suffer in not having news of us. May Heaven permit that this reaches you. We are watched day and night, but that does not matter. Be easy. Nothing will happen to me. . . . ."

Even at this juncture people were not wanting who accused the Comte de Fersen of sacrificing the Royal family to his own ambition. In a letter to Marie Antoinette he tells her of these reports : "They are right. I had the ambition to be of use to you, and all my life I shall have the regret of not having succeeded. I wanted to acquit myself towards you of a part of those obligations it is so sweet to me to owe you, and I wanted to show them that one can be attached to people like you without any other interest. The rest of my conduct should have proved to them that that was my only ambition, and that the glory of having served you was my dearest recompense. . . ."

His father was now anxious for his return to Sweden, but Fersen soon convinced him that it was out of the question, that he could

not desert the King and Queen, nor go far out of reach of news from them. So he fixed his head-quarters at Brussels, where for the time he could best serve their interests. A considerable portion of the French aristocracy as well as a large number of those who, as the Prince de Ligne says amusingly, had fled "from vanity," in order to prove a doubtful nobility, were located here, and having deserted their sovereign in his need, were now doing their best to hinder all rational efforts made for his deliverance. Axel de Fersen had never had a very high estimate of the French character, and an intimate acquaintance with the *émigrés*, with their levity, their indiscretions, and their hopeless incapacity for prudent and united action, did not tend to raise it.

By means of cypher and sympathetic ink he himself continued to correspond regularly with Marie Antoinette, directing and advising, as well as keeping her constantly informed of all that went on in Europe. They are sad enough reading, these letters and her answers: a record of hope deferred, of repeated disappointments, of plans of escape which came to nothing, and, saddest of all, pathetic allusions to "le temps heureux où nous nous reverrons." They did see each other once again. On February 11, 1792, M. de Fersen left Brussels disguised as a courier, having at last obtained Marie Antoinette's permission to risk a visit to Paris. In his diary of the 13th he writes: "Arrived without accident in Paris at half-past five in the evening. . . . Went to the Queen, passing in by my usual way for fear of the National Guards; did not see the King." This laconic entry is the sole record of their meeting. Fersen had come full of the hope that the escape of the Royal Family might yet be contrived, but it was impossible, they were too closely watched, and he left Paris finally on the 21st, spending some hours with the King and Queen together before leaving. "I took tea and supper with them," he writes, "and at midnight quitted them." He returned in safety to Brussels, though he narrowly escaped arrest on the way.

In the following month Gustavus III. of Sweden was assassinated, and in him the Comte de Fersen lost an affectionate friend and protector, and the French royal cause its strongest support. His brother-in-law, who succeeded him as Regent, inaugurated a very different policy, and refused to join his troops with those of the Empress Catherine for a proposed invasion of Normandy. Henceforth Axel de Fersen's political influence was practically at an end. He was forced to stand aside and watch, helplessly, while divided counsels and military incapacity brought defeat to the arms of the allies, and a death to all hope for the unhappy King and

Queen. Throughout that summer Marie Antoinette continued to write to him brief letters, addressed to an imaginary M. Rignon from an imaginary friend in Paris. In July she wrote, "I still exist, but it is by a miracle, . . . do not torment yourself too much on my account." After the Royal family were imprisoned in the Temple correspondence became almost impossible, and to Fersen's bitter anxiety was added the trial of enforced ignorance. The public papers brought him news of the September massacres, of the King's trial and execution, of Marie Antoinette's separation from her children, then of her removal to the Conciergerie. From that time, though they hoped against hope and struggled with despair, her friends must have known that her fate was practically sealed, but the months dragged out nearly to another year, and she still lived. I think it was in the August of '93, in the midst of these tragic events, when the *émigrés* were suffering from terrible personal losses as well as national misfortunes, that Fersen speaks of going to the play at Brussels just to show himself, and "to avoid all that could have an air of affectation.' He adds, "I found all the French there who ordinarily go, even the women. What a nation, great God! . . ."

His diary for October 19, 1793, is full of the offer of a man named André, who declared himself willing for the sum of 2,000,000 francs to contrive the Queen's escape. On October 20 he learnt there was no longer any need for his plans, no longer any object for his hopes, that four days before, on October 16, Marie Antoinette had ceased to suffer. "Although I was prepared for it," he writes, "this certainly overwhelmed me. I had not the strength to feel anything . . . . It was frightful not to have any positive detail, to know that she was alone in her last moments, without consolation, without anyone to speak to, to whom to give her last wishes. It fills one with horror. Those monsters of hell! No! without vengeance my heart will never be satisfied . . . ."

He did at least live to see his desire upon his enemies, in that the Revolution "devoured its own children . . . ."

After these events the Comte de Fersen, in 1796, was sent by Gustavus IV. as Ambassador to the Congress of Rasstadt; this and other diplomatic missions kept him abroad till 1800. He then returned to Sweden, where the last ten years of his life were spent. He was rich, and he had a great position; but death had deprived him within a few years of all whom he cared most for, his beloved Queen, his father, his mother, his sister, his dearest friend, and private griefs and public anxieties combined to make his life a sad one. Sweden was passing through troubled times, and Gustavus IV. was a

hard master to serve. He was detested by the nation, and in 1809 was forced to abdicate, and Charles XIII. was elected to the throne, which was to descend on his death to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. A year later Prince Christian died suddenly, and the party which had deposed Gustavus IV. saw in the Comte de Fersen, now Grand Marshal of Sweden, the most distinguished representative of the old aristocracy, who desired the succession of Gustavus IV.'s son. They chose to believe that his death would crush their opponents, and with this end in view spread abroad horrible calumnies against him, accusing him especially of having poisoned the heir-apparent. On June 20, the day of the Prince's funeral, it was known in Stockholm that an *émeute* was in preparation. The civic authorities warned Charles XIII. that the Comte de Fersen's life would be in danger if he attended the obsequies ; but the former declined to take any measures for restraining the populace. The funeral procession as it entered Stockholm was headed by a detachment of cavalry, followed by a gilded coach drawn by six horses, in which sat Axel de Fersen in his gorgeous uniform of Grand Marshal covered with sparkling decorations. He had not gone far before a clamorous crowd gathered in round his carriage, shouting insults and threats, and openly calling him Prince Christian's assassin. Soon, not content with this, they tore up paving stones and flung them, warming to their work as the object of their onslaught showed no sign of faltering or turning back.

At last at a turn of the street an immense concourse of people made further progress impossible. They pulled open the carriage doors and dragged Fersen out ; but he managed to take refuge in a house near by. Only for a moment's breathing space. The general in command of the troops, warned of his peril, sent a handful of soldiers, too few to contend against the now infuriated mob. It would not be baulked of its prey. Fersen was once more torn from his would-be protectors, dragged through the streets to the Hôtel de Ville, and there, in the courtyard, he was brutally, horribly murdered, he to whom a soldier's death would have been so welcome, who would gladly have died on the scaffold with the woman he loved. One wonders if he had time in that ghastly ordeal to remember her noble forgiveness of her murderers. He had time at least to gather his senses together, and follow her example. An onlooker told afterwards that just before his death Axel de Fersen struggled to his knees, crying aloud : "Oh ! my God, who calleth me soon to Thee, I implore Thee for these my murderers, whom I forgive . . . ."

One bright sunny morning in May of last year I sat in the gardens

of the little Trianon. The acacias and chestnuts were still in flower, cuckoos were singing lustily, and, for a wonder, the solitude was unbroken. Almost within sight was the grotto where Marie Antoinette was sitting when they came to tell her the mob from Paris was on its way to Versailles—the day on which she bade farewell to this beloved spot for ever. . . . What a *via dolorosa* from here to that dark, damp cell in the Conciergerie! Her Temple of Love still stands, but the white pillars are weather-stained and green with lichen, the stream that meandered past is filled up with grass and weeds, the tiny bridges are broken, the waterfalls have ceased to flow. The pretty little rustic cottages of the Hameau, in the planning and building of which she took so much innocent delight, remain, outwardly unimpaired, but they are closed and desolate. One peeps in through a broken pane to catch glimpses of the small staircases and passages, up and down which red-heeled shoes and dainty feet once pattered lightly. An air of damp and mildew has crept over them. But better so; better neglect than they should be kept up, as in the Empire days, for show. Marie Antoinette's Arcadia makes thus, in its weeds and desolation, a far more pathetic appeal to memory.

Oh, sweetest and most melancholy of spots! If ever ghosts walk this mortal earth they must surely haunt the Hameau in the warm hush of moonlit summer nights. Sitting there in the cheerful morning sunshine, with the banksia roses blooming yellow about the wooden balcony of the Queen's cottage overhead, I saw no ghosts. But my mind, straying back to that long gone Past, strove to evoke its brighter memories, strove to call up across the century's space that intervened the faces of dear dead men and women—the faces of Marie Antoinette and Axel de Fersen.

RACHEL GURNELL.

THE MILKY WAY.

THE nebulous band or zone of light known as the Milky Way or Galaxy is familiar to everyone, and on a clear moonless night forms a conspicuous feature of the nocturnal heavens. It has attracted the attention of astronomers and philosophers from the earliest ages of antiquity, and various theories have been advanced to account for its appearance. One of the ancient writers—Ænopides—considered it to be the original pathway of the sun. Plutarch saw in it the marks of Phaeton's accident. Anaxagoras thought it was the shadow of the earth; and Aristotle that it was due to atmospheric vapours! Other equally absurd theories were entertained by the ancients, and Ovid says—in his "Metamorphoses"—"When the sky is very clear a path of very radiant white colour may be seen in the empyrean. It is called the *Milky Way*, and along it the immortals repair to the august dwelling-place of the Lord of Thunder"; a fable which is also referred to by Plato. The true theory, namely, that its light originates from myriads of small stars, was, however, advanced by Democritus, Manilius, and Pythagoras, and on the invention of the telescope this hypothesis was fully confirmed.

The representations of the Milky Way shown in popular atlases merely give a general idea of its appearance, and show little or no detail of the brightness and faintness of the various parts—features which are very obvious when carefully observed. A mere passing glance might lead a casual observer to suppose that the Galaxy stretched as a band of nearly uniform brightness across the face of the sky, but good eyesight, careful attention, and a clear sky will soon disclose numerous details previously unsuspected: streams and rays of varying brightness intersected by rifts of darkness, and interspersed with spots and channels of comparatively starless spaces.

Heis gives, in his excellent atlas, an elaborate delineation of the Milky Way as seen in northern latitudes. He divides the varying brightness of the different parts into five magnitudes, the first magnitude being assigned to the luminous portions of the Galaxy in the

constellation of the Swan and in "Sobieski's Shield," and the fourth and fifth magnitudes to the very faint nebulous light which he shows filling in the vacuities (drawn on other star maps), and bordering the Milky Way on both sides throughout nearly the whole of its course. This method of division into magnitudes is of course, to a great extent, an arbitrary one, and the lines of demarcation between the assumed magnitudes are not so sharply defined in the sky as shown in Heis' maps. There is also reason to think that Heis did not pay so much attention to the Milky Way as he did to his star magnitudes. Still, his drawing serves to give a fair representation of the general effect visible to a keen-sighted and careful observer, as Heis undoubtedly was.

Heis' drawing of the Milky Way extends to about thirty degrees of South declination—about the limit visible in these latitudes. Below that limit we have an excellent drawing of the southern portion of the Galaxy by Sir John Herschel (which will be found in his valuable "Cape Observations"), and a very elaborate representation made at Cordova in the Argentine Republic, given in the charts of Dr. Gould's "Uranometria Argentina."

Another carefully drawn representation of the Milky Way will be found in Houzeau's atlas. This, as the independent work of *one* observer for *both* hemispheres, has a certain value, although his drawing is somewhat diagrammatic and deficient in detail. The method of delineation adopted by Houzeau was to trace the lines of equal brightness (or "isophotes" as he terms them) of the various portions of the Milky Way. These somewhat resemble, he says, the "contour lines" on terrestrial maps, and are filled in with a blue tint, the washes of colour being placed one over the other, so that "Plus il y a de courbes, plus l'espace renfermé dans la dernière est brillant." As in Heis's drawing, Houzeau shows five gradations of brightness, and these he determined by comparing the brilliancy of different portions of the Milky Way with neighbouring stars of the magnitudes 6–7, 6, 5–6, 5, and 4–5. In making this comparison he was guided by the appearance or disappearance of the luminous patches of Milky Way light in the twilight or moonlight simultaneously with the stars of comparison. It seems doubtful, however, whether this method is susceptible of any great accuracy, the comparison of a bright point, like a star, with a nebulosity extending over a considerable area of the sky, being evidently a matter of much difficulty and considerable uncertainty. The visibility of the star and the adjoining nebulosity might not, in all cases, be equally affected by varying atmospheric conditions, and the gradations of

light in the different portions of the Galaxy are so gradual, numerous, and complicated that most of the smaller details would unavoidably be lost in such a rapid survey of the heavens as that undertaken by Houzeau, who estimated the magnitudes of all the stars visible to the naked eye—in addition to his drawing of the Milky Way—in the short period of thirteen months. The drawing being, however, the work of a single observer, and so accomplished an astronomer as the late M. Houzeau, and moreover executed from observations made in a favourably situated station like Jamaica, possesses a value to which it might not otherwise be entitled.

The extension of the Milky Way zone, as drawn by Houzeau, is considerably less than that shown by Heis, much of the faint bounding nebulosity drawn by the latter astronomer being wanting in Houzeau's delineation. According to a computation made by Herr J. Plassmann the area covered by Milky Way light in Houzeau's drawing is about one-tenth of the whole star sphere, a considerably smaller area than the extension shown by Gould and Heis.

The best representation we now have of the northern portion of the Galaxy is a drawing recently completed by Dr. Otto Boeddicker. This beautiful picture of the Milky Way, as seen with the naked eye in these latitudes, is exquisitely drawn, and evidently the work of an admirable observer and accomplished draftsman. At first sight it might perhaps seem open to one objection, and that is the almost evanescent faintness of some of the less luminous portions of the Galactic zone. But this could not have been avoided without giving to the brighter parts a greater prominence than a faithful representation of Nature would reasonably permit. It must be remembered that even the brightest portions of the Milky Way are merely brilliant by contrast with the dark background of the heavens, and that even faint moonlight or slight haze is sufficient to totally obliterate its more delicate details. Even partial success in the delineation of so excessively difficult an object as the Galaxy would be in the highest degree creditable, and it will, I think, be admitted by those who have seen the original drawings that Dr. Boeddicker's success has been even greater than we might have expected from so excellent an astronomer. An eloquent writer in the *Saturday Review* says his maps "are in many respects a completely new disclosure. Features barely suspected before come out in them as evident and persistent ; every previous representation appears by comparison *structureless*. There is something of organic regularity in the manner of divergence of innumerable branches from a knotted and gnarled trunk ; nor can the protrusion of cloudy feelers towards outlying nebulæ and clusters

be regarded as purposeless; while the fidelity with which the milky effulgence coils and sweeps along the lines laid down by the stars emblazoned upon it is perplexing if it be not significant."

Sir William Herschel's telescopic gauges show that there is a well-marked relation between the general distribution of the stars and the course of the Milky Way—even as observed with the naked eye. Mr. Proctor was led to the same result by an examination of the naked-eye stars only, but as he assumed the area of the heavens covered by the Galaxy as much smaller than that shown by Heis and Gould, and also omitted vacuities which Heis shows to be filled in with nebulous light, his results are perhaps more strongly marked than is really the case in the sky. Sir John Herschel also made a number of gauges in the southern hemisphere, and arrived at a conclusion in striking agreement with that obtained by his illustrious father. These results show conclusively that the number of visible stars increases as we proceed from the poles of the Galaxy towards the Milky Way, where of course the maximum number is found.

Houzeau found that the northern hemisphere is slightly richer in naked-eye stars than the southern—by more than 100 stars—and he considers this fact to have a real and not merely a fictitious existence. He examines the relation of the lucid stars with reference to the Milky Way, and finds that the naked-eye stars show a marked tendency to aggregation on the Galactic stream. This result confirms that found by Sir William Herschel and the elder Struve. It also agrees with Proctor's researches, and with the results I have found myself from an examination of the maps of Behrmann, Heis, and Houzeau.

I have made a careful enumeration of the stars shown in the atlases just named, which are fairly complete for stars visible to the naked eye. The total number of stars shown by Houzeau in both hemispheres is—according to his own statement—5,719. Now, according to Plassmann's computation of the area covered by Milky Way light in Houzeau's maps, the number due to this area is 581. By a careful count of stars shown by Houzeau as lying on the Milky way (omitting those which merely touch its boundaries), I find a total of 706, or a marked excess of lucid stars above that due to its area.

Heis' maps extend from the North Pole to about 30 degrees south declination (or a little farther south), and those of Behrmann from the South Pole to 20 degrees south declination (or a little farther north). Heis shows all stars to magnitude 6-7 (6½), and Behrmann all stars to 6th magnitude. As, however, some of

Behrmann's stars are somewhat fainter than the sixth magnitude, we may perhaps consider the two atlases as fairly comparable. In the portion of the sky common to both (20 to 30 degrees south declination) some small stars shown by Behrmann are omitted by Heis, and *vice versâ*, but these are exceptions, and will not materially affect the general result. As Behrmann omits the Milky Way altogehter, its course with reference to the stars shown by him has been derived from Sir John Herschel's drawing. The enumeration was made in divisions of 10 degrees in right ascension and 10 degrees in declination, as shown in the atlases referred to. The areas of these divisions can be easily determined, and thus the relative richness or poorness of the various regions of the sky can be ascertained.

I find that the total number of stars shown by Heis as visible to the naked eye north of the Equator (excluding variable stars, clusters and nebulæ) is 3,903, and the total number of stars on the Milky Way and its branches (including vacuities in which Heis shows faint light) is 1,199, or 30·7 per cent of the whole. I find that the Milky Way—as drawn by Heis—covers an area of 5,340 square degrees, or 25·88 per cent. of the northern hemisphere (20,626·5 square degrees), so that the number of naked-eye stars on the Milky Way is slightly in excess of that due to its area. Had I omitted the vacuities—as Proctor did—the proportion would probably have been somewhat increased, as a glance at Heis's maps is sufficient to show that the lucid stars are somewhat sparsely scattered over these (so-called) vacuities. A glance at Behrmann's maps is sufficient to show that a rich region exists in the southern hemisphere, and a statistical enumeration confirms the judgment of the eye. This rich region nearly coincides with the course of the Milky Way from Canis Major to the Southern Cross.

The number of lucid stars shown by Heis in the northern hemisphere gives an average of 5·29 square degrees to each star (or about 23 times the apparent area of the full moon). For the portion of the southern hemisphere included in Behrmann's maps the number of stars is 2,306, giving an average of nearly six degrees to each star. These results show that the naked-eye stars are very thinly scattered over the surface of the heavens.

Wright of Durham was undoubtedly the originator of the so-called "disc theory" of the Milky Way. This hypothesis, popularly attributed to Sir William Herschel, was abandoned by that great astronomer himself in his later writings, as Struve has clearly demonstrated, and as Proctor has ably maintained, in recent years.

Proctor examines the evidence afforded by Sir John Herschel's observations in the southern hemisphere, and justly remarks that the well-known "coal sack," near the Southern Cross, and indeed the general aspect of the Galaxy in this region, indicates "that the Milky Way, in this neighbourhood at any rate, is really what it appears to be—a belt or zone of stars separated from us by an apparently starless interval." With this opinion I fully concur. It certainly does seem utterly improbable that the nearly circular black space known as the "coal sack" should represent a tunnel through a disc of which the thickness is comparatively small, while its diameter—on Struve's theory—stretches out almost to infinity. A straight tunnel-shaped opening of infinite length, or nearly so, pointing towards the earth, would form an extraordinary phenomenon, even in a solitary instance, yet there are several somewhat similar cases to be found in the Milky Way. That all these should form tunnels radiating from a common centre is quite beyond the bounds of probability, and indeed such an hypothesis seems unworthy of serious consideration.

Sir John Herschel seemed inclined to consider the Galaxy as probably forming "a flat ring," although it does not appear that he definitely adopted this theory. His conclusion that we cannot, "without obvious improbability, refuse to admit that the long lateral offsets which at so many places quit the main stream, and run out to great distances, are either planes seen edgeways or the convexities of curved surfaces viewed tangentially, rather than cylindrical or columnar excrescences bristling up obliquely from the general level," is objected to by Proctor, who thinks that "the obvious improbability seems to lie altogether the other way." A glance at Dr. Boeddicker's drawing of the Milky Way will, I think, convince most people that Proctor's view is the correct one, and indeed it seems evident that the probability of a *number* of "planes" or "curved surfaces," being so placed as to be seen edgeways, is quite as small as the chance of a number of tunnel-shaped openings in a comparatively thin disc being all directed to the centre of the disc.

All the stars in Argelander's charts (to 9½th or 10th magnitude, equal to Herschel's 11th) were plotted by Proctor on a single chart. In this remarkable chart the course of the Milky Way is clearly defined by a well-marked increase of stellar density. Proctor says, "In the very regions where the Herschelian gauges showed the minutest telescopic stars to be most crowded, my chart of 324,198 stars shows the stars of the high orders (down to the 11th magnitude) to be so crowded that, by their mere aggregation within the mass, they show the Milky Way with all its streams and clusterings. . . . It

is utterly impossible that excessively remote stars could seem to be clustered exactly where relatively near stars were richly spread. This might happen, no doubt, in a single instance, but that it could be repeated over and over again, so as to account for all the complicated features, seen in my chart of 324,198 stars, I maintain to be utterly incredible." This argument seems quite unanswerable, and should, I think, serve to completely upset the "disc theory" of the Milky Way, which—like many other errors—has persistently held its ground in astronomical text-books.

Considering Sir William Herschel's later views of the construction of the Galaxy, and Sir John Herschel's suggestion that its form might be that of a flat ring seen edgeways, Proctor was led to propose a new theory of the Milky Way, which represents it as forming a sort of spiral stream in space. The well-known "gap in Argo" he imagines as due to an opening between two of the spiral branches, and he thinks that this gap could not possibly be explained either by the "disc" or "flat ring" theories. Dr. Gould, however, shows this "gap" as filled in with faint nebulous light. The "coal sack," near the Southern Cross, Proctor explains by a loop in the spiral, and the great brilliancy of the Galaxy in this region by the comparative proximity of one of the spiral branches to our system. But on this hypothesis the nebulous light on one side of the vacuity should be somewhat brighter than the other, one portion of the spiral branch being nearer to the eye. Sir John Herschel's drawing of the Milky Way, made at the Cape of Good Hope, shows a general uniformity of brightness in the nebulous light surrounding the "coal sack," and in Dr. Gould's delineation no well-marked inequality of brightness is perceptible in the bounding nebulosity. Proctor, however, points out that the difference of brilliancy would be slight. The whole aspect of the Milky Way in this vicinity suggests, I think, that the "coal sack" is a real and not merely an apparent opening through the Galactic zone. Proctor applies to these circular openings reasoning similar to that applied by Sir John Herschel to the Magellanic clouds, and concludes that "if they are really openings at all, they are openings through a system which is not very much deeper—measured in the direction of the line of sight—than the greatest width of the aperture itself." With this opinion I fully concur, but not with the theory that the "coal sack" is formed by a loop in a stellar stream. Sir John Herschel's gauges at the Cape of Good Hope show that the "coal sack"—although apparently blank to the naked eye—is by no means devoid of telescopic stars. This is confirmed by Dr. Gould, who shows this remarkable vacuity filled in with fai t nebulosity, and

also by photographs recently taken by Mr. Russell at the Sydney Observatory, which show numerous small stars within its boundaries. We cannot therefore consider it as a perfect opening; but this, of course, does not detract from the argument in favour of its being a perforation through a comparatively thin stratum of stars.

Proctor attributes the fading away of the "broken branch" in Ophiuchus (near 70 Ophiuchi) to increase of distance in the spiral stream in that direction, but the appearance of this branch as drawn by Boeddicker and Heis tends to negative this hypothesis. In Heis's drawing the branch is shown rather brighter at its extremity (near 70 Ophiuchi) than it is at the point where it leaves the main Galactic stream. Boeddicker's representation of the Milky Way in this region is in fairly close agreement with Heis's drawing, but agrees rather better with its general appearance as I see it. The Milky Way as drawn by Gould shows, I think, that the supposed division of the Galaxy into two streams, from Aquila to the Southern Cross, is more apparent than real, and that the intricate convolutions of the Milky Way in this vicinity cannot well be represented by a simple bifurcation.

If we consider that in viewing the starry heavens we are placed at the centre of a hollow sphere of vast and indefinite extent, and that the distance of only a few of the stars from our eye has hitherto been determined with any approach to accuracy, the great difficulty of framing a satisfactory theory of the construction of the heavens will be easily understood. Although Jupiter's system of satellites forms a most perfect piece of celestial mechanism, a mere glance through a telescope might lead us to imagine that absence of symmetry was its most striking characteristic. The cause of this imperfect view is clearly the unfavourable situation of our standpoint. The case may be similar with the sidereal system, and, could we examine it from a conveniently-situated position, we might find—instead of apparent irregularity—an harmonious arrangement of all its parts, somewhat similar perhaps, but more complicated, to the solar system as viewed from the sun or from a point at right angles to its general plane.

J. ELLARD GORE.

PAGES ON PLAYS.

A Retrospect.

IT is just a year since I began to set down these impressions of the passing shows. Looking back upon that past year I can gladly assert that it has been a fruitful and a hopeful year for the drama. The actual record of its accomplished work is good, but its best gift has been hope. Dormant forces seem to have been quickened into action; there has been an increased vitality in dramatic life and thought; curiosity has been roused and experiment made in ways apart from the beaten track. The sudden interest in the Continental drama, in the Continental dramatists, has been smiled at as a craze for the merely exotic, but it has done an infinite deal of good. The advent of Ibsen alone has been of the utmost significance. The past year, as I said before, deserves to live in theatrical record as the Ibsen year. Play after play of Ibsen's was produced, and if the performances were seldom wholly worthy of the play performed, still they served at least to show how completely Ibsen was a master of his art, not in theory alone, but in technical skill. Of the various Ibsen plays "Ghosts" at the Independent Theatre was on the whole the most satisfactorily given. "Hedda Gabler" was injured by the audacious licences taken with the author's meaning, and by the misinterpretation of the two women Hedda and Thea. "The Lady from the Sea" was a dismal setting forth, and Miss Norreys, with all her gifts and all her ambition, did not succeed in surpassing Miss Achurch's admirable Nora. But played well or played ill, it was something to have five of Ibsen's plays performed on London stages in one season. The productions raised the fiercest controversy, but they justified all that Ibsen's admirers ever asserted, and the genius of the great Norwegian dramatist is now as fully recognised in our island as it has long been in the other great European centres of artistic activity. The most immediate result, as far as our own stage is concerned, of the Ibsen Iliad was Mr. Jones's last play, "The Crusaders." Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has lifted up his voice time

and again in protest against the praise of Ibsen, but his own finest play is the most potent proof of the influence of Ibsen upon his mind. I do not in the least mean to say that Mr. Jones deliberately imitates Ibsen. Ibsen is not easily imitated, to begin with, and Mr. Jones is a sincere worker, and seeks after truth in his own way. Nor do I mean to say that "The Crusaders," much as I like it, is a play on the level of Ibsen's work. The drama has yet to be written for the English stage which will make its author the peer of Ibsen for insight into human nature and tragic appreciation of life. But "The Crusaders" is Mr. Jones's finest work, and it seeks in an unconventional manner to show life as it is, and to paint men and women as they are; and I am convinced that this wider view, this braver handling of the stuff of life, is due to the illuminating rays of our new star of the north. The year that lies between the March of 1891 and the March of 1892 may therefore live in memory as the Ibsen year.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree's Hamlet.

THE principal event of the past month may also be said to be the principal event of the past year. Mr. Beerbohm Tree has fulfilled his promise; he has played Hamlet to a London audience, and he has made a very profound impression in the part. It is naturally enough the ambition of every serious actor some time or other to play Hamlet. But it is one of the most serious steps in an actor's life. It is to him what the taking of silk is to a very successful lawyer; it may either make him or mar him altogether. For the actor of recognised position, who has made a name and a fame for himself in the drama of the day, puts his all upon the cast when he decides to act Hamlet. He must either make a distinct advance, or lose something of the success he has already so patiently and painfully won. For to such an actor merely to hold his own in Hamlet is equivalent to disaster. It is advance or nothing, and the actor may well tremble and pause before he pushes his fair fortunes to such a desperate adventure. But in Mr. Tree's case the adventure had to be made. It was known for long enough that his thoughts were turned to the crown of Denmark. In his comparatively brief career he had tasted many successes; he had done many things which were a surprise to his public; he had always been daring; but to play Hamlet was to dare with a vengeance. Mr. Tree has dared, and daring has succeeded. I do not say that he has created *the* Hamlet; nobody ever has done, ever will do

that, but he has created *a* Hamlet, and a very remarkable, very interesting, Hamlet.

Mr. Tree does what every actor has a right to do ; he takes one view of the character of Hamlet, and to that view he is consistent from start to finish. The mocking humour, the gleams of savage ferocity which make portion and parcel of that epitome of all human passions which we call Hamlet, Mr. Tree has chosen to disregard. On the assumption that no actor could ever give us all or even the greater part of what is in Hamlet, an assumption which I see no reason from my own experience to contest, Mr. Tree might defend himself cogently for his suppressions and omissions ; but what interests me is not what Mr. Tree has not done, but what Mr. Tree has done. And what Mr. Tree has done is to present to us a new, curious, interesting, and profoundly melancholy study of the character. His Hamlet is begotten of sad stars ; he is Fortune's fool ; over his grave might be inscribed the tragic Miserrimus. In the twilight of scholasticism his highly strung youth has cooled, his highly strung spirit has been strained to unendurable tension by sterile speculations. An exquisite sense of beauty and an ideal longing for love have been eternally thwarted by the jars between his own self-torturing fastidiousness and the merciless facts of the rough, bustling, brutal, greedy, lascivious world with which he is forced into hateful conflict. He is heroic, but his heroism is not of the world's fashion, not of the fashion of the fierce sea-princes who expose

> What is mortal and unsure
> To all that fortune, death, and danger dare
> Even for an egg-shell.

Amidst the skimmers of the seas, whose highest happiness lay in battle, in their long ships red and slippery with blood, men who faced death with rude jests, and fought and drank their restless way through life, Pagan in their Christianity, serving the white Christ with the same ferocious homage that they had paid of old to Odin and to Thor, amidst such sea devils the lot of such a Hamlet as Mr. Tree portrays must be indeed unhappy. His Hamlet is a dreamer of strange dreams, one who has mused too much and done too little, the child of art and thought, of melancholy philosophy, of great ambitions, great desires, all turned to naught by unconquerable infirmity of purpose. There is a quaint little tale of Hans Christian Andersen's which tells how a worthy councillor, putting on by mistake the goloshes of fortune, steps back several centuries and finds himself in the rude Denmark of the early kings. Something of this

story comes naturally to the mind in connection with the new Hamlet, for Mr. Tree has done something of the same kind for his hero. He has taken Hamlet as a type of a higher and a sadder civilisation flung back into more barbaric, primitive conditions; his Hamlet is as much at odds in Elsinore, as Hans Andersen's hero was in the Denmark of the early kings. Naturally, this is a very interesting reading of the character; it has a pensive poetry, a melancholy despair about it which appeals in its infinite pathos for infinite pity; it is a study of the martyrdom of a soul.

Perhaps in one sense the most remarkable feature about Mr. Beerbohm Tree's Hamlet is its modernity. If it be true, as a gifted Hellenist has asserted, that every age requires its own translation of Homer, it might with almost equal force be urged that every generation requires its own special interpretation of Hamlet. Mr. Tree's Hamlet is essentially the Hamlet of our own time; it fulfils the needs of our own age. It would be but to parrot a commonplace of phraseology to call it a *fin de siècle* Hamlet, and yet the hackneyed miserable phrase, if it were only properly understood, might serve to convey much. For Mr. Tree's Hamlet is a curious incarnation of all the attributes that belong to us and to our waning age; the weary spirit of this fag end of a century informs the whole of his conception. Satiety in fruitless speculation, noble, hopeless longing after thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls, a woof of pessimism utterly mad blended with a warp of purely Christian resignation, a blend of nihilism and fanaticism, of denial and of dogma, of hope and fear, of freezing cynicism and fiery aspirations, such as many of the best among us are in the hour that passes, a bundle of fantastic incongruities of jarring thoughts, of conflicting blackness and brightness. The Ormuzd and Ahriman of antique Persian theology seem to quicken again in this latest study of the Danish prince. He is the fallen archangel; he is the tortured man; he is the self-tormenting sophist; in a sentence, he is the Hamlet of Goethe's Wilhelm Meister doubled with a latter-day student of Schopenhauer, who is also a student of Richter.

Mr. Jones as a Classic.

FOR the rest, the month has not been very fruitful in big events. Mr. Jones enjoyed for a time the delights of being a classic author, with revivals of two of his pieces going on at the same time. "Saints and Sinners," at the Vaudeville, was interesting, as

serving to mark the progress which Mr. Jones has made since he wrote—a progress of which the high water mark before "The Crusaders" could be tested by the revival of "Judah" at the Avenue Theatre. In "Judah" Mr. Vanderfelt took the part created by Mr. Willard, and did it as well perhaps as any young actor could do who had the misfortune to follow on one of Mr. Willard's triumphs. Mr. Cyril Maude played Mr. F. Kerr's old part of Juxon Prawl on somewhat different lines from those of his predecessor, and played it very well; but the chief charm of the revival lay in the acting of Miss Olga Brandon as Vashti Dethic. Many actresses have played Vashti Dethic, but Miss Brandon, as she was the first, was also far the best, and it was an artistic delight to see her again in what is her most powerful and most beautiful creation. The passion and pain of the character are rendered with a human sincerity, a human pathos that are profoundly appealing. Miss Brandon, Vashti Dethic, convinces the beholders that the white witch-woman of the age of science almost believes in herself, almost is ready to stake her witchcraft against the iron laws of life. It is a terribly hard part to play; by Miss Brandon it was greatly played.

"The Cabinet Minister."

I AM quite aware that "The Cabinet Minister" is not at this moment being played in London, but it has been played in New York lately in Daly's Theatre, and this condition of actuality is increased by the fact that the text of the play has just been published in London by Mr. Heinemann, as the third of the collected series of Mr. Pinero's plays. As I have mentioned Daly's Theatre, let me say in parenthesis that the absurd rumours in connection with this theatre and its leading lady have not the slightest foundation, and were never regarded with the least seriousness by those qualified to judge. As for Mr. Pinero's play, its reception by the New York press has been somewhat curious. I have before me at this moment a collection of the criticisms published after the first night, from which I make the following interesting anthology. According to one journal: "'The Cabinet Minister' has a good but not startling plot—not one of those with a string to it which you perceive in the second act and pull it, and lo an old familiar story pops up, but the rare sort which waits for the last act for its unravelment. The dialogue is bright and somewhat witty, but the play depends more upon its lines than its situations. The climaxes are not strong in any act.

Most of the characters lack individuality. They are too much like shadows." This scarcely appears apt to English playgoers. The *Herald* is gravely disappointed: "Had not Mr. Pinero's name been attached to the work, it might have been mistaken for the first effort of a rather smart young man and treated with indulgence, if not kindness. But the author of 'The Times,' 'The Weaker Sex,' and 'Lady Bountiful' must expect to be judged by his own standard, and no one will, I think, deny that 'The Cabinet Minister' falls far short of his other plays." The New York *Sun* is not enthusiastic: "The satire in this story is doubtless keen, but American audiences are not breathlessly concerned with the financial embarrassments of the English aristocracy. There are too many masks, too many caricatures, and too few men and women in Mr. Pinero's puppets. The dialogue is at times in Pinero's best vein—brightly pointed, brisk, and amusing, even if the clever things are not always original. The construction of the play is almost puerile, and the interpolated characters, which are meant to be types, are not only too numerous, but also uninteresting. In this respect Mr. Pinero has clearly overshot the mark. Brilliant as he undoubtedly is, he has not yet been hailed as the Thackeray of our stage. He should express himself." The *Post* thinks that "the most obvious comment upon it is that it is too essentially English in its spirit and its allusions to be thoroughly understood or appreciated by the average American audience; but, wholly apart from this consideration, it is radically weak in construction on account of its confused mingling of comedy and farce and the attempt to maintain a serious interest in the face of manifestly extravagant incident. There is ample material in the story for the foundation of an admirable comedy, but the opportunities are frittered away in rather laborious trivialities. The effect would have been far stronger and more satisfactory if a frankly farcical method had been adopted from first to last."

I have quoted these criticisms because they interest as serving to show how an author whom we place in our first rank is calmly estimated, as if he were merely the first newcomer to hand, by Transatlantic colleagues. Perhaps it is tonic for us on this side to find that our decisions count for so little in the New World. For myself, I certainly do not like "The Cabinet Minister" as much as I like other work of Mr. Pinero's. Its very brilliancy troubles like the intermittent flashing of an electric light. But it is a play that everyone who takes the modern stage seriously will read with care.

JUSTIN HUNTLY M^cCARTHY.

TABLE TALK.

Mr. Andrew Lang on the Reading Public.

MR. LANG'S opinions upon literary subjects command always my interest, and generally my assent. In one of his latest utterances he furnishes me with matter for dubiety. As it stands, the sentence I am about to quote is more than a little startling. Here it is: "But the public, on the whole, will not be tempted to read old books." This is a hard saying. I will supply one more sentence immediately succeeding, which may, though it does not necessarily, be held to modify it. "Constable found, and often said, that reprints of excellent forgotten works spelt ruin." Supposing the word "forgotten" in the second sentence to modify the statement contained in the first, the matter may be open to argument. "Forgotten" is a curiously elastic phrase. Who shall say what is or is not forgotten? Is the "Arcadia" of Sydney forgotten, or the "Nymphidia" of Drayton, Wither's "Shepherds Hunting," Barclay's "Argenis," Browne's "Urn-burial," Beaumont's "Psyche," "Ossian," "The Mystery of Udolpho," "Tom Cringle's Log"? I cannot reasonably expect an answer. Yet these books, widely divergent as they are, unread as are many of them, and unreadable as I should be disposed to call one at least, are from time to time reprinted. When, as in the case of "Joseph and his Brethren"—the reprinting of which was due to the loudly expressed admiration of Rossetti, Mr. Swinburne, and other leaders of thought—a work of imagination has failed on its first appearance to win recognition, little profit ordinarily attends the attempt to atone for the errors of preceding times. Yet here even I am met by the example of Blake, whose poems, wholly unrecognised in his day, will henceforward be included in all representative collections of poetry. It may be accepted as a rule, however, that when a man cannot obtain a hearing from his contemporaries, his chance of impressing future generations is small.

Reprints of Seventeenth-Century Poets.

IT would be apparently easy to confute this view, so far as poetry is concerned, from facts. Apparently, I say, but not really. Across the poetic literature of England, as across that of France,

there stretches a Sahara of false taste and affectation. I am not seeking to dismiss in a phrase the literature of a century and a half, and say that between Milton and Burns all is desolation. The fact remains, however, that when the canons of taste were at their lowest, and when the ebb-tide of poetry reached low-water mark, we began to issue collections of the poets. It is recorded of Byron that when he began to write verse he gave away or destroyed his collection of the poets for fear he should be supposed to have plagiarised from it. Never, surely, was fear more groundless. Spenser, Cowley, and Dryden, it is true, leavened the mass; but the bulk of the collection might have been fused without yielding a drop of golden ore. To obtain, accordingly, editions of our genuine poets of the seventeenth century we had to wait for the nineteenth, and in some cases for the latter half of the nineteenth. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that men such as Drayton, Daniel, Chapman, and Marvell were without influence in their day. Republication of their works, then, is merely resuming a journey at the other side of a desert that has been bridged. I am not aware that the process involves financial loss to those by whom it is undertaken. Herrick is included in no collection of poets, yet the first reprint of the "Hesperides" and the "Noble Numbers" is now a coveted possession, and successive reprints, down to the elegant edition just issued by Mr. Alfred Pollard, with a preface by Mr. Swinburne,[1] enjoy immediate popularity.

Fiction Old and New.

I AM not, however, meeting Mr. Lang quite fairly. He would, I fancy, rather deal with prose fiction, the readers of which are hundreds, than with verse, where they are but tens or units. Here, even, is he sure that the public will not be tempted to read old books? The public, small blame to it, is not going to be seduced into reading the indecencies of Aphra Behn or wasting its time over "What Ann Lang Read," under which quaint title Mr. Gosse in his "Gossip in a Library"[2] indicates the novels of Eliza Haywood. I do not believe even that the readers of Fielding, Smollett, and Richardson are very numerous. I should like, however, throughout the years, to have had the copyright of "Robinson Crusoe" or "The Pilgrim's Progress"; and, to come to modern times, the expired or expiring copyrights of Sir Walter Scott or George Eliot, could they be renewed, would bring a considerable price in the market. No finer books of adventure are there than the sea-novels of Mr.

[1] Lawrence & Bullen. [2] Heinemann.

Clark Russell, yet Captain Marryat is not wholly forgotten. I should be sorry for the boy who would not guffaw over "Valentine Vox the Ventriloquist" and "Sylvester Sound the Somnambulist," by Cockton; the student of human nature will never cease to delight in the "Comédie Humaine" of Balzac, and the brilliant romances of the elder Dumas will be read as long as the "Arabian Nights."

Recreations of a Convalescent.

IT so happens that I am in a position to speak concerning modern fiction with a conviction that a few weeks ago I could not have claimed. I ask the reader's sympathy in a personal avowal. During many consecutive weeks I have been under the lethargic conditions, mental and physical, that follow the epidemic of influenza. Work has been prohibited, study impossible, and a few minutes' conversation even productive of collapse. Such reading as in fragmentary wise I have been able to undertake has consisted of the lightest form of fiction, and I became thus representative of the average reader for amusement. In pursuit of novelty I have read the works of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, with which till now I had little familiarity. Then, as I do not care for religious treatises disguised as novels, I put on one side "The History of David Grieve" and fell back upon old favourites. The appearance in the sixpenny series of Messrs. Black of "Quentin Durward" made me take that work in another edition from my shelves and read it through for the tenth or twentieth time. "Tom Cringle's Log" and "The Cruise of the 'Midge'" of Scott's namesake then arrested my attention, and, these devoured, I have begun the re-perusal of Charles Reade. "Griffith Gaunt" has already been swallowed, and "The Cloister and the Hearth" is before me, waiting for the attack. A bad day will it be for England when books such as these lose their hold, and when for the records of adventure and pictures of honest passion we substitute the morbid analysis which forms the staple of modern fiction.

Scott's "Quentin Durward."

FRESH from the perusal of "Quentin Durward," I take the book as an excuse for praising the fiction of the past. In choosing Scott I am magnanimous, since Mr. Lang, if report is to be trusted, is collecting materials for a new and an authoritative edition of the Waverley Novels. For its historical value "Quentin Durward," which is or has been a text-book in the French *Lycées*, has won full

recognition. I speak now, however, as the idle reader for mere amusement, prone to skip historical detail. In what other work is the adventure which is the chief attraction of Scott so enchanting; and in this respect what novel of any author whatever can compare with it? All very well is it for M. Zola to sneer at Scott; but there is more that a man may read with pleasure and profit in this one work than in all that the writer of "La Terre" and the discoverer of "Nana" has given us. At the outset the young Scotch hero makes the acquaintance of Louis XI., and incurs the hostility of Tristan. How naturally all then follows—the introduction to the fair countess who becomes the light of his life; his championship of her in a long and eventful journey through Fairyland, in which he unhorses Orleans and crosses swords with Dunois; the scene in Liège where he witnesses the murder of the bishop; each consecutive interview with his mistress until—"so should desert in arms be crowned"—he wins her hand in fair combat, and the penniless soldier of fortune becomes one of the chief nobles of Burgundy: how admirably is all this told! with how little violation of possibility, and with how much by which youth is inspired and fired! Faults enough are there in the novel, as in all Scott's stories, and I could "an it were my cue" write strongly in condemnation of parts. But the glamour of adventure is over all, and on the strength of this alone, and apart from all other merits, the tale is immortal. I trust to say something before long concerning the fiction by which, I am told, it is to be supplanted.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

Mr. Saxelby's communication shall receive attention.

THE

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THE GOLDEN SNAIL.

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PART I.—THE SECRET.

LUCK, good and bad, is an element of existence, I suppose. Rules the most fixed are swayed by it; circumstances the most exact are affected by it; facts, events, incidents and accidents occur or not as fortune favours; and therefore in the one word Luck we sum up the multitude of combinations and uncertainties which govern life.

A large proportion of mankind admit this: they are the less fortunate. Those who have succeeded do not: to them it is an excuse born of calamity to which they are under no obligation.

If there be some uneventful lives with which fortune, good or bad, seems to have little affinity, yet I doubt whether there exists a man unable to ascribe his lot in life—the one great event which comes to each and shapes his ends—to chance.

Twenty years ago I did not think as I do now. Up to that time I had been independent of fortune and disregarded it as a principle of the system of existence. My life then was a monotony: not that I found fault with it, no; I was entirely satisfied, my nature abhorred change and novelty. To live in the same place, find my food one day as another, study the same things and take the same walks left me nothing else to wish for.

I am an old man now, shattered in health and very feeble; even my spirit, which at one time I would have defied anything to break, is now utterly gone from me. Poor I always was; men whose whole soul and being are absorbed in study and research as mine have been seldom seek wealth.

That is as it should be. Gold will not buy wisdom, unless it be that of the schools, and for that I never yearned; books I did not need, teachers I had in plenty. Nature was ever an open leaf to me, and everything in Nature taught me something. For I am a student in Natural History in its many phases, Conchology interesting me most deeply.

When one is poor and a devotee of science, the world holds one cheaply. What knowledge I had was undervalued and underpaid; if I did not quite starve at times it was only because my needs were small. The world and Nature are ever battling one against the other. Man destroys all things for the gold or comfort they bring him, and gives the smallest wage to those who tell him how to find and utilise Nature's treasures. Perhaps it is best so. All men are not inquirers after truth; few but desire wealth. Ah! had I but remembered that I was of the few—in time! Had I but given a thought that I was not fitted to grapple with the world in its thirst after worldly treasure, surely then I should have still been happy—happy as an old man need be with enough of food and warmth and memory of earlier knowledge!

When one is near sixty years of age, it is too late to begin to change one's style of life, one's very nature; alas, that wisdom goes not hand in hand with years! I speak not of experience as the world has it—that I never possessed unless it were of living things, their ways and inner life.

But let me tell you who I am. My name is Amer Stol, and I am a Hollander. Yet am I English too, if twenty years spent in your country count for anything. Twenty pleasant years they were, albeit passed in semi-poverty and loneliness; for my work brought me but a scanty livelihood and no friends.

I was a young man—thirty-five—when I left my native town of Weert, which is on the banks of the Buyl. A desire to see the world took me to your great city of London; a sight of your great museums and storehouses of natural treasures attracted me and gave me a desire to remain in England. One who knows his subject well need not be idle; I easily acquired your language and found work in classifying collections and revising works bearing on the subject with which I was familiar.

Thus I spent twenty years, living always in the same house; my room, high up above the smoke and noises of the city, knew of no inmate but myself. It was a poor place, scantily furnished, hot in summer, cold in winter, for the roof only separated me from the sun's rays or the frosts and snows. In it I had, however, stored a goodly

quantity of those objects with which a naturalist loves to surround himself. Specimens of ores, plants, fossils, and many shells. The dustheap, the gutter, the neighbouring chalk cliffs of Kent and Surrey, the sweepings of sale-rooms had each contributed something to my collection. For twenty years it increased in size and to me in interest, still it contained no object of undue importance or worth until I brought home the THING, the small piece of material substance, which was to bring me joy, wealth and—despair !

I will tell you how it befell me to gain possession of this addition to my collection. Too poor to buy, I yet could not refrain from attending a great sale of geological and other specimens which I had seen advertised. Among the foremost, and nearest the trays and cases in the sale-room, a fragment of shell caught my attention. I had no sooner taken it in my hand for nearer examination than I was hustled from the heap on which it had reposed. Regarding it carefully, my attention at once became fixed on seeing that it was of an order with which I was unfamiliar. My growing interest soon developed into abstraction as I tried unsuccessfully to find its name and species. I thought no more of the other and costlier objects surrounding me, I paid no attention to the eager bidding for rare specimens, I heeded not the moving throng of buyers and collectors in whose midst I stood. Unconsciously I made my way out, the shell still in my hand, and returned to my room in the clouds.

The sight of the familiar objects of my home brought back my thoughts to commonplace matters. I looked at the shell and experienced an uneasy feeling at still having it in my possession ; but as I gazed at the fragment—for it was nothing more—and noticed it was not labelled, my fears gradually left me. " No one could set store on so small a thing," I said ; and yet I was beginning to value it exceedingly, it was so strange to me.

That evening I spent hours in attempting to classify my new specimen. That it belonged to the group Pedifera, class Gasteropoda, I felt nearly sure. It would have been no disgrace to have mistaken so small a piece and determined it Brachiopoda or Conchifera ; but I did not fall into this error, as you will hear. To give it its proper order seemed a task beyond my powers ; its family I did not even attempt to guess at. I could get no further.

Deep in thought I began to rub the shell gently between finger and thumb ; in doing so I removed a thin layer of dirt which coated it. Presently on its outside and concave surface a fine deep blue tint revealed itself. I turned it over, and started as I noticed the inner side covered with m[illegible] bed like gold. I

was completely mystified. Quickly I fetched a strong magnifying glass through which the spotted surface had the appearance of a thin layer of metal with thicker and slightly tuberculated portions scattered over it.

The adornment of a shell with gold is very unusual, at least I had never heard of it, and I wondered greatly. Presently I remembered I had some aquafortis in my room, and without delay applied it to the shell. In a few moments the acid had eaten into the remaining patches of dirt, and brought the pure gold—for such it undoubtedly was—into stronger and brighter relief than before. To a student of Nature this result was as stupefying as it was interesting. I was both pleased and puzzled ; I did not dare to hope that I had discovered a new Gasteropod, for I assumed that some foolish person was to blame for this embellishment, this gilding of the rose, if so I may express myself. "But why on the inside?" I asked myself. "Would not a jeweller have chosen the exterior for adornment of this kind?" But I could not supply an answer. A multitude of conjectures, however, presented themselves. The rough inner surface may have caught up small particles of the metal, and these had possibly adhered to it. The entire shell itself might, perhaps, have been used by a goldsmith as a vessel for containing gold ; even the fact of dentists using the precious metal in its pure state occurred to me, and many other surmises ; but when I remembered the apparent rarity of the shell itself, all these inferences would vanish. For many days the shell occupied my thoughts, but I had no success in the identification of it. In the mean time I resumed my daily labours, and amongst the great collections of the museums and of private persons by whom I was sometimes engaged, sought for a clue to my Gasteropod.

I have said I had no friends ; my acquaintances were very few. It was an event for me to come across an occasional compatriot engaged in similar work to my own, and only one or two had I met thus. One, a metallurgist, had been a lodger for a brief period in the house I occupied. I had not seen him for more than a year, perhaps two—I did not count time by his absence. About six months after I had found my shell he suddenly returned, and sought his old lodging. He had been in the Dutch East Indies engaged as assayer on a gold-mine, until ill-health compelled him to return; he was going to Australia as soon as he could hear of something to do there.

"And you, old fossil," was his greeting, "how goes it with you? have you found the philosopher's stone yet, or discovered the elixir of life? To look at you one would say you badly needed both."

I told him he was mistaken, gold I did not value much, that I was contented to live mindful of death.

"Enough, and more than enough, seems to be your motto, my friend," he said. "Well, it is much to be satisfied; I cannot say I want for nothing," and he laughed.

"You are young, Van Earp, and youth is not easily satisfied, I suppose," was my rejoinder.

"Not if I be an illustration of youth, Mynheer Stol. No; only fools are contented in this world—pardon me, you allow you are no longer young."

He paused thoughtfully and then continued in an eager tone:

"Do you know it is discontent that brings wealth: to be satisfied is to avoid good fortune. If I have a thing, I want more of it; if I succeed in obtaining more, then I desire more still. The poor have to be satisfied, the rich *never* are; poor I am not, and will not be, for I am discontented and my discontent shall bring me wealth!"

His face was full of determination as he spoke. I thought to myself of the great difference there was between us, he, keen in his desire for gold, possibly unscrupulous in his quest for it, I totally uninterested in its acquirement, not even desiring it; yet I said, smiling:

"You long for wealth, Van Earp, I possess it."

"You! you have riches!" he exclaimed, looking at me from head to foot and adding scoffingly, "you do not carry them about with you, I fancy."

"That I do," I laughed, "for they consist of a little knowledge, and much contentment."

"Pah!" he exclaimed with scorn, "do they give you ease and comfort, luxury and power? What do they weigh against GOLD, the one and only thing worth living for? See," he continued, fingering his watch-chain and holding it out towards me, "here is an emblem of the best of earthly treasures. Nature's brightest jewel, A GOLDEN SNAIL!"

I looked, and my breath came quick, my pulses beat fast, my heart thumped within my breast, my throat grew suddenly dry so that I could not speak, for extended towards me Van Earp held a small and beautiful shell, dark blue in colour, whose exterior to the edge of the lip glittered with the brightest gold. In the space of a moment I recognised what it was. He had in his possession a perfect specimen of the Gasteropod with which my fragment was identical! And it was a Ga[illegible] of the order Pulmonata, family Helicidæ, a true sna[illegible] its lining was the work of

I believe in my excitement I must have snatched at it, for he drew away from me, saying :

"Gently, gently, Mynheer Stol ; surely you have not suddenly become desirous of wealth too ? my talisman is too precious for other folks' fingers ; I have gone far to get it and cannot share it with anyone."

"Where, where did you find it ? " I asked breathlessly.

"In the mines of Neloa in the sea of Java ; 'tis all I brought from thence."

"It is very rare," I said ; "you have never seen another ? "

"Oh yes, there are many such : Neloa is an island full of creeping things."

"Creeping ! " I almost screamed, "creeping ! you say you have seen the *living* animal ? "

"Do not excite yourself, my friend, the body itself is not also of gold. Had it been I should not have left it behind."

"It is not that—I did not imagine that," I faltered. He seemed waiting for an explanation of my astonishment, which I, pondering over the mystery surrounding the golden snail, did not vouchsafe. For I saw he did not appreciate his discovery at its right value : gold-seeking blockhead that he was, he had not the sense to turn it to account.

And I, in that moment, felt my nature changing ; desires that I had never yet experienced excited me, hopes I had never yet entertained framed themselves in my mind. My blood began to course violently through my veins, my pulses throbbed with new life, for the fever of gain was burning within me. I was again young, hopeful, couragecus, strong, and—discontented. I also would be rich ; I *was* so already in the knowledge of the secret of the golden snail which Van Earp ignored.

"I am much interested in shells, Van Earp," I said, trying to conceal my agitation ; "a fragment of the same species as the univalve at your watch-chain came into my possession lately. I would know more of it ; tell me what you can concerning it." And he told me his secret all unconsciously, whilst I, inflamed with desire for the wealth which his words gave me, eagerly drank in the substance of his story.

He had gone to Neloa as assayer to a Dutch company who were working some gold-mines in the island. These mines did not yield very largely ; the pay was not great, and the prospect of advancement small, therefore he had resigned his post, and was about to leave when he fell ill of a fever. An old Malay doctored him during this illness, and during his convalescence told him of various proper-

ties which the Papuan natives attributed to the shell. He had previously noticed the "gold snails," as they were called, but without observing them closely, nor imagining the brilliance of their interior due to auriferous matter. As soon as he was well, however, he determined to secure a specimen, his Malay doctor averring it to be a charm against fevers and an omen of future wealth to whoever wore it. He searched for the animal, but, owing to its being the dry season at the time, failed to find one. Subsequently, the old Malay brought him the present specimen in a state of torpidity, telling him he had found it in a cavity of the quartz reef.

"So if you yearn for a golden snail of your own, old naturalist," he concluded, "you know where to find one."

I said thoughtfully that I wished for one.

"Then go out as assayer in my place. The company will doubtless engage a Dutchman for choice, if he knows the work—and will take the pay."

"You are sure?" I asked longingly; and I must have betrayed myself, for he looked searchingly at me as he replied:

"You believe the shell is a talisman, then?"

"No," I said; "I seek no talisman; I want the shell; it is an unknown specimen, I believe, and—well, old naturalists have their crotchets, and this one is mine."

"So be it then," he returned ironically. "You know the company—the Neloa-Saltou gold-mining syndicate. Go to their offices, and say I sent you for the 'Golden Snail!'"

"Thank you, I will," I said joyfully, and left him, adding to myself: "THE GOLDEN SNAIL! Nature's brightest jewel, the best of earthly treasures! Yes, Van Earp, you are right; but 'tis not for you—not for fools like you; it is mine. Oh, great secret treasure!" I cried aloud: "Golden Snail, *Helix aurifera*! I will find you and cherish you—and you—you shall wax numerous as the sands of the sea-shore, for I will multiply you exceedingly so that you *breed* GOLD!"

PART II.—THE SEARCH.

PERHAPS you wonder at me for rushing to the conclusion that I should obtain gold in a manner seemingly so contrary to nature, and fancy me demented for entertaining such a wild idea. When, however, I tell you my reasons for deciding that such a result was feasible, you will understand my agitation on leaving Van Earp, and the certainty I felt of having correctly established my theory.

During my conversation with the metallurgist my tongue had been paralysed, but not my mind. From the moment of his explanation—almost from the moment when my eyes first gazed upon it—I was busily recalling every particle of knowledge bearing on the animal to enable me to account for the unusual appearance of the gold. To reproduce precisely all that passed through my mind during those few moments would be impossible. Briefly my thoughts were as follows: This wonderful snail, whose proper designation should be *Helix aurifera*, possessed properties of secreting the precious metal as a lining to the interior of its shell. How was this property obtained? Evidently by feeding on auriferous matter, for snails form their shell entirely from what they consume! How account, then, for the hard calcareous covering, the deep blue whorls above the gold? By assuming the animal to be partially a vegetable feeder, endowed by nature with the instinct of protecting itself and treasure-house the more effectually! What were the arguments in favour of crediting the mollusc with the power to consume the ore—perhaps to disintegrate the quartz itself? Here I had a triumphal answer. The teeth of the Gasteropoda are silicious, insoluble in acid, and can be used like a file for the abrasion of very hard substances. The limpet rasps the stony nullipore; the whelk bores holes in other shells. The latter has 100 rows; the great slug 160 and 180 teeth in each row, and these teeth are all placed on the tongue, whose folds sometimes extend back to the stomach! There was another point in favour of the reproductive power of the animal, perhaps less satisfactory, but yet worth remembering. The Tyrian dye was the production of a Gasteropod, the *Murex trunculus*, whose principal food was the *blue-coloured* acalephæ; other molluscs, too, had the same property of secreting a violet fluid extracted from the matter on which they fed. Nature had endowed the oyster, another mollusc, with the attribute of forming a precious substance within its shell, and of coating the shell itself with a lustrous lining! There was no room to doubt my snail to be a gold-producing animal. I had but to find two of them, supply them with their proper food, and nature would do the rest! Once found, acclimatisation of the animal would be easy. Remembering the Scalaria as an inhabitant of both the Eastern Archipelago and the Mediterranean, I had no fears on that score. Snails might be transported with facility from place to place, and, properly packed, kept in a healthy state for months together. They increase rapidly, are provided with a shell from the moment they are hatched, and undergo no change as they approach maturity!

These were the salient points which flashed through my mind, and gave me the means of using Van Earp's secret to my own advantage, of proving his talisman a veritable Golconda in a manner which he, with all his superstition regarding it, little dreamt of.

I immediately solicited the post of assayer from the Company, and good fortune favouring me, easily proved my claims to it, and was engaged. I was to leave within a month and embark at Rotterdam on board of a vessel bound for the port of Coupang, to the south-west of the island of Timor. The pay offered me was small, but I gave little thought to that, knowing what I did of the treasure awaiting my arrival in Neloa; moreover, it was sufficient for my purpose.

I provided myself with a tin box about twelve inches square, filled it with clean saw-dust, and enveloped it in oil-silk, rendering it moderately air-tight. In this I intended to carry my snails. I also bought several small wooden boxes to contain the seeds of such native plants as the animals preferred, but these I fortunately had no occasion to use. Lastly, I equipped myself with a small but strong leather-covered case to hold the few ounces of pure gold which I should need on my return.

My preparations were now complete. I had but to await the date of my departure. The fortnight still to elapse before I could embark will live in my memory as the most wearisome and yet most hopeful time I had ever passed. The days seemed to drag themselves along with an intentional slowness which was exasperating, whilst my anxiety to commence my journey was intensified by the delay. My only distraction lay in movement and thoughts of the future. I walked for hours together, my brain filled with visions of wealth and splendour indescribable. My imagination at length became so fired with picturing the glorious future just opening to me that I grew delirious. I raved aloud whilst walking in the streets, so that the passers-by turned and watched me with astonishment. And all the time I *knew* my brain was on fire, and I struggled to control myself, remembering that to give way to the frenzy fast taking hold of me was to surrender all my hopes of a promised land for which now I only lived.

By force of will I battled against the irritative activity of my brain and subdued it: had I fallen ill *then* I should have doubted the justice of Providence.

I had hitherto avoided Van Earp; I was, with reason, afraid of discovering my hopes to him; but after the crisis through which I had passed I felt mentally strong enough to seek him out and

question him further on the subject of Neloa, its mines and Golden Snail, disguising the while my interest in the matter.

I found him easily enough, and conversed with him on the topic nearest my heart; but although he gave me much information of a general nature concerning Neloa, he disclosed nothing of fresh importance regarding the Snail. Indeed I doubt whether he thought much about his talisman, as he called it, and I did not desire to awaken any suspicions by persistent inquiries into the subject. Ultimately we parted, as at last the time drew near for me to embark. As he bid me farewell and wished me success—somewhat ironically, I thought—he said:

"Do not blame me if the Golden Snail does not lead you to fortune, Mynheer Stol. It is a creeping thing, and goes slowly, and you have not too long to wait!"

I could have struck him for his egotism and smiling ridicule and overbearing vanity in assuming that Fortune was only for such as he—the virtues of the Golden Snail for him alone!

"Fool! idiot!" I muttered to myself, "you shall curse the day on which you uttered those taunting words, for Amer Stol shall show you what brains can achieve against the assurance of a dolt."

The following week I was in Rotterdam. It was now the middle of May, and my ship, a barque named the *Margraten Wiltre*, was to sail within a few days. The passage to Coupang was expected to take three months; about a week would have to be spent there before a coasting vessel, sailing through the strait of Floris, would reach Neloa, thus I should get to my destination before the end of August, and—ecstatic thought!—see my *Helix aurifera*, my precious Snail, before the dry season set in.

In Rotterdam I reported myself, according to instructions, to the Company's agent there, who gave me parting directions and letters for the engineer at the mines; then I embarked, and two days later the *Margraten Wiltre* left the mouth of the Maas and commenced her voyage.

I will pass over the weary months during which, cooped up in the vessel, I despaired of ever seeing land again. For one hundred and forty days we were tossed about and beaten by the cruel waves; scarcely a favourable wind did we get for any but the shortest period; at one time becalmed for weeks, at another driven hundreds of miles from our course by storms. Fate seemed entirely against us. As for me, an old man of nearly threescore years, wanting strength to bear the hardships of the inhospitable ocean, and tormented with the ever-recurring thought that I should only

reach Neloa to succumb to its fevers and malaria, I was nearly driven frantic with despair and hope deferred.

Not until the end of September did we anchor off Coupang, our ship a partial wreck and our sailors suffering from scurvy. Still another fortnight I had to pass here before a vessel left for Neloa, and it was not until the first week of October that I set foot in the land of my dreams, unhappily unconscious that a whole season must elapse before I could attain the object for which I had travelled so far.

Unutterably weary in mind and body, I yet had to begin my duties without delay. Since Van Earp's departure a large quantity of ore requiring amalgamation and reduction had accumulated. I was so busy for several weeks that I had little time to look about me, and when at length my work slackened the dry season had so far advanced that I could find no trace of a living mollusc.

I was not idle, however. I found much to study in the physical features of the place, its geological formation, flora and fauna. The island consisted of a series of broken or disjointed ridges of small altitude, covered with jungle, whose lower levels were swampy and unwholesome. The gold-bearing portions of the island were of the usual formation, the ore itself being composed of such matters as silica, blende iron and arsenical pyrites. Very little of the gold was visible to the naked eye, but once extracted it was in so fine a powder as to be nearly impalpable and of the richest quality. The plants were most beautiful, fragrant in their flowers and aromatic in their fruits. Every vegetable product had its leading quality in the highest perfection.

Neloa seemed to be the home of many forms of animal life unknown in other latitudes. Birds, insects, reptiles, flowers, and plants, all were new to me. In all its natural aspects it was admirable and strange—a fitting home for a snail of gold.

During the following months the salubrity of the climate was such that I regained health and strength ; for the island was little affected by the monsoons and parching winds of Australia. Still the feverish anxiety to find my snails never left me. I came across specimens of the shell on the persons of the natives and Malays, who wore them like Van Earp, as charms ; but of the living animal I could learn little ; no one seemed to have been sufficiently interested to notice it among the many strange forms of life abounding in the island, nor could I find one, carefully as I searched.

At last, at the end of February, the drought ceased and the [illegible] to be charged with moisture. With feelings of

keenest joy I regarded the change which would bring forth the snails from their hiding-places and terminate my suspense; for many a time I had doubted their existence and despaired of finding anything but the useless shell. I now rose before the sun and sallied out of a morning, my eyes bent towards the ground, a prey to a thousand hopes and fears as every moving thing caught my glance. But my perseverance earned its reward at last. I had been wandering in the jungle where the humidity was greatest, and here I sought most constantly. Finding nothing, I turned to cross the workings in the mine which lay between me and my hut. I gained the main-lode, a solid wall of quartz standing like a scarred monument of Titanic proportions, when glancing upwards the glitter of something bright on the ledge of the rock held me fascinated. In a moment I recognised the slime made by the trail of the Helix! For a yard or more the tell-tale viscous indication spread upward. With strength begotten of excitement I clambered on to the ledge, and at the level of my breast there faced me, clinging to a cavity in the quartz, THE GOLDEN SNAIL!

"At last, at last!" I cried, "I have found you, most beautiful of living things, most potent charm! You live, and for me alone—for I only know your secret, and will keep it! For months I have sought you, ah! so longingly, and now my eyes gaze upon you, my hands touch you! See the power you have; I am young once more, strong, brave, and loving! To you I devote my life, consecrate my soul; you are my God!"

Then I bent down and prayed, worshipped the creeping thing, so low and yet so high a form of life, as if it were indeed a Deity! Great beads of perspiration stood on my brow, and I felt dizzy and faint as I rose to watch the creature.

Dark and lustrous blue to its shining lip, whose golden ring encircled it as with a halo of light, it dragged its slow length along. The body was of a golden-yellow colour, and had all the external appearance of the *Helix hortensis*, or common garden snail. I watched its movements until, fearing it would escape me by crawling out of reach, I detached it tenderly from the quartz and descended with it from the ledge. Then I hastened home and deposited it in a safe place with a handful of fresh leaves and a sprinkling of gold-dust for food.

That same day I found three more snails, in a week I had more than thirty, all full-grown and healthy specimens. They seemed to thrive on any kind of vegetable food, only showing a natural preference for the tender leaves. A young cabbage-leaf—grown under

the greatest difficulties by one of the European settlers—they devoured with avidity, convincing me that I need be under no apprehension of not satisfying them in a temperate climate.

My hopes were now almost consummated. Nothing further was to be done but to return to Europe, where, hidden in some populous town, I could carry on the operation of breeding my golden snails, unsuspected and unnoticed; where amid the toil and struggle for the poor prizes of commerce and skill I should quickly and silently build up treasure beyond the dreams of avarice.

Part III.—Gold and Ashes.

With what different feelings did I make the voyage back to Europe from those I experienced during my journey to Neloa. Then I was all unhappiness and anguish of mind, now I was elated, light-spirited, burning with hope and joy; a load of years seemed lifted from my life, physically and mentally I enjoyed once more the pleasures of youth, I was a changed being, and all this the work of a charm—the talisman of gold.

The incidents prior to my departure from Neloa, the difficulties in my way before I could resign my post, I will leave unwritten. Suffice it that after a short and happy voyage I once more gazed on the busy port of Rotterdam, after exactly one year's absence. But I did not tarry long in my native land. After due and deep consideration of my future I came to the conclusion that London was the one and only place for my purpose. When I arrived there I studiously avoided my old lodging, seeking a residence far from its locality, and shortly found one. It was a large old house situated in the northern suburbs, with a great conservatory attached to it. Having sufficient money to do so, I rented it for six months, with the option of continuing in it for a longer period. Here one glorious June morning I installed myself.

As I entered the house I turned the key in the door, then made a careful search all over the building from the cellars to the attics, but I found no one to interfere, none to play the spy upon my doings; all was quiet, my echoing footsteps the only sound to disturb the stillness.

Satisfied that I was alone I entered the glass-house, my carefully preserved box of snails in my hand. I opened it, and from the sawdust with which it was filled took the animals, some eighty in number, and put them into a vessel of water. A few minutes after immersion they all showed signs of life. Quickly I fetched the

bundle of fresh leaves with which I had come provided, cast them about the place and then scattered an ounce of the Neloa gold-dust upon the concrete floor.

The day was warm, still I kindled the fire which heated the pipes, and soon the thermometer rose to 80°, the mean temperature of Neloa. Drawing a seat up to a window of the adjoining room which opened into the conservatory, I closed the door and sat watching the snails. For hours I sat there, feeling no want of food, watching the molluscs move from spot to spot, crawl up the old vine whose foliage at once provided them with suitable food—saw them creep from patch to patch where the gold-dust had fallen thickest, take an inappreciable quantity from the edge of the spot and then move elsewhere. Not until night had fallen did I quit my seat to partake of a short and simple meal; then by the light of a lamp I commenced the construction of the apparatus for reducing the shell of the Golden Snail, the materials for which purpose I had brought with me.

I must pass over three months, during which time my snails bred and multiplied to an inconceivable extent, and I, when not engaged in working at my apparatus, sat at the glass-door and watched them always.

In these three months two new generations of snails had come to life, in a few more days a third would follow, for the eggs numbered from thirty to fifty, and the period of incubation was but two weeks. The glass-house now contained, as near as I could tell, some 130,000 snails; fortunately it was large and would hold many times this number. Still, I dared not let them increase further, or I should be unable to deal with them; as it was I should rise each morning to find about 150,000 snails newly born, and this number I intended to destroy daily, thereby earning 800 ounces of gold in each twenty-four hours, for the average weight of gold in the shell was no less than three grains.

In a state of extreme mental agitation I commenced my first day's work. With an iron bucket, which I was obliged to fill indiscriminately with old and young, I carried the snails to the furnace I had already built in the adjoining room and cast them in. Forty journeys I had to make backwards and forwards before the day's consumption was completed, and then I had to continue the process and run off the gold into moulds.

This first day's work realised seventeen brilliant ingots of a pound weight each, the second and succeeding ones sixty to seventy. Far into the night I worked, until toil-worn and exhausted I threw myself down, dressed as I was, to sleep for a few hours only. Intense

excitement gave me strength to cope with the gigantic task I had set myself. I worked unceasingly; no rest, no Sunday respite did I take, for I said to myself I would keep incessantly at work for three months, when, possessing more than *six thousand pounds weight* of the precious metal, I would stop, destroy all traces of the snails, and realise my ingots.

But the three months passed and I *could* not cease: a craving for more—the discontent of Van Earp seized me, I was still dissatisfied and I continued. Yet, toil as I might, destroying millions of the animals, still they bred on. Their rapid increase at last began to cause me some anxiety. I had allowed their number to become too great, and now could not diminish it. Seized with alarm, I began to carry double my usual daily quantity to the furnace, working with desperation the while, but my efforts seemed to make no appreciable difference to the numbers within the glass-house. They began to escape from their confinement, passed through the door while I was at work, penetrated to the upper floors, where in dark and secluded corners they silently bred and multiplied. I killed all I could find, recklessly annihilated thousands in my passage to and fro, until the floors were strewn with mangled bodies and broken shells, from amongst which, however, the bright gold shone as from a pavement worked in metal.

A mania for destruction took possession of me; the slaughter I indulged in became so brutal that at length it shocked even my impaired senses, and I desisted from my horrible task.

Above my reach the snails coated the walls, clung in clusters to the ceilings, covered every inch of surface, every piece of furniture, every spot within the house; they penetrated into my few cooking utensils, crawled within my bedding and still bred on! The contaminating encroachment continued always. I could not move for the awful mass of dead and living matter surrounding me. The atmosphere I breathed became poisonous with putridity, and all was intensified by the heat of the furnace. Had I been a reasoning being at this time, disgust unutterable would have put an end to my loathsome occupation, but my whole soul was steeped in an unholy lust for gold. I heeded nothing else, had no other aspiration, and absorbed by one idea alone my mind had no room for reflection on other matters. Almost naked and covered with the corruption amidst which I lived I still toiled on, performing superhuman tasks. The stream of gold flowed without intermission. I had no time now to range the ingots symmetrically in solid walls of metal; I could but cast them out of my way, and where they fell, disordered heaps

grew and grew until their ponderous masses threatened to engulf me. I knew not what quantity there was, I had long lost count of it; each room of the lower floor contained its glowing heap swarming with the creatures that gave it birth.

Despair seized on me. I grew distracted with the ever-increasing magnitude of the animate and inanimate matter encompassing me. I raved, cursed the animals whose prolificness was fast driving me to madness; yet I could not cease from converting them to gold: to discontinue my unhappy employment was beyond my power. I had made the Golden Snail my God and was powerless!

I had long ceased to find food for the molluscs, but this was no hindrance to their growth: *they fed on one another*, devoured the mangled bodies which at each step I killed in hundreds.

November must have come and gone, for outside it was very cold; within, the heat was stifling. I had eaten nothing for many hours, and was faint for want of food. Having nothing in the house, I sallied out to purchase some, and returned devouring on my way what I had procured, like a starving man. I reached the door, entered, feeling sick and faint, tottered towards a heap of ingots and fell. I remember no more.

How long I lay thus I cannot tell; what form of weakness prostrated me I shall never know; when consciousness returned to me all was dark and very cold. I attempted to stretch out my hand but failed to do so—I thought from weakness. I strove to recall what had happened, what had overtaken me to cause this powerlessness, this want of knowledge of my situation.

I lay still, exercising my memory for many minutes. Slowly I began to remember. I had gone out to buy food, how long since, though, it was impossible to say—hours—it might have been days, I could not tell. I had returned feeling weak and giddy. "Then I must have fainted," I thought, "but I would get up now, light the lamps and work." I tried to move; as I did so sharp pains shot through me, causing me to cry out suddenly. What could this mean? Had I injured myself? I had no recollection of doing so. Once more I strove to rise, exerting all my strength, and then, oh Heaven! I knew I was bound hand and foot with sharp cords which held me like a vice! Who could have done this, and why?

In a moment the answer to this last mental question flashed through my brain. The gold! My gold was in danger! Robbers had discovered it!—were perhaps at the present moment stealing it! "My gold, my gold!" I gasped, struggling with my bonds. "They shall not take it; it is mine, honestly come by!"

I writhed and twisted, the cords cutting into my flesh like knives, yet I set my teeth and endured the pain in silence, while I strove with all my strength to free myself, for my agony of mind was greater than my bodily suffering.

In vain I laboured, I was powerless; the cord was wound around my body so tightly, knotted so securely, that I could barely do more than stiffen the muscles of my limbs; my arms and hands were tied to my sides, I lay at full length on my back amongst the sickening putrefaction that filled the room!

Numbed, panting and exhausted, I lay there, a prey to anxiety—nay torture, so keen that my ordinary powers of mind became annihilated, and I lapsed into semi-unconsciousness once more. Hours seemed to pass, the silence and the piercing cold adding to my suffering, for my neglected furnace fires must have ceased to burn.

And yet no help came. Had I been left to die as I was by the wretches who had secured me? Was I to starve and freeze to death before assistance arrived? I screamed for aid, I prayed aloud for succour, I wearied Heaven with my prayers, I offered my gold—all of it for freedom and for life. But I appealed to empty space, no answering voice responded to my cries, no helping hand relieved the torture of my bonds.

Weakness at length forced me to desist from my struggles. I lay still, listening for the faintest sound, but the beating of my own heart was all I heard.

My eyes closed with excessive fatigue. I was on the point of sleep, when a slight noise as of a distant closing door attracted my notice and brought back hope once more. I listened eagerly as I recognised the sound of footsteps. They came nearer, grew more defined as they approached the room in which I lay; then there was a crushing of shells followed by low curses, as some one stumbled over the heaps of snails and other obstacles in his path—then silence once more.

A cold shiver shook me from head to foot. Was I not to be released after all? Had my saviour departed, not knowing I was within, a captive?

"Help, help, help!" I shrieked; "I am in here bound hand and foot; help, release me, I am dying, dying; for the love of God, help!" A hand touched me lightly; my heart leapt up within my breast. I stared into the darkness trying to discover my deliverer.

With a yearning desire to look upon him I gazed towards the spot where I judged he stood—this friend, this good Samaritan who in a few moments would set me free. I longed to touch his hand, give him my grateful thanks, bless him for his timely assistance.

"How good is God," I thought, "who in the hour of need provides a means of safety, heals the anguish of despair, averts disaster, gives back life and hope to those who need it most!" Truly I was deeply grateful; humbly I recognised the quality of mercy which was accorded me now. This stranger should not go unrewarded, the gold kind Nature had given me should benefit him!

"Kind friend, release me," I murmured, "my bonds are very painful. I have been long in this predicament, and I would thank you, reward you for your timely help."

He did not answer, but I felt his arms tenderly encircle me. I was lifted from the ground and borne from the room. He was taking me to the outer air, where he would liberate me! Slowly he moved along, feeling his way, for it was still dark. He turned a corner, pushed open a door, and my eyes were suddenly blinded by the light of a lamp which burnt within the room.

Quickly laying me down he moved aside; then as my eyes became accustomed to the light I looked up and saw him—saw a face upon which there was no sign of help, no trace of pity, a face on which there was instead an expression of exultation, a look of cruelty, the face of Van Earp *the Gold-seeker*!

In that look I read my fate, knew I had nothing to hope for from him. Mercy? he knew it not! I shuddered and fell to wondering what fresh tortures he had in store for me. Presently he spoke:

"So, you thought to rob me, Mynheer Stol, thought to steal my secret of the Golden Snail and use it only for yourself!"

He hissed rather than spoke: the pent-up passion of his words, his covetous glances at the gold around him, transforming him into a very fiend.

I answered nothing.

"But you reckoned without me, my friend," he continued, his tone changing to one of irony, "you forgot *me* who put you into the way of acquiring all this wealth. But I remembered you; yes, I was the more thoughtful, you were only selfish—well, I forgive you, you seem to have worked hard for me."

He laughed a devilish laugh.

"You will not take all the gold?" I asked beseechingly.

"Why not, Mynheer Stol?" he replied; "you have made it out of my secret; besides, you will not need it now," he added with a mocking smile.

What did he mean? My heart grew cold under his cruel glance.

"What do you want? what have I done to anger you, Van Earp?" asked tremulously; "surely you do not bear me ill-will because by

your advice I went to Neloa? We are countrymen, have been good friends always. Ah! you are playing with me! you do not mean to be cruel! you will not take my gold—all of it? It is a joke, a merry jest!" I laughed in my turn, but hysterically, trying hard to believe he meant me no harm.

"See," I continued, "look around you, there is gold everywhere—in all the rooms—a vast quantity—more than enough! Take half, three-fourths, but set me free!"

I waited for his answer, my whole soul in my eyes—and he remained silent.

"God!" I panted, "you will not let me die?"

"Curse you, yes!" he cried, bending over me threateningly. "What is your life to me? what thought had you for me when, more than a year ago, you cringed and won from me by stealth the knowledge that gave you all these ingots? It is mine, I tell you, mine! Mine by right of discovery! Mine by every just claim! You are not entitled to any of it; you stole my secret, used my talisman, and would reward yourself with my treasure! I might have starved the while, what did you care? I was young and wishful of gold, you were old and did not need it, yet you robbed me. Thief! Spy! You thought to escape me, but I have found you out at last, and will take my own. My talisman brought you the gold, but by virtue of it I have discovered you; for days I have watched you, could have strangled the life out of you—thank me for sparing you—till now!"

He lifted his foot, dashed his heel down on my upturned face, once!—twice!

I heard him walk to the door, see him I could not, for the blood which flowed from the wounds he had inflicted. Presently he returned with two others. Without a word they began to gather together the gold and carry it away.

They worked so for hours. Soon the room in which I lay was cleared, then I heard them toiling, as they removed the treasure from other parts of the building.

Death stared me in the face; I heeded not their depredations, waited only for the knife which should despatch me and end my misery.

The noise they made in their work at last ceased. I heard the door close once more, and all again became silent as the grave.

"They have forgotten me," I whispered. "Oh, to be free now, to escape, to find another spot secure from pursuit, out of Van Earp's reach: my snails, in a few weeks more I shall be rich aga

Once more I made an effort to burst my bonds. I might as well by sheer force of muscular strength have tried to snap fetters of steel

"The wretches have left me to starve!" I cried. "Oh, miserable creature that I am, I shall slowly waste to death and the snails will feed on my flesh! Oh, horrible! horrible!"

Minutes passed; the lamp began to burn low, deeper grew the gloom, the air was heavy and stagnant, I breathed with difficulty, a mist settled over my eyes, I felt choking. Some change, I knew not what, had taken place, but I felt it; it rendered me drowsy while it irritated my respiratory organs. As I breathed each moment more painfully there came to my nostrils the hot breath of fire! A suffocating odour pervaded the room; each moment it became more unbearable! I panted! I gasped for breath! There could be no doubt of Van Earp's design. Oh! most unrelenting! Oh! most demoniac of men! I was to burn alive!

The smoke curled and wreathed into the room; I heard the flames crackling without as the old house ignited; the heat rapidly increased; tongues of flame leapt and wrapped themselves around the door-frame; the walls, the floor grew hot; a crimson glow diffused itself over everything; my eyes seemed bursting from their sockets; through the closed lids I could see the fierce light!

To be burnt alive! Oh! any horror but this! The awful thought drove me desperate. With one long convulsion of my muscles I strained, pressed at the cords: as I struggled the dull roar of the flames grew louder, nearer! but one hand was nearly free! I could feel my flesh blistering with the terrible heat! One more effort, and I was tearing at the cords. Oh! what an age it seemed before I could extricate each limb from their many folds! With one superhuman effort I tore the last strands asunder, struggled to my feet, and dashed headlong through the flames! At the distance of a few feet only my hands encountered the solid wall: without a thought I turned and, urged by despair, precipitated myself in the opposite direction! Onward I rushed, reckless of what might be in my way so long only as I escaped this hell which was burning into my very soul!

With the instincts of the blind I felt I was approaching some obstacle! I gathered myself together for a last effort. I sprang against it, there was a crash of glass, I felt the cool air, through which I seemed dropping, dropping—then an awful shock.

. . . . . .

There is little more to relate. The fiercest passage of my life ended with the destruction of the object I had so frantically worshipped—in the ashes of a fallen idol!

I was told by the nurses at the hospital to which I was carried that I lingered between life and death for many weeks. Not until the return of summer was I able to leave my bed; then, my face mutilated by Van Earp's cruel heel, I wandered forth a cripple and a beggar!

Merciful people have sent me back to my native village, where, thanks to their charity, I now pass my few remaining days waiting for release from the memory of those terrible months of mad joy and horrible despair which have robbed me of all happiness on earth.

Need I speak of Neloa? But a few words. The accursed spot, as if abhorred of God as it would have been of man—had man known it as well as I—has disappeared, swallowed up in the great convulsion which lately destroyed whole islands far larger than itself. Unhappy spot! where once life teemed in all its magnificent variety, now only the ocean rolls and the sea-bird soars. These are the only signs of life. It is better so.

I hear of Van Earp sometimes. He also has returned to Holland. People call him great and good, a leader among men, rich, talented, charitable!—but I do not hear that he bears at his watch-chain the symbol of his success and my degradation—THE GOLDEN SNAIL!

ISSIK KUL AND THE KARA KIRGHESE.

WHEN setting out from Tashkend in May for a posting journey in a Russian tarantass, I was favoured with perfect weather. It was not too hot, and the roads were free from dust—that great drawback to Central Asian travel—whilst the route was sufficiently hilly to afford abundance of pleasing landscape. This was especially observable in the extensive view from Bekler-Bek, where we crossed the watershed between the valleys of the Keles and Aris rivers.

Two stations beyond was Chimkend, where the Russians have planted abundance of trees, and where we arrived after a drive of fourteen hours. Colonel Blagovidoff, the *uyezdi-nachalnik*, or chief of the district, had kindly prepared for me a bed; but I preferred, after supper at his house, to push forward, posting, as the local manner is, through the night. Accordingly we continued our way over a depression between the Kara-tau mountains on our left and the Ala-tau on the right. This took us out of the basin of the Syr-daria system into that of the Chu, and other streams running down from the Alexander mountains into the sandy desert west of Lake Balkash. We had a lovely view of mountains all day. The range was still snow-capped, presenting a very different appearance from that I had seen in autumn on my first visit to Central Asia. Besides this, the abundance of water now carpeted the steppes with poppies and other flowers, and afforded pasture for vast herds of cattle not yet driven to the mountains by the heat of summer.

In these "pastures new" a Kirghese nomad brought us a skin full of *koumiss*, or fermented mare's milk, some of which we drank with relish, and thus by posting forward we accomplished about 120 miles in 24 hours, and drove at night into Aulie-ata, with nothing worse than breaking the hood of the tarantass against the gate-post of the station-yard. Aulie-ata I remembered well as a little town that might be called the capital of the Kirghese, since they form so large a proportion of its inhabitants. The place had increased con-

siderably since my previou visit, and now was all ablaze with illuminations during the Muhammadan feast of Ramazan. I did not stay, however, hoping that I might reach Pishpek on Saturday evening and rest there for Sunday.

Soon we passed into the historical region of "Ming-bulak," or the land of a "thousand springs," mentioned by mediæval travellers in Central Asia, where the season was not so advanced as we had found it at Tashkend. The nights were rather cold, and, though we had entered the second half of smiling May, I was not too warm sleeping in the tarantass in my fur-lined overcoat.

At Merke, 104 miles from Aulie-ata, we passed out of the general government of Turkistan into that of the Steppe, over which rules Governor-General Kolpakovsky. Remembering the kind reception this ruler had given me in 1882, and with a lively hope of favours to come, I telegraphed from Tashkend to His Excellency giving the date when I expected to leave, and intimated that I might like to make a detour to Issik Kul, and, in this case, asked his assistance at Pishpek, where the road turns off to the mountains. On the next day came a telegram from the General according me a welcome to Central Asia, and saying that he had requested the Governor of Semirechia to help me not only towards Issik Kul, but also Kuldja and Kashgar.

Posting again all night we arrived at Pishpek early next morning, and were speedily inquired for by Colonel Pushchin, upon whom, after a few hours' sleep and breakfast, I called. The Colonel said he had sent a messenger to Karakol, the seat of administration, 250 miles distant, at the extreme east of Lake Issik Kul, to make special arrangements whereby I could pass from thence to Vierny, and he was now ready to change my *padarojna*, or travelling permit, and, having business in that direction, to accompany me part of the way.

After continuous travel of three days and nights it would have been pleasant to rest; but the Colonel's business required haste, and after entertaining me at dinner, he proposed that we should start the same evening, and sleep 40 miles distant, at Tokmak. Accordingly, we set out in our two vehicles at dusk, all going well until, about midnight, my jehu drove into a ditch, where we stuck so fast indeed that neither coaxing nor whip would get us out. We had, therefore, to wait until the Colonel drove forward to the station and sent back help; after which we reached the Russian village of Tokmak and slept in a semi-official rest-house.

On the next day we drove along the valley lowlands, leaving the Chu on our right and on either hand, in the distance, moun-

tain ranges still sprinkled with snow—the Ala-tau to the left and the Alexander range to the right. We met on the road in carts several Dungans, from the Ili valley, and, after driving 18 miles, reached Staro (or Old) Tokmak. Then, crossing the Little Kebin river near the entrance to the Kastek Pass, we drove south-east to the Chu, which was bridged over not far from its confluence with the Great Kebin, the banks of both rivers here being rocky and precipitous. Beyond this point the road became hilly, and it looked ominous of hard travel ahead when, at the next station, Djil Aryk, they gave us five horses, though asking payment only for three.

We now entered the celebrated Buam defile, nearly 50 miles long, the name of which, according to some, is derived from a Mongol word, *bomo*, signifying "a rift," or, as some prefer, "a pathway over precipitous crags bordering a river." Both are true as regards the facts, and we soon found ourselves toiling up ascents that needed all the powers of our five horses, and then descending with locked wheels a narrow road, and that sometimes of bare rock over a cornice without rails or safeguards, overhanging one precipice after another, at the foot of which roared the torrent of the Chu. There was a new road running along by the stream, but it was just then rendered unusable by landslips after recent rains. This compelled us to take the old upper road, strewn with boulders lately rolled down, which terribly jolted our vehicle, and made the carriage-way —already too narrow in some places to allow another tarantass to pass—so perilous as to cause me afterwards to write that, had I known of the dangers incurred I should not have ventured thereon.

On the other hand, there is much on this journey to interest the artistic traveller, who has been rolling incessantly along the wearisome plains, their dull monotony being now exchanged for the ever-varying landscapes of the pass. The road crosses and recrosses the torrent, which sometimes runs between precipitous rocks, and sometimes through small open valleys with occasional meadows and clumps of willows. As a whole, the defile is too bare of trees to be called pretty, though a few poplars are seen here and there jutting out and clinging to the slopes of the mountains, whilst others of the same family grow on the banks of the stream and dip their foliage in its waters. The scenery, however, is certainly grand by reason of gigantic rocks on either hand, and abrupt slopes covered with débris of various colours—grey, whitish, purple, brick-red, black, and yellow. Hiding here and there in the gorges and ravines are little spots of brilliant green, whilst from this crag and that falls a

graceful thread-water. Above the noise of the torrent is heard the cry of the raven, the shouting of the post-boy to his horses, and the tinkle of their bells. Nor is this all, for I noticed enough of red-legged partridges to delight the eye of a sportsman, whilst of other birds there were abundance in the air, but not easily secured on being shot because of the inaccessible places whereon they fell.

Late in the afternoon we approached a fine bridge thrown across the Chu, the repairs of which were being superintended by Mr. Engineer Kapustin, who was camping close by, and who gave us some tea. Shooting seemed to be his principal pastime, and in his lonely condition it was not unnatural that he should desire us to stay, which the Colonel did, whilst I pushed forward on a fairly level road on the east bank of the Chu and through magnificent scenery, and a few trees, such as the wild pistachio, growing amidst what seemed to me a new flora of lilies and irids, to Kok-Mainak, where it was arranged we should spend the night.

We were now in the very heart of the Buam defile, which bisects conventionally the most northerly chain of the huge mass of Central Asian mountains called the Tian Shan. Towards the east stretches the Trans-Ilian Ala-tau, consisting of two long, high, and parallel chains, known as the Northern and Southern. The Northern ridge presents an uninterrupted mountain-chain, rising in its central portion to the limits of perpetual snow, with an average height of 8,000 feet, and its highest peak, Tal-Cheku, attaining an elevation of 13,353 feet. The Southern range, called Kungei Ala-tau, has a mean elevation of 8,826 feet. Towards the west from the Buam defile stretches the Alexander range, at the foot of which we had travelled all along from Aulie-ata. Judged from its Alpine vegetation, the Alexander range is from nine to ten thousand feet high. Perpetual snow at 13,000 feet appears on it opposite Tokmak, and its highest peaks rise to 15,000 feet; but the mountains sink as they advance westwards, and the headland of Tek Turmas, near Aulie-ata, has not an absolute height of more than 2,600 feet, or of 150 feet above the level there of the river Talas.

This headland, at the western end of the Alexander range, forms an undulating plateau of black sandstone, over which rise bare hills of porphyritic syenite, or a mixture of small crystals of campestrian spar and hornblende with large crystals of the same kind of stone, whilst at the eastern end of the range the Buam rift shows clearly the character of the rocks of which the mass is there composed, namely, crystalline, metamorphic, and sedimentary. The gorge of the river Terekty Buam is remarkable for its coalfields.

There exist four distinct beds, accompanied with sandstone. In the Buam defile also are found rich beds of gypsum (sulphate of lime) covered with conglomerate; and it may be further observed that calcareous, as also in general sedimentary, rocks are seen more frequently here on the banks of the Chu, the Katch-Kara, and Naryn rivers than in the eastern portion of the Tian Shan system.

The post-station at Kok-Mainak stood quite alone, and on rising the next morning and taking a turn outside, the silent solitude was perfectly oppressive. The postmaster, too, unless I am mistaken, was living alone as a bachelor, though his guest-room was singularly neat and comfortable, made ready perhaps for the reception of his district chief and the English traveller. Colonel Pushchin did not accompany me further, but, after early breakfast, sped me forward 15 miles to the southern end of the Pass, where was, or ought to have been, the station Kutemaldy; but the earthquake of the previous year had shaken down the post-house, and a tent only was pitched for the accommodation of travellers. We were now fairly out of the Pass, into the basin of Lake Issik Kul, along the entire northern side of which, for 115 miles, we were to have the felicity of driving—a gratification that has fallen to the lot of very few English travellers.

The dimensions of the hollow containing this sheet of water are about 110 miles long by 50 broad, the lake measuring from 20 to 30 miles wide and lying at an altitude of 5,300 feet above the sea, and extending over an area of 3,104 square miles, or ten times the extent of the Lake of Geneva. Its depths, where the shores are low, is less than six feet; but where precipitous, more than a thousand; and formerly its level was at least 200 feet higher than now. The water is greenish and clear, but brackish and almost unfit for culinary purposes, though, by reason of being saline, cattle are said to like it. The lake has no islands but many shoals, and from the bottom is thrown up, after storms, a black slag in the form of sand, which the Kara Kirghese collect on the shores, extracting therefrom iron of fair quality. Besides the slag there are traces of warm mineral springs, which bubble from under the mountain strata, and probably account for the high temperature of the water, which does not freeze.

By way of illustrating this last phenomenon, Mr. Gourdet, the town architect of Vierny, told me that in December, 1875, he had occasion to ride from Karakol, a distance of seven miles, through a temperature of 17° (Réaumur), and against a wind that caused much suffering by reason of cold, to the shore of Issik Kul, and there to

examine and make a sketch of a boat. On descending to the water, where he was protected from the wind by a high cliff, the temperature was found so warm and agreeable that overcoat and gloves were laid aside, and the needed drawing leisurely made. In returning, however, towards evening the cold had increased on the steppe to 25°, and he reached the house with difficulty, almost benumbed and needing an energetic rubbing and application of alcohol to restore circulation to his hands. The origin of the lake is still a problem, as also the fact that, in some places at the bottom, buildings have been discovered, whilst the waves sometimes throw up human bones and skulls, as well as household utensils and bricks.

Our road to the next station lay about a mile from the water, which in some places is as much as eight miles from the mountains, and we passed over sometimes meadow land, sometimes sedge, but rarely through forest-growth of any kind. Bushes appeared only at the mouths of mountain torrents, and then consisted for the most part of *oblipikh* covered with narrow silver-coloured leaves, and dwarf trees of hawthorn, barberry, and various kinds of water willow. We passed a picket of Cossacks, changed horses at Tura-Aigir, and towards evening arrived at Choktal, where the good-natured post-master gave us a roasted wild duck, and whence it was determined we should post on through the night.

The shores continued flat, or sloped gently towards the water, but on the central meridian of the lake cross spurs of the mountains run down from both north and south to the water. Here the road lay over steep cliffs overhanging the lake, and in the small hours of the morning I perceived that we had come to a stupendous hill, which caused the horses to jib, nearly backing the tarantass over a break-neck declivity. This caused me, contrary to my custom, to get out and walk; whereupon, the animals again becoming unmanageable, they, or the driver, turned their heads, and, greatly to our alarm, rushed down from nearly the top of the hill, I following and shouting that the whole concern would be dashed to pieces. Much to our surprise, however, the *yemstchik*, or driver, on reaching the bottom did not stop, but turned and again charged the hill with perfect fury, my servant Joseph and I following to place stones under the tires until, at last, the animals drew up, and I drew breath to give thanks for what I regarded as a merciful deliverance.

From Ui-tal, a picket post-station, we had a pretty drive through meadow lands occupied by the Kara Kirghese nearing on our right the lately erected Russian m

arrived at our destination, Kara-Kol, seven miles from the lake, and a distance of 251 miles from Pishpek.

On driving into Karakol we were, to a certain extent, breaking new ground. The late Mr. Eugene Schuyler, who travelled Turkistan so thoroughly in 1873, and wrote upon it so well afterwards, drove only to the western end of Issik Kul. Mr. Ashton Dilke about the same date must have driven along its northern shore, because he told me that, when turned back by the officials at Vierny from proceeding towards Tashkend, he "dodged" the opposition by going to Kuldja, and then, passing into the mountains to Issik Kul, descended to Tokmak; but he did not mention having visited Karakol; the only English writer known to me who had pushed on to this out-of-the-way place being Mr. Delmar Morgan.

Karakol may be compared in winter to Siberia, and in summer to the Engadine. From November to the close of February the little town is visited by violent storms, and the snow lies more than four feet deep. Spring brings abundant rains and frequent fogs, whilst in summer, from May to July, the heat goes up sometimes to 40° (Réaumur), notwithstanding which the climate is healthy and agreeable.

The oscillations in atmospheric pressure are more frequent than in the plains, and, according to Lohmann, increase the number of respirations and beatings of the pulse so as to be favourable to organic metamorphosis; in fact, recourse has been made to these variations to explain the therapeutic action of mountain air, but Dr. Seeland, Chief of the Army Medical Department, whom I met in Vierny, says he has also observed frequently that these oscillations, when too great and rapid, provoke other morbid symptoms—as, for instance, in nervous persons aggravated irritability, headache, palpitation of the heart, sleeplessness, &c.

Karakol lies at an elevation of nearly 6,000 feet, amid charming scenery, at the foot of a magnificent mountain range called the Terskei Ala-tau, which extends all along the southern shore of Issik Kul and continues eastward right up to Khan Tengri, the monarch of the region, which may be seen from Karakol towering up to a height of 24,000 feet, a virgin peak awaiting the attentions of some knight of the Alpine Club. Directly east of Karakol is the Tasma range, over which passes the postal pack-road to the Tekes valley. At the time of our visit these mountains presented a splendid panorama of snowclad peaks; but I did not hear that mountain-climbing, pure and simple, was much in fashion.

Calling on the *uyezdi-nachalnik*, I found that he had been kind enough to place a house at my disposal, with a Cossack in

attendance; but, finding the abode rather out of the way and foreseeing that my stay would be short, I preferred to put up at the post-house, where I could better get provisions, make sundry repairs, and have my tarantass put in order. Here Colonel Vaouline, whom I met by chance in the street, kindly came to my assistance, sent to me the battalion smith, and helped in other ways.

In the evening I went to a little party gathered at the house of the *nachalnik*, and met among the guests Colonel Korolkoff, with whose brother, the Governor of Ferghana, I had stayed in 1882 in Samarkand. I found, moreover, that the *nachalnik* had arranged for horses to take me forward; but learned to my disappointment that my only way of proceeding thence to my destination was by going over the Santash Pass in the snow mountains, where there was no shelter or even tent wherein to spend the night, to Djarkend, and thence doubling back 200 miles to Vierny. This was a great disappointment—first, because I was not equipped for camping out, and next, having been under the impression that I could get down to Vierny by the road somewhat to the east of the lake, which reaches the plains at Chilik in the Ili valley, the idea of going so far out of the way as Djarkend was out of the question. Had we been on horseback matters would have been easier, since there are bridle paths; but with a tarantass there was no other alternative but to return to Pishpek, which accordingly I determined to do.

Less than 24 hours sufficed for a night's rest and to replenish our larder, thanks in part to the good people at the post-house, who cooked for us three chickens at the cost of a rouble, at that time worth less than eighteen pence. A policeman also, who had been told off to guard me and mine, though excused from watching by night, made his reappearance at sunrise, and helped us in sundry minor arrangements, so that before the sun was high we were ready to start. About 10 miles from Karakol we crossed the Jergalan river that runs into Issik Kul at Jergalan Bay. Here may be seen encamped in summer the Karakol garrison, whilst scattered about are the tents of the nomad Kara Kirghese.

On my previous visit to Central Asia, a friend in Vierny had been anxious that I should see something of these nomads, but I then succeeded only in visiting the Kirghese of the plains, called Kazaks, of whom I afterwards wrote three or four chapters in my "Russian Central Asia." On the present journey I saw only the Kara Kirghese, concerning whom I would make certain observations, partly from what I saw and partly on the authority of Dr. Seeland.

The Kara Kirghese dwell northward, for the most part in the mountainous districts of Issik Kul and Tokmak, but many are found also in the southern portion of the Tian Shan, on Chinese territory. They spread eastward to the Muzart Pass; westward, among the mountains of Ferghana, to Samarkand; and, besides those dwelling on the independent portions of the Pamir, I met on my way to India a few dwelling as far south as the Kilian Pass.

When or whence the Kara Kirghese settled in their present homes is unknown. In certain places the Kalmuks preceded them, but it is noteworthy that all about the Issik Kul valley have been found vestiges—such as hatchets, lamps, spearheads, and sickles—pointing to an ancient people further advanced in civilisation than either Kirghese or Kalmuk. Neither of these work in copper or brass, and their agriculture is of yesterday, so that seemingly they had formerly no need of the sickle, whilst the bricks and money discovered all point to another stratum of society, an Altaic origin being usually attributed to the Kirghese because of their language.

I had several opportunities of observing their dress, or, I might add, the want of it, for many were very ragged, and the children ran about naked. Next the skin is worn a long shirt of wool or cotton, and stockings of felt; then wide trousers of cotton or leather, over which is put a long khalat, like a dressing-gown, with long sleeves. They have boots of leather, with goloshes; the shaven head is covered with a *tibeteika*, or skull-cap, which in turn is covered with a fantastically pointed hat of felt or a busby of sheepskin. When travelling in winter the busby is replaced by a *malakhai*, or pointed hood lined with sheepskin and furnished with a flap or curtain covering the neck and shoulders. The costume of the women in many respects resembles that of the men, with one marked difference, however, of head-dress, which, in the case of the married women, is an enormous bonnet or series of bandages of white cotton, covering everything up to the sides of the face, the neck, the shoulders, and part even of the back. The women's hair is plaited into small braids, from which dangle at the end coins among the rich, but with the poor various metallic ornaments, some of them being sufficiently grotesque, as, for instance, odd keys and a broken brass tap, which I saw suspended from the tresses of a fair one at the western end of Issik Kul.

In driving along the lake we saw numerous tents, the only habitation known to the Kara Kirghese. The carcase of their tent resembles a cage, the lower portion of which consists of a trelliswork of rods, which can be extended or folded at will; outside, this carcase is covered with felt. The top of the cupola has a hole that serves for

window and chimney, unless bad weather requires this also to be covered with felt; whilst the only entrance is closed by a felt curtain suspended from the lintel of a wooden doorway. The flooring is replaced by felts and carpets, and in the middle is lighted the fire, usually of wormwood, coarse herbage, or dried dung, beneath a huge cauldron and tripod. Rolls of felt and wadded cushions are placed against the trelliswork, on which are suspended household utensils, arms, saddlery, and articles of clothing. It is only the rich who possess tables of wood, and I scarcely remember seeing such a thing as a bedstead.

An ordinary number of persons to a tent may be taken at four, to whom belong, on the average, in the district of Tokmak, one camel, one horse, two horned cattle, and twenty sheep; whilst about Issik Kul each tent possesses only half a camel and one horse, but three horned cattle and twenty-five sheep. A man who possesses sheep by hundreds is counted in easy circumstances; with more than a thousand he is rich; whilst the poor man has but one horse and a few sheep. Formerly the Kara Kirghese were richer, and they now partly attribute their poverty to the occupation of some of their best lands by Russian colonists and Cossacks, as well as Dungan and Taranchi emigrants from Kuldja.

After driving past the Issik Kul monastery we arrived at Preobajensk, where there came out a man asking medical advice on behalf of his daughter, which I was obliged to decline the honour of giving, though perhaps I could have prescribed as well as some of their Kirghese doctors, who are great believers in "like cures like" and the use of symbolical and sympathetic measures. Thus, for an obstinate attack of yellow jaundice, they wear on the forehead a piece of gold, or, better, cause the patient to look at it for a whole day, or, if a piece of gold be lacking, which is generally the case, they substitute a brass basin. A singular remedy is adopted against dyspnœa, or fainting, which they call "mountain sickness." This they represent to themselves under the form of a modest young lady, before whom they utter to the patient the most obscene and disgusting expressions, thinking thereby to shock the lady's chastity and drive her away.

As illustrative of symbolical treatment may be mentioned that if the malady reside in the lungs or liver they give the patient to eat the corresponding parts of an animal, thinking, for instance, to cure ophthalmia by administering the roasted eyes of an ox! Again, the treatment of intermittent fever, and difficult parturition by fright, are still m[illegible]able. In the latter case, if the child does not appear

with becoming celerity the sage women press the mother, a strong man being called in to help. Sometimes, however, they put the patient upon a horse, which they cause to gallop about; or, better, they resolve to frighten out the devil (for, of course, the disorder can be due to no one else) and make him give up his prey. For this purpose the woman is led in front of the tent supported by the arms and there suddenly rushes out before her a troop of horsemen brandishing their *nagaikas* or whips, and uttering screams and noises diabolical. These pieces of medical information are given on the authority of Dr. Seeland, after which his remarks are not surprising that such remedies sometimes end in the death of both mother and child.

Towards the western end of the lake we turned aside from the post-road to a few Kirghese dwellings on the shore. Here we were told some fish would be procurable, and so there were, but suitable for cooking rather than specimens (which was what I wanted), some being salted and others cut up and dried. Prices, however, were not ruinous. Threepence three farthings for half a dozen large fish was said to be an exorbitant demand, and three halfpence was nearer what should have been asked. In the present cluster of dwellings we saw the last of the Kara Kirghese, and I attempted a photograph of the western end of the lake, with the Terskei Ala-tau in the distance, and a group of Kirghese women and their ragged children in the foreground.

The Kirghese women marry young, often at fifteen, sometimes at thirteen; and the *kalim* paid for a rich bride varies from 40 to 120 sheep or more, besides which, presents are tendered of clothing and jewelry such as give the bride on the wedding-day a somewhat splendid appearance.

When this is reduced to the level of everyday life, and children come on apace, the Kirghese wife has no easy time of it, as we saw in the tents at Issik Kul. Entering one of them I found within a number of lambs and kids taken in for shelter, whilst without were some of their skins stretched in the sun and covered apparently with lime, but the whole indicated poverty. They seemed to have no objection to my photographic operations, which finished, and having taken a last look at the beautiful lake, we drove to Kutemaldi, posted again over two stages with five horses, and arrived at Pishpek early on the following morning.

I should have greatly preferred to have gone from Tokmak by the old mountain road over the Kastek Pass, followed, I take it, by the travellers of the middle ages; but it was said to be all but

unusable for a tarantass, and with no postal accommodation, so that the only alternative was to proceed by the longer road made by the Russians in the plains. Accordingly, after stopping a few hours at Pishpek, and taking lunch with Colonel Pushchin, we started for Vierny, thus bringing to a conclusion a pleasant detour to Issik Kul and the tents of the Kara Kirghese.

HENRY LANSDELL.

EARLY ENGLISH FARE.

IN an age of experiment, and an age, moreover, in which popular taste has shown so remarkable an inclination towards "Early English" forms and methods, it is surely a little curious that no speculative gastronome should have been inspired with the brilliant idea of giving an Early English dinner. It would not be impossible, for of the cook-books and volumes of recipes cherished by our remote ancestresses there are many survivals, and the compounding of the dishes held in most esteem by the *bons vivants* of three or four hundred years ago would be by no means as speculative a venture as the preparation of the "dinner after the manner of the ancients" recorded by Smollett, or even the Roman banquet once given for the edification of New Yorkers by the late eccentric Mr. Hammersley. The old English bill of fare is a copious one, and it would be certainly difficult to fill it in its integrity; our narrow game list, for example, compares but poorly with the stupendous catalogues of strange wild-fowl furnished by the menus of the historic banquets of the past. But while the excess in some particulars astonishes, it is in the limitations of our ancestors' food-range that the modern man would find the impossibility of ever reconciling himself to their daily fare.

Education, and what evolutionists call the influence of the environment, are potent to regulate the vagaries of the individual appetite and the general direction of public taste, and custom and early association are, no doubt, alone needed to ensure toleration of anything—even the ant-egg curry of the Polynesians or the diabolical messes of the mediæval cook; but who, having known better things, could contemplate the possibility of existence in a community destitute of nearly everything which modern custom recognises as amongst the barest necessities of life? Fancy living without tea, coffee, tobacco, potatoes, among a people who made their bread without yeast, brewed their beer without hops, and cultivated a taste for subtle flavours by roasting their geese alive and putting sugar and honey in their wine-cups.

Conceivably they were not so much to blame about the wine, if they drank that of their own vintaging, which would doubtless require a good deal in the way of fortification; but the balance of evidence seems to be in favour of the assumption that the mediæval Englishman made his wine for very much the same ends as certain well-meaning old ladies in country places still continue to perpetrate home-made atrocities in the present day—for the benefit of the lower orders, and to give away to the poor. It is significant, at any rate, that although contemporary records are fruitful of reference to English vineyards, English wine is never mentioned by contemporary writers who, nevertheless, have plenty to say about what they drank —a subject upon which men in all ages have always written feelingly. In Domesday Book vineyards are mentioned thirty-eight times, and by the middle of the twelfth century, according to William of Malmesbury, they covered vast tracts of country. There must have been a quantity of thin and sour liquor produced. Where did it go? Certainly not down the throats of the well-to-do classes who could afford to get anything better. Daines Barrington, struck with the same fact, even went so far as to argue that the production of wine in England was altogether mythical, and that for wine and vineyards in ancient records we should rather read cider and orchards. As cider is likewise frequently mentioned, there is very little in his contention, and the belief is justified that something dignified by the name of wine was once made in this country, although there is very little in the circumstance to encourage the revival of the industry. The only modern English vigneron who professedly achieved success was Mr. Hamilton, of Painshill, but his successes were by his own showing so remarkable that it is impossible not to subject his statements to a very considerable discount. The Marquis of Bute has for some years past been trying an experimental vineyard in the valley of the Taff, but with very uncertain results; and as his wine-making methods are probably far in advance of those followed by the Englishmen of the twelfth and following centuries, it is hardly likely that where he failed they could have succeeded.

The Englishman of the twelfth century drank Bordeaux wines when he could get them, and quite a respectable trade was done as far back as 1152. The sweet white wines of Anjou were likewise then in fashion, and from the twelfth to the fourteenth century the wine-list of our ancestors became large in variety, although there does not seem to have been much to boast of in the wa

In the metrical romance, "The S

Edward II., the King of Hungary proposes to entertain his daughter with wines of France, Italy, Spain, Greece, and even Syria, although this latter was probably a little royal ostentation. Neither kings nor subjects are always truthful about the contents of their cellars.

> Ye shall have rumney and malmesyne,
> Both ypocrasse and vernage wine,
> Mount Rose and wine of Greke,
> Both Algrade and Respice, eke
> Antioche and Bastarde,
> Pyment also and Garnarde,
> Wine of Greke and muscadell,
> Both claré, pyment and Rochell,
> To rede your stomache to defy,
> And pottes of Osey sett you bye.

Rumney or romenye was a Spanish white wine, hot and strong, as was also Bastarde. Malmesyne or Malmsey—the name a corruption of Malvasia or Monemvasia—probably then came from Candia, as there was no trade at that time with the Canaries, nor had Spain then sent us any Malmsey. What in modern times is known as Malmsey is very little like the wine for which the unfortunate Duke of Clarence had so strong a predilection. Respice or Raspis (vin rapé) was a rough red French wine. Garnarde or Garnache was probably a corruption of Vernacchia ; Oseye was an Alsatian wine.

To cover the harshness and acidity of many of these wines it was usual to mix honey and spices with them ; thus compounded they passed under the generic name of piments. They considered it, says La Grand, a masterpiece of art to combine in one liquor the strength and flavour of wine with the sweetness of honey and the perfume of the most costly aromatics.

The piments most frequently made were Hippocras and Clary. The former was made of either red or white wine in which different aromatic ingredients were infused, and took its name from the bag, called Hippocrates' sleeve, through which it passed.

There is a curious old recipe quoted by Mr. Astle, which, with nice discrimination, gives instructions how to make "Ypocrasse," both for "lords" and "comyn pepull": the lords were to be treated to a compound of "gynger, synamon, and graynes, sugour and turesoll," while the commoners were put off with "gynger, canell, longe peper, and claryffyed honey." So far as one may comprehend the directions one might as well have been one of the "comyn pepull" as not.

Clary was a claret or mixed wine mingled with honey. Both Hippocras and Clary are mentioned by the poets.

For he had yeven the gailer drinke so
Of a clarrie, made of certain wine
With narcotise and opie of Thebes fine.
CHAUCER, *Knight's Tale*

He drinketh Ipocras, clarrie and vernage
Of spices hote to encrease his corage.
Merchant's Tale.

In the sixteenth century the English taste was all for strong, sweet, full-bodied wines. Malmsey, which cost *2d.* per quart in 1492, sold for *4d.* in 1550, and three years afterwards rose to *5d.* All full-bodied white wines were probably known as sack. "Your best sacks," says Markham, "are of Xeres in Spain—your smaller of Gallicia and Portugall: your strong sacks are of the islands of the Canaries and of Malligo."

Most of the wines sold by vintners in the sixteenth century were abominably adulterated, and the statute of Edward VI. that forbade the sale of wine in bottles increased the opportunities of fraudulent manipulation to a considerable extent. Sack drunk hot, strong, sweet, and spiced, was probably the least unwholesome, as it was the most popular of beverages, though we have it, upon the unimpeachable testimony of Sir John Falstaff, that it was largely fortified with foreign substances. "You rogue, here's lime in this sack too. There's nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man."

The King of Hungary's wine-list may be considered typical of all succeeding wine-lists for at least two hundred years.

George Wither's lament over the luxury of his age gives a very comprehensive account of the manner after which the better-class English table was furnished forth.

The Diet we have grown unto of late
Excels the Feasts that men of high estate
Had in times past, for there's both flesh and fish,
With many a new devised dish.
For bread they can compare with Lord and Knight,
They have both ravel'd, manchet, brown and white,
Of finest wheat; their drinks are good and stale,
Of perry, cider, mead, metheglin, ale,
Of beer they have abundant, but then
This does not serve the richer sort of men;
They with all sorts of foreign wine are sped,
Their cellars are all fraught with white and red,
Be it Italian, French, Spanish, if they crave it,
Nay, Grecian or Canarian, they may have it,
Cete, Pument, Vervage, they so desire,
Or Bastard, Capricke, Osey, Tire.

Muscadell, Malmsey, Clarey—what they will,
Both head and belly each may have their fill.
Then if their stomachs do disdain to eat
Beef, mutton, lamb, or such like butcher's meat,
If that they cannot feed of capon, swan,
Duck, goose, or common household poultry, then
Then their storehouse will not very often fail
To yield them partridge, pheasant, plover, quaile,
Or any dainty foul that may delight
Their gluttonous and beastly appetite.
So they are pampered while the poor man starves,
Yet there's not all; for custards, tarts, conserves,
Must follow too, and yet they not be let
For suckets, marchpanes, nor for marmalet,
Fruits, Florentines, sweet sugar-meats and spices,
With many other idle fond devices,
Such as I cannot name, nor care to know;
And then besides the taste, this made for show,
For they must have it coloured, gilded printed
With shapes of beasts and fowls, cut, pinched, indented.

The distinction between ale and beer is the difference between a beverage brewed from malt alone or from malt and hops. Hops came in with the Reformation, so there was a flavour of heresy about beer to the palate of the old Catholic. For, as his song hath it,

With this same beer came in heresy here;
The old Catholic drink is a pot of good ale.

Comparatively few people nowadays know from personal experience what mead is. A sweet, sickly, honey drink, which the concocter called mead, was once proffered me in a country place as sovereign remedy for a cold, but of the two the cold seemed the lesser evil. The Russians still make mead *secundum artem*, but only in remote parts of England is there any of the drink of the Norse divinities yet to be had. The writer of an article in the "Manchester Quarterly" some time ago mentioned with enthusiastic approval some very old bottled mead which he met with in the course of some rural wanderings, and it is conceivable that a sweet and luscious beverage like mead would gain immeasurably by age. Queen Elizabeth was a mead-drinker, and her Grace's recipe for the beverage has been carefully preserved. It seems a fragrant mixture:

Take of sweet briar leaves and thyme each one bushel, rosemary half a bushel, bay leaves one peck. Seethe these ingredients in a furnace full of water (containing not less than 120 gallons); boil for half an hour; pour the whole into a vat, and when cooled to a proper temperature of about 75° Fahr., strain the liquor. Add to every six gallons of the strained liquor one gallon of fine honey and work the mixture together for half an hour. Repeat the stirring occasionally for two

days; then boil the liquor afresh, skim it until it becomes clear and return it to the vat to cool; when reduced to a proper temperature pour it into a vessel from which fresh ale or beer has just been emptied, work it for three days and tun. When fit to be stopped down tie up a bag of beaten cloves and mace, about half an ounce of each, and suspend it in the liquor from the bung-hole. When it has stood for six months it is fit for use.

George Wither is significantly silent about vegetables, and of fruit his mention is of the briefest. Perhaps the admission of these to the general dietary is the point which more strongly than any other marks the difference between the old and new modes of living. We are still assured that we—modern Englishmen—continue to eat a great deal too much flesh food, which is possible, without conceding too much to the vegetarians; but in defence of our habits it should be remembered that we come of a race which for many centuries has been as almost entirely carnivorous as it is possible for human beings to be, and the strong hereditary predisposition towards meat-eating is one of the best arguments—although it is seldom made use of—against a rash and unadvised surrender to the principles of those advanced thinkers who would have it that in a diet of dried figs, nuts, and apples dietetic salvation is alone to be found.

The lack of fruit in the early English diet table was a real deprivation, and was seriously felt even by those to whom it was but a rare luxury. There is a curious enactment of the sixteenth century, whereby street hawkers were forbidden to sell plums and apples for the reason that servants and apprentices were unable to resist the sight of them, and were consequently tempted to steal their employers' money in order to enjoy the costly delicacies.

Against this may be quoted some very copious lists of fruits and vegetables then cultivated in England, which may be found in sundry black-letter volumes of the same period. Leonard Mascall, in his "Booke of the Art and Maner how to plante and graffe all Sortes of Trees" (1582), mentions "gooseberris, small reisons, pears, quinces, medlers or misples, cherries, figges, peaches, abricotes, service trees, plummes, damsons, almonds, mulberries, pomgranades, chestnuttes, pines, hazel nuts, walnuttes, vines," &c.; while in Thomas Hylle's "Briefe Treatyse on Gardeninge" (1560), the list of vegetables a garden ought to contain includes "spynach, endive, lettis, betes, coleworts, cresses, parcelye, sperage, mustarde, lekes, onions, coucumbers, gourds or melons, garlicke, Egyptian beanes, radyshe, pasnepe, artichocke," &c.

However, although, as Hylle puts it, a garden *ought* to contain all these vegetables, it is extremely improbable that in his time it did

anything of the kind. This costly gardening was the expensive hobby of the rich, whose best efforts only produced poor crops of indifferent quality. Vegetables, if we may trust the old treatises, were more prized for their medicinal qualities than for their dietetic value, and even when they were most cultivated it does not appear that, with a few exceptions, they were much eaten.

The extraordinary monotony of meat-eating, which would be intolerable to the modern man, is brought home to one most strikingly in a study of the details of some old menus. Here is one of a feast given to his friends by John Stafford, when he was made Bishop of Bath and Wells. The old English dinner, it may be parenthetically remarked, was divided into three courses—a mere arbitrary distinction probably, as it does not seem to have mattered much what occurred in each.

In his first course the good Bishop entertained his guests with "Furmenty with Venysoun," a curious combination, but perhaps not less compatible than red-currant jelly. "Mammenye," a highly spiced and elaborately compounded dish, which modern diners would find impossible. Then there were brawn, kid, capon, swan, heron, crane. "Crustade Ryal," a sort of custard, introduced a spice of variety into this very meaty repast; and a "Sottelte," a device in pastry representing "a doctor of lawe," illustrated the antiquity of the *pièce montée.*

And course two was like unto course one, save that it included one or two curious examples of the more artistic cookery of the period. "Blaunche Mortrewys," for instance, a kind of mince of pork and fowls well pestled in a mortar, and spiced and seasoned to suit the cast-iron interiors of the Bishop's convives. "Vyand Royal" was a caudle with milk of almonds for its basis; but the highest triumph of the chef's skill was the dish called "Cokyntryche," which was not, as its name might seem to imply, an insect, but a strange monster constructed on the same principle as the mermaid of modern fairs: the hind half of a pig sewed with needle and thread to the fore part of a cock, the interiors being filled with savoury stuffing. Then there was peacock with gilded neb and outstretched tail, coney, pheasant, teal, chicken, venison, gulls, curlew, and a dish of "pastelade"—probably pastry.

Still in course three does the flesh-food predominate, for there are curlew and egret, partridge and venison, plover and oxen—there is a magnificent vastness about the oxen—quails, snipes, "smale byrdys," "hyrchouns."

Our ancestors had few prejudices and did not despise the humble hedgehog, even in their most delicate feasting, but it may be

observed that they drew the line rigidly at hare. Rabbits were well esteemed and carefully prepared for table. "Take a cony," says an ancient cook-book, "fle him, and draw him above and byneth, and parboile him, and larde him, and roste him, and late the hede be on; and undo him, and sauce him with sauce, ginger, and vergeous and powder of ginger, and then serve hit forth."

As to the hare, he was little better than vermin in popular estimation. An old household book of comprehensive character, which gives instructions in coursing, to which end alone the hare was supposed to have been created, does indeed remark apologetically that some even eat the flesh of the hare, but it is admittedly very "far inferior to that of the cony or rabet." Other times, other tastes. Egrets, cranes, bitterns, bustards, and curlews have long, with herons, swans, and peacocks, been crowded out of the English bill of fare.

The peacock was an ornamental adjunct to the feast, yet was not esteemed alone for its decorative qualities, for when young and fed on corn, it is said to have been remarkably sweet and delicate eating; but then a good deal is to be allowed for the way of cooking. "Men may talk of country Christmases," says an old writer, "their thirty pounds of buttered eggs; their pies of carp's tongues; their pheasants, drenched with ambergris; but the carcases of three fat wethers were bruised for gravy to make a sauce for one peacock!"

The swan is generally supposed to be fishy, but a contemporary writer says that he has found a wild swan, killed young, equal to a wild duck, and he sees no reason why the fattened domestic ones should not exceed their wild brethren in quality, even as a fattened tame duck is superior to all wild varieties. At any rate, there can be no doubt as to the esteem in which it was at one time held. William Dunbar puts swan at the head of all delicacies in his invitation to James IV.:

> To eat swan, crane, partridge and plover,
> And every fish that swims in river;
> To drink with us the new fresh wine
> That grew upon the river Rhine.

The "smale byrdys" of Bishop Stafford's feast were probably sparrows, for our ancestors did by no means despise such small deer. Here is a recipe from "A Proper New Booke of Cookery" which appeared in the year 1594:

To stew sparrows: Take ale and set it on the fire, and when it seeteth scum it, and then put in your sparrowes and small raisins, sugar and sinamon, ginger and dates, and let them boile together, and then take marrow or butter, and a little vergious and keepe it close. And when it is enough, make sops in platters, and serve them forth.

Fish did not figure largely in Churchmen's menus save on fast-days, when of course it monopolised them ; but the monks fared not ill on Fridays, for their fish-list was well-nigh as exhaustive as that of their game and poultry. Eels were in high estimation, and with the insensibility to suffering which characterised our ancestors, they were frequently salted alive for winter use. Every monastery had its "stews" and fish-ponds, if it did not happen to be planted in some pleasant place on the river bank. The kings preserved their fisheries as anxiously as a country squire preserves his game. Lampreys were a royal and fashionable weakness after Henry I. died of a surfeit of them. Fashion sanctioned sturgeons, and the whale was a royal fish and was eaten when he could be caught, which was not often. There are gastronomes nowadays who would persuade us that *baleine et petits pois* is a dainty dish that would be the more appreciated the more it were tried.

In 1867 Sir Charles Macdonnell gave a regular Mandarin supper at Hong Kong to the Duc de Penthièvre, the Comte de Beauvois, and some other French gentlemen, and the bill of fare included :

Fish roe in sweet caramel sauce.
Shark's fins in gelatinous sauce.
Birds'-nest soup
Whale's nerves with sweet sauce.

Croquettes of fish and rats.
Shark's fat soup.
Stewed sea-snails with tadpoles.
The flesh of the hump-backed whale.

John Dorys and stockfish, carp and crabs, mullets, gurnets, burlings, pilchards, bream, cod, pike, haddock, tench, chub, seal, and porpoise were all eaten by early English diners. They were ignorant of the virtues of turtle and turtle soup, for turtle was a gastronomic rarity as late as 1753, and when a huge turtle was brought to London in that year, the barbarians, ignorant of its true uses, baked it in an oven.

Herring-pie was a favourite dish with our ancestors ; and the Town Charter of Yarmouth still provides that the burgesses shall annually send to the Sheriff of Norwich 100 herrings to be made into twenty-four pies, which pies shall be delivered to the Lord of the Manor of East Carleton, who is to convey them to the King.

The methods of sixteenth-century cookery are illustrated very fully in a remarkable old Household Book once belonging to the Fairfax family, which was discovered a few years ago in the lumber

room of an ancient house in Newcastle. To Mr. Weddell, the present possessor of the volume, I am indebted for an admirable facsimile reproduction of the original MS. The entries in the volume, which extend over two centuries, are chiefly of interest for their medical recipes, which illustrate very strikingly the evolution of scientific treatment from the days of Queen Elizabeth to those of George III. There is, however, a great deal of very interesting light thrown upon the kitchen processes of those far-off times. There was nothing, if we may trust the earlier Fairfax entries, rough and ready in the methods of the later Elizabethan or early Stuart cuisine. Rather they seemed to have sinned, if it could be reckoned as sin, by over-elaboration and too much pains. There is one recipe for making biscuits, which prescribes that the yolks of eight eggs and the whites of ten are to be beaten together for "one full hour"; then a pound of sugar is to be added a spoonful at a time, and another "full hour's" beating is to amalgamate the eggs and the sugar, a third hour is occupied in beating in a pound of flour, and sundry other ingredients being added, the whole are beaten together for three full hours more. Fancy the modern cook devoting six long hours' hard manual labour to the making of a batch of biscuits!

Most of the pastry recipes of this period are conceived in an equally painstaking spirit. A curious taste of the time seems invariably to have prescribed the use of rosewater instead of plain water in making paste. Pancakes made with the yolks of six eggs, a pint of cream, half a pint of sack, nutmeg and sugar to taste, seem a delectable dish that would do credit to any modern table. They had some pretty notions of luxurious fare in those days, and a shoulder of mutton stuffed with oysters, eggs, onions, and sweet herbs was certainly not to be despised.

On the whole, however, it was a solid and substantial fare, that of our ancestors, whether on days of fast or feast, and life, so one historian tells us, was "coloured with a broad rosy English health." A statement which one may be permitted to question, as a large consumption of flesh, barely qualified by a scant supply of fruits and vegetables, can scarcely have conduced to a pure condition of the bodily system. As a matter of fact, inflammatory and skin diseases were rife; there were yet lepers in the land, and, rightly or wrongly, the public generally believed in the necessity of heroic treatment to ward off sickness, so the barber-surgeon flourished, and bleeding, blistering, and cupping were among the common experiences of every-

ntury ago—in 1790—a well-known cupper of the name

of Hartrey, so a recent writer tells us, "phlebotomised above one hundred customers every Sunday morning, that being the only time mechanics could spare for what was then considered an unquestionable means of health."

Before the introduction of the potato, and the extended cultivation and use of other, now common, garden vegetables, the need of anti-scorbutics was very widely felt. Herb drinks were religiously taken in spring to purify the system after the salt-meat diet of the winter months. As the proverbial wisdom of the period declared :

> If they would drink nettles in March, and eat mugwort in May,
> So many fine maidens wouldn't go to the clay.

Saloop, a beverage which after centuries of popularity has now entirely disappeared from the London streets, was valued both for its nutritious and anti-scorbutic properties. Charles Lamb in his Essay on Chimneysweeps has a good deal to say about saloop, or salop, which he erroneously imagined to be a preparation of sassafras. As a matter of fact it is made from the dried tubers of the *orchis mascula*, one of the commonest of our meadow plants, which especially affects moist pastures, where its spotted lanceolate leaves and spikes of lilac or purple florets abound in the late spring and summer. Withering, the botanist, in 1780, gives instructions as to the preparation of saloop; and an account of the trade in it was given as late as 1852–54 in "London Labour and the London Poor." Nowadays it is unknown in England, but its preparation is still general in Eastern countries.

There are indeed but few survivals from the exhaustive bill of fare of Early English days. Even our cherished Christmas dishes have little to recommend them on the score of ancient usage. Mince pie may have, it is true, some claim to veneration in this respect, but the most English of all English culinary institutions, the plum-pudding itself, is but a modification of the plum-porridge of earlier days—a strong broth of beef-stock, in which were boiled currants, raisins and prunes, spices and sugar, claret and sack—which was made in sufficient quantity to last for the first course of each dinner during the twelve days set apart for Christmas revelry. Who dines with plum-porridge on his table now, in the place of soup, or what lady hostess winds up the day's labours with preparing the evening posset—hot spiced ale or wine curdled with milk—for her family and household?

There are, it may be, some remote spots in England where even furmenty is not a forgotten dish and Lent pies are more than a

tradition, where old-world housewives can make marchpane from old-world recipes, and maids and youths out in distant service go home a-mothering on the Sunday in Mid-Lent with the offering of a simnel cake in their hands:

> I'll to thee a simnel bring
> 'Gainst thou go a-mothering,

as sang Herrick.

Where is there a simnel cake, that queer hybrid in cookery—half boiled, half baked—now to be obtained,[1] and what culinary genius was first responsible for the eccentricity? Tradition avers that it was a *spécialité* of Lambert Simnel's father, who, as is well known, was a baker, but tradition errs. The true story of how simnel cakes were first made is as follows:

Once upon a time there lived an honest old couple, Simon and Nelly, whose children had gone away from them into the world, but were wont to gather under the old roof-tree once a year, at the approach of Easter. Now, Nelly was preparing for her offspring's reception, and being a careful woman minded her that there had been left some of the unleavened dough which had been used for bread-making during the Lenten fast. This she proposed to use up as the basis for the family cake. Simon agreed, and suggested that the remains of the last Christmas pudding, hoarded in the cupboard, should form the interior of the cake; but here arose a difficulty, for Simon, holding to the pudding idea, insisted that the cake should be boiled, while Nelly was equally positive that it should be baked, and the difference of opinion became so strong that Sim's head somehow got broken by contact with the three-legged stool, while Nell's back and the broomstick became so closely acquainted that she proposed, as a compromise, that the cake should first be boiled and then baked, which was accordingly done; and the new departure in confectionery becoming popular was widely known as the cake of Simon and Nelly, whence the contraction to Simnel is obvious. This is a true story, or, if not quite true, at least as true as any that is told in the food folk-lore of Early England.

CHARLES COOPER.

[1] Since these lines were written I have, for the first time within my experience, seen simnel cakes for sale in several confectioners' shops, both in London and Birmingham.

PAUL BOURGET.

IT is a commonplace that many men of letters have to wait till long past the meridian of life for the cuckoo cry of critics, and consequent repetition of their names in the mouths of men; that delicate and subtle spirits often remain all but unknown till the notice of one in authority gives the signal to the novelty-seekers who emulously discover singular merits in the hitherto disregarded works. Yet it is never without reason that a young man gains in a few years widespread fame. His acceptance is a proof that he gives more or less accurate expression to the feelings of his generation, or that, at least, he knows how to amuse, to excite and gratify curiosity, to attract attention by clever exaggeration and remarkable eccentricity, that he possesses a voice capable of being heard above those of his eager competitors in the fair of vanities. It is obvious, of course, that an examination of the work of M. Paul Bourget, who is both young and famous, is necessarily subject to insufficiency and incompleteness, yet such an examination is not without its countervailing advantages. There is no wretched necessity for the discovery and insertion of anecdotes, for the balancing of critical theories as to whether the appropriate method in the given case will be to endeavour to separate the man from his work, or to illustrate the one from the other. The violation of his rights to respect and privacy is not yet possible; indiscreet and injudicious friends are not yet able to play the part of enemies in ransacking intimate papers never destined for the public eye or publishing their one-sided or purblind views of his character. Moreover, in an age of industrialism, the lives of men of letters are almost devoid of incident; whatever is dramatic takes place in the brain alone. And, finally, M. Paul Bourget has not only struck his special note so clearly and completely, but has taken every care to acquaint us with the origins and development of his talent, has traced with evident sincerity his literary apprenticeship, his *Lehrjahre*; so that we can assume with sufficient confidence that we possess in his already published works all the essential elements for an equitable appreciation of what he is able to give us.

I.

The poems and miscellaneous prose of M. Paul Bourget, the poet and psychologist, the exotist and cosmopolitan, the "Anglomane" enamoured of the English elegancies of life which show so bright when set against a cunningly laid Tainesque background of English poverty and unlovely toil, would probably have undeservedly shared the usual fate of poems and essays, and have passed unnoticed by all except a small fit audience, had they not been propagated and pushed into prominence by the reputation of the novels. Yet a natural and unhappy consequence of the character of the novels, with their poignant "drames de l'adultère," and intense analysis of voluntary and involuntary murders, which have brought him into vogue as one of the fashionable novelists of the moment, is that his name is superficially coupled with the nauseous work of the so-called realists and naturalists, and his work is stigmatised in England, at least, as only so much more meretricious French worship of Venus Pandemos—so much more intoxicating incense burnt in honour of the contemporary Delilah. It is probably true that there is no great difference between the English and the French practice of that part of morality which, in common language, stands for the whole, that England is not so pure as reported by its usually blameless novels, and that in France the self-styled Parisian realists are in reality only endeavouring to out-Herod each other as best they may in imagining cases of dishonour and selfishness, with their train of pleasures and pains. Diderot long ago stated the inevitable penalty to be paid by such work, and there would be no necessity to add more, were it not that, in their earnestness, keen analytical works of the order of Benjamin Constant's "Adolphe," and Alfred de Musset's "L'Enfant du Siècle," have their reason of existence and justification. An attentive study of M. Paul Bourget's works reveals a similar defence—I had almost said palliation—of what may seem unhealthy and pernicious from a moralist's point of view, however skilful and even beautiful it may be from that of an artist in moral maladies.

"It is by criticism, whether we deplore it or not, that the education of every mind begins nowadays. For the most part of us the analysis of the criticism of life of our predecessors precedes the formation of our own." The development of this axiom led M. Paul Bourget to the composition of his "Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine."

tor and critic are usually considered contradictory terms, but

Goethe was a supreme example of the union of the two. Matthew Arnold was of opinion that it was knowledge, that is to say, an adequate comparative criticism of many and varied theories of life, which was lacking, for example, to Byron and Shelley; and M. Paul Bourget, finding that a modern artist is or should be at the same time a critic and a savant, accepted the necessity with good grace, the more so, perhaps, as the complication was congruous to his own temperament, alike capable of abstract conception and concrete imagery, of analysis and feeling, of criticism and creation. Now, of criticism there are many methods. It is possible to judge the work of a man after a preconceived aesthetic, or to be content with exposition, with a delicate unravelling of the many threads that go to the making up of the warp and woof of a given nature, or again to set oneself at the point of view of the subject by a kind of ultra-sympathetic metamorphosis. M. Taine, pushing to the logical extreme the method of Sainte-Beuve, as stated in an essay on Chateaubriand, and subordinating it to his Hegelian fatalism, regards literature as but one "sign" among many of a given state of society, as furnishing "documents" to be selected and arranged for the maintenance of a thesis concerning a given epoch. M. Paul Bourget's theory and practice of criticism, or as he would prefer to call it, psychology, is a modification of this last method. His "Psychological Essays" are "studies of the tendencies in the literature of the generation from which ours sprang," and he selects ten conspicuous men of letters as the most marked "examples of the various kinds of moral sensibility offered to the imagination and imitation of youths seeking to know themselves through books." But while M. Taine, with the impartial calmness of a philosopher, verifies his method to his own satisfaction by applying it to many civilisations, to M. Paul Bourget, although he, too, is a "naturalist of the soul," it is a matter of life and death to know exactly the theories expressed by the contemporary leaders of thought, each of whom resumes in his work one or more discoveries in the art of feeling and thinking, for in these men we find enveloped in germ the "états d'âme," the fashion of regarding life of the intellectual portion of the actual youth of the nation. The types and manners of feeling set forth in their books powerfully attract the attention of youth as soon as it is emancipated from fixed studies and enjoys the comparative freedom of manhood, and serve as models for an imitation often too complete. To study the contemporary leaders of thought is to study oneself and one's own generation, and such study is inevitable, however much one may be assured that, as life is most vigorous when not poisoned by self-analysis, so unconsciousness, the

"daemonic" of Goethe, is the source from which all great creation springs.

What, then, according to M. Paul Bourget, is the dominant note of the generation of which he forms part? To what is the supposed present progress in science and democracy tending? He replies by the vague but convenient term, pessimism; and the inevitable epithet which accompanies his mention of our epoch is "malade." He rightly lays great stress on his perception of the recrudescence of the Werther, Obermann, and René feeling of the early part of the century. The many children of Jean-Jacques, heirs of the Revolution, had given expression, each in their own way, to the "mal du siècle." Romanticism in general had met the fate of all excesses; the flame was quickly spent by reason of its ardour, the impossible demands of poets and dreamers, demands for intense and prolonged sensations which external nature and man's physical organisation alike were incapable of satisfying, had ended in apathy and stagnation, as might have been expected. It is a matter of history that between 1830 and 1840 the sons of melancholy had ceased to luxuriate in their own woes one after the other, that the wide-spread disease had seemed to have reached its term, that the school of common sense had sent forth its triumphant disciples to master the world in the name of positivism. After the conspicuous bankruptcy of profound and dolorous contemplation, the reaction of practical activity had set in; it was tacitly agreed that life should not be too narrowly examined, that the depths of things were to be left unfathomed. The reign of the *bourgeoisie* under Louis Philippe was continued under the Second Empire; wealth was the *summum bonum*; business-like respectability might be derided as Philistine, but was eminently comfortable and sufficient. The polished positive heroes of Alexander Dumas *fils* were the incarnations of their epoch, fully acquainted with the weakness and worthlessness of human nature and the rigorous brutality of external nature, too clear of sight to be duped by illusions, concealing the wounds of their sensibility by irony or cynicism. But all this positivism was, as the event proved, only surface deep, obscurely the disease was still working its ravages; on close inspection it might be found that the pages of the leaders of literature under the Second Empire, and teachers of the present generation, were impregnated with pessimism. But it is not enough for M. Paul Bourget to accept the pessimist portion of his masters in the usual careless way of the ordinary reader who admires the gentle or bitter irony and the harmonious invective, and then passes on his way fi getting. Nor is he content to define this pessimism vagu

[illegible]

[illegible] **reject all** [illegible] **characteristic is** [illegible] **which prepare the way to** [illegible] *different affirmation.*" In fact, his creed is that **nothing**

everything is true. The urbane irony and smiling paradoxes of M. Renan are the natural offspring of his conviction that truth is many-sided, that opposite points of view are equally legitimate, that all qualities necessarily imply defects. In the same way it has often been noted that many of the aphorisms of Le Rochefoucauld could be inverted or contradicted with equal sense, but the criticism to be made is not that the aphorism is consequently self-annihilating, but rather that Heraclitus and Hegel were right in building up life on the law of contraries. But the combative attitude, the earnest preaching of truth, is impossible to a man who has once yielded to dilettanteism, for what room is there for dogmatism where truth is unattainable, and its partial aspects, as expressed in creeds and systems by man, are all false and true alike; false, because incomplete—true, because men have sincerely held them and lived by them? The immediate cause of this present dilettanteism was the study of foreign philosophy. Last century it was Locke and Newton, in the beginning of this it was Shakespeare and the German and English resuscitators of mediævalism; under the Second Empire Taine and Renan were the interpreters of Hegel and Strauss; now it is the turn of the evolutionary hypothesis of Darwin and Spencer. It will be readily seen how dilettanteism is connected with cosmopolitanism. It is the part of the historian to demonstrate the sacred importance of strong and simple racial instincts, and prove, for example, that a nation which abandons its prejudices—prejudices being self-preservative "raisons qui s'ignorent"—and turns cosmopolitan, is on the verge of decadence. The Stoic dreamed of a city of God, that is, of a cultured minority of philosophers; but how far is this carried out by the wealthy, who, availing themselves of the facilities of modern travel, change their abode at will, everywhere and everything by turns, seeking to make their souls—or rather their apparent unity of fleeting successive phenomena, according to Hume and the later psychologists—a "mosaic of complicated sensations," intellectual and physical? Is not this voluntary pleasure-craving absenteeism, this mainly sterile curiosity, another form of that decadence which is due to the change from strong simplicity to feeble complexity, from robust active faith to subtle remiss doubt? The insatiate desire to be anywhere except where one is, and to be anyone rather than oneself, is inconsistent with the noble creed that happiness is to be found here at hand or nowhere, the "hic est, hic Ulubris," and the constant visual comparison between the manners, custo
many nations, leads to an indefini
to the same thing, and that n

decadence, could not the dilettanteist urge that the epochs of decadence are precisely those in which the epicurean finds life the pleasantest? But what if the usual disdain of the aristocrats of intellect for the populace spreads to all those disciples who have lighted their lamps at the flame of these masters, and the divorce widens between the obscure poor, oppressed by lack of humblest necessities, and the cultured, whose freedom from daily thought-stifling toil only serves to make them easier victims of doubt and paralysing perplexity, whose comprehension is too wide to allow them to mingle in party passions, and whose disdain of popular ignorance is met by the counter disdain of the ignorant? It is true that the delicate artists in literature, who are conscious, like Goethe, that they can never be "popular," write solely to convey subtle sensations which they deem inaccessible to the majority which they disregard, or consider merely brutal and unintelligent. But what if the works of these philosophers and poets, written solely with an eye to truth or beauty, should be vulgarised and placed within reach of that democracy which tends to the insolent reign of mediocrity and crushes by its hideous competition, social counterpart of the natural "struggle for life," all that is individual, singular, alien to the petty necessity of money-getting? If the too complete modelling of the soul in accordance with the types and theories of the masters, the "Nachahmungstrieb" of which Goethe speaks in his notes on dilettanteism, produces such disaster among the cultured disciples, what would be the effect if the theories were accepted by the people at large, in a crudely literal sense, and put into action?

Again, science, or, more exactly, the popularisation of philosophical theories, derived from the study of Nature, is responsible—if science can be said to be responsible—for the ever-increasing lack or paralysis of the will. M. Paul Bourget is haunted by the nightmare of what he calls the complexity and multiplicity of the Ego. In time past "homo duplex" was a sufficient text; the analysis of to-day shows that a man involves within himself many persons. Sainte-Beuve used to delight to trace the different "manners" of his subjects in their different periods of life; but, more than this, at any given moment in the existence of many men there are conflicting tendencies only to be explained by the principle of heredity. This principle is every day more and more widely accepted; a man is the irresponsible combination of chance qualities inherited from many ancestors, and cannot be blamed for his faults; that is, faults from a legal or moral point of view, for, of course, to the philosopher faults and virtues alike are equally natural, equally fatalities of

temperament. Thus the vulgarisation of the doctrine of determinism leads to a relaxation of the moral fibre. Belief in any partial aspect of truth being sapped by the frivolity of dilettanteism and cosmopolitanism, the further disbelief in oneself is fostered by science, by analysis. "Terrible," says M. Paul Bourget, "is the incapacity of affirmation when it is accompanied by an incapacity of will." "God's design," said Pascal, "is to make the will perfect rather than the intelligence. Perfect clearness would only serve the intelligence, and would prove prejudicial to the will." Yet the sentiment of fatality, so seemingly repugnant to the ideas of Teutons and Celts, is gaining ground. The power of reaction against adverse circumstances, of battling against an inharmonious *milieu*, is on the wane; journalists and men of the world have the word of decadence on their lips, and the end of the century is considered to be coincident with the end of morality and unselfish effort, with the end of a worn out race. "We are sick from excess of critical thought, sick from too much literature, sick from too much science," cries M. Paul Bourget. The spirit of analysis corrodes all the affections of the heart, and slays sympathy by its detection everywhere of self-interest as sole motive of conduct. It forces on us the chill conviction that a human being cannot perfectly comprehend himself, and, still less, another. The life of cities, with their facilities for abuses of work and pleasure, and the bitter strife of competition, aid in the work of destruction. And what consolation is there for us? The consolation of the artists' and poets' dream of a world of fancy is a hollow one, and there is little help to be got from the fact, on which M. Paul Bourget insists, that, penetrate where we will, we find ourselves surrounded by mystery, that science ends in bankruptcy before the unknowable.

II.

Half poet, half psychologist, M. Paul Bourget describes himself, and appears to regret a complexity of faculties which is far from hostile. Sainte-Beuve, though he was wont to lament that the poet was dead within him, had yet written his "Joseph Delorme," his "Consolations," and his psychological novel of "Volupté"; and in Théophile Gautier, who also regretted the forced dispersion of his faculties, the poet was never slain by his bread-winning art-and-dramatic criticism. And probably M. Paul Bourget, in his heart of hearts, is well content with this complexity of his. The one all-important rule of any Ars P[illegible]d give the rein to one's own te[illegible]

endeavoured to ascertain what he owes to his age, and to his immediate predecessors and masters who have moulded that age so far as literature—and he would add life—is concerned. Perhaps in the volumes of lyrics which he has hitherto issued he shows himself even yet too greatly dominated by them, has not yet succeeded in marking out a distinct path for himself, in occupying a separate province, in developing a new "état d'âme," a new way of feeling and thinking. He accepts as a canon that a poem should be brief, or composed of brief parts, and suggestive, as Poe would say, that is, evocative of tender visions and states of soul, and enrolls himself among the Parnassians, the delicate craftsmen who are not satisfied till they have married form and idea as completely as possible. It is beauty alone that he cherishes as his muse. Passion, eloquence, truth, are much, but beauty must stamp the expression of them. And though he knows well that modern thoughts can be perfectly expressed in antique dress, as Alfred de Vigny and Leconte de Lisle prove, he restricts himself to "the modern ideal." Perfect in form and rhythm are the sweet-sounding swallow-flights of M. Paul Bourget's song. The clear stanzas breathe an air of perfume, but at the end of nearly all we are tempted to add the name of some master, to find in it the clever variation of an air already known, to charge with mildest reproach the poet with loitering too long and lovingly in elder poets' domains. Yet it is, doubtless, hard to be excluded from domains to which one has a claim by right of temperament, simply because some one before us has asserted his right to them as first discoverer. And, in any case, the making of poetry is happiness; poetry, says Goethe, is deliverance; poetry is freedom, revery consoles.

To one who recognises the fact that he is born a psychologist, the large scope afforded by the novel, which lends itself to all themes, is naturally tempting; and, further, when a poet writes prose it is usually with a fascinating mastery. The poems entitled "Jeanne de Courtisols" and "George Ancelys," and, still more, the long poem of "Edel," which resumes all the morbid beauty and despairing analysis of the poems, and forecasts all that the novels are to contain, marks the transition. But what form shall the poet-psychologist select, what new variety is open to the ardent critic who has analysed his own qualities, and sees clearly the rhetoric and methods of his predecessors? On the one hand, there is the novel of character, in which Stendhal and George Eliot are masters, wherein are analysed the thoughts and actions of persons of marked individuality superior to their surroundings, doomed to suffering because of this superiority. And, again, there is the novel of manners, in which the Brothers

Goncourt are pioneers, systematically diminishing the amount of incident and intrigue, luxuriating in endless detail, selecting for their heroes average men and women, types of given *métiers*. From the so-called realistic form of the novel of manners, with its perverse exaggeration and exclusive attention to the seamy side of modern civilisation and nauseous delight in ugliness, a poet and lover of beauty will instinctively turn. The combination, again, of the novel of character and that of manners is possible, as, for example, in "Adolphe" and "L'Enfant du Siècle." Benjamin Constant and Alfred de Musset, like Racine, had devoted themselves to the analysis of some all-absorbing passion, the characters being but the puppets of the passion, and the manners being relegated to the background. M. Paul Bourget, following the example of Balzac in equipping himself with the results of modern researches in psychology, chooses his ground between the last variety and the novel of manners. Like the Brothers de Goncourt, and like Flaubert in "L'Éducation Sentimentale," he selects types who lack energy and force of will to dominate and turn to use their adversity and uncongenial circumstances; his heroes and heroines are creatures of weak wills, easily subdued to their environment, victims of their sensations, unable to guide their life by reason, unstable as Reuben. But he will avoid the error of Flaubert and the de Goncourts, who dower their personages with their own rare acutely artistic eyesight, and minutely detail with myriad touches the *milieu* which moulds the yielding mind of the hero, forgetting how little attention the ordinary man or woman pays to the colours or forms of town or country, nay, even to the fashion of the rooms in which they spend most of their hours.

The cultured and leisured heroes of M. Paul Bourget are victims of self-analysis, able to lucidly diagnose their own maladies, but powerless to stay, much less to cure, the ravages of the moral cancer. That the disease need not be fatal we know from the example of Goethe, who dallied with thoughts of suicide, but allowed Werther to act as substitute, and elected to survive and turn Olympian and scientist. The fecundity of M. Paul Bourget points to the same method of salvation, and allows us to apply to the author himself a passage in the "Essais," where he says that not only moralists and artists, but "the scrupulous and delicate may consider analysis as an element destructive of all naïvety or of all sincerity. But, on the other hand, there are rich natures for which this analysis is simply an opportunity to bear a crop of unknown sentiments. In these select natures the extreme development of ideas is not mortal to the intense developme[illegible] resisting the spirit of ana-

lysis, they abandon themselves to it. The fever of the brain with them unites with the impulse of instinctive life, without slackening its activity. They love all the more because they know they love, they enjoy the more because they know they enjoy. It is among these souls that the legion of the great modern artists is recruited, and if we are the rivals of younger centuries, it is by certain works, in which these souls have fixed something of the strange ideal which floats before them, painful and sublime mirage, the alluring dread of which the creations of Da Vinci, the profoundest visionary of the renaissance, seem already to have felt." But though M. Paul Bourget is one of the "melancholy epicureans of this strange age," he has known how to preserve the delicate equilibrium between contemplation and action, to place the will at the service of the categorical imperative. This, however, is precisely what is lacking to his hapless heroes, eaters of their own hearts, refined and complex, and *hence* without wills. For example, take the case of François Vernantes in "Madame de Bressuire," a contemporary Amiel turned amorous, consciously unable to struggle against the fatality of his temperament, which constrains him to seek joy and pain in the ideas of things rather than in the things themselves, in the recollection of sensations rather than in the sensations themselves. Comparatively happy are these children of doubt if they torture themselves alone, if, in their fear of approaching the real, they are content, like the heroes of Mr. Henry James (to whom, it is to be noticed, M. Paul Bourget dedicates one of his novels), to find in a woman an occasion for revery, and, when wearied of the dream, to discreetly vanish from the scene, and escape any tie that would, in their analytic prevision, speedily grow irksome. Far more desperate is the case of the Baron de Querne in the "Crime d'Amour," whose wealthy leisure has permitted him to sound the melancholy depths of existence, and wreck his soul by excess. Prematurely aged, he regards life with mingled curiosity and disdain. A fatalist, sophisticated by his vicious experiences, employing on occasion the unspeakable love-remedy of Ovid and Heine, he suspects falsity everywhere, and suffers from the complete divorce between his intelligence and his imagination, from the frightful duality between his thoughts and his sensations. He is a victim of the *impuissance d'aimer*, which Alex. Dumas *fils* has analysed with such terrible clearness, and the murderer by slow torture of the woman who had sacrificed her all to him in her endeavour to comfort him, and heal his world-weariness. We find another murderer in "Le Disciple," in Robert Greslou, victim of the abuse of scientific analysis. Inheriting from his father a reckless intemperance

of desires and an incapacity to direct and govern himself by his intellect, a profound study of analytical literature and determinist philosophers, bold assertors of the mechanism of the universe, teaches him that it is impossible to outstep the limits of the Ego, and that all relations between the two sexes rest on a basis of illusion. He is proud of his capacity to unite a continual energy of abstract thinking to his ardent thirst for passionate sensations, to live and watch himself live, to join action to thought, to be object and subject at once. To play a rôle is to enrich one's personality; an attempt at seduction would be a scientific verification of psychological theories. The young philosopher is introduced to an aristocratic family as tutor. As a plebeian his duty evidently is, like that of the Julien Sorel of Stendhal's "Le Rouge et Le Noir," to avenge himself for his inferiority of position by making himself the master of the daughter of the house, an additional motive being that he is enraged at his inability to conduct his experiment with due philosophic calmness. Succeeding in his design, he unmasks himself, ceases playing his fictitious literary rôle, and in horror his victim poisons herself. Robert Greslou is arrested on the charge of murder, and does not attempt to clear himself; but, in prison, he writes a long confession, and sends it to his chosen master, Adrien Sixte, an ascetic unworldly philosopher à la Spinoza, who earnestly seeks truth, unwitting of the possible effect of his doctrines on weak minds. In this long, admirably conceived confession he analyses the development of his ideas, illustrating and defending each of his actions by some sentence from the master's works; analyses his own weakness and illusion of repentance: illusion, for to suppose the possibility of repentance would be to suppose the possibility of free will. Yet he doubts with his heart what his intellect accepts as true, he feels that remorse which by theory is a mere weakness of ignorance, he is ashamed of his remorse, and yet feels a certain comfort in telling himself that one day, at least, he loved his victim sincerely; that one day, at least, he was the dupe of his own fictitious love-making. "You see, dear master, how weak I am become, for I employ as an excuse the sincerity of this deceit. And yet, what is this but the miserable abdication of the philosopher before the experiment essayed by him?" And he cries to his master to strengthen him, to confirm him in the doctrine of universal necessity which the master had taught and the disciple had accepted, doctrine which lays down that our actions, however detestable and pernicious in their result, "even this cold-blooded experiment of seduc[illegible]ll in accordance with the laws of that universe which [illegible]h equal indifference. Still another

murderer is André Cornélis, a modern Hamlet, instinctively suspicious from childhood of the murder of his father by his father-in-law. But M. Termond is cool, and baffles all efforts of André to discover the secret. He seeks to escape the haunting vision, the ever-recurring suspicion, but in vain. From day to day he hesitates, Hamlet-like, wishing to prove to himself indubitably the accuracy of the suspicion, and thus legitimate his intended action, but also in the secret hope, barely self-acknowledged, to escape from the tyranny of the fixed idea, the intolerable nightmare, by finding his suspicion false. He will endeavour to trace the murder by studying the hereditary tendencies of M. Termond, or by seeking a correspondence between his physiognomy and the equivocal signs furnished by scientific books on the outward characteristics of criminals. At length he attains certainty, and forces confession from M. Termond. But, though the murderer is in his power, his vengeance is stayed by the knowledge that his beloved mother, who, alas! understands him not (for he resembles his dead father, already misunderstood), is innocent, and that she loves M. Termond to such an extent that her knowledge of the crime would mean her death. In time he begins to fear lest M. Termond, already undermined by remorse or liver-disease, should escape him by dying; he proposes the alternative of suicide or the divulging the crime to his mother. In sudden anger at M. Termond's hesitation, he stabs him; but M. Termond baffles him to the end, for he has time to scribble the words that his physical pain has driven him to suicide. André has committed murder, yet how can he grieve his mother by revealing the truth; the murder was in vain, for he had not slain his father-in-law in his mother's heart.

M. Paul Bourget, in his presentation of M. Alexandre Dumas *fils'* analysis of the 'Impuissance d'Aimer," has drawn up a terrible indictment against women. He subscribes—for the purposes of his art, at least—to the anathemas of Schopenhauer against the frail false creatures set as traps by Nature to secure the continuance of Nature's cruel scheme; to the bitter denunciation of Alfred de Vigny's Samson against woman as "l'enfant malade et douze fois impur," who ever matches her duplicity against the confiding weakness of man; to the poignant delineation of the eternal duel between the sexes by Tourguenief, the de Goncourts, and Alexandre Dumas *fils*. *Homo homini lupus*, but the love—at least, the guilty love—of men and women ends in scorn on the one side and hatred on the other. There are certain heroes of Tourguenief who exercise an irresistible fascination and, siren-like, compass men's destruction, irresponsible, if you will, because they obey the dictates of their nature. Sisters

of these are the heroines of M. Paul Bourget's "Mensonges" and "Cruel Enigme," and the Mme. Hurtel of "L'Irréparable." Aristocrats by beauty and by wealth, victims of their physical organisation, at most they can but plead the fatality of inherited corruption. For one of them it is urged that "she is simply an unhappy creature who lives at the mercy of her sensations"; for another, that "like all people afflicted with a malady of the will—now, an immoral life is always the sign of one of these maladies—she allowed the sensations of the moment to grow powerful enough to suppress any clear vision of the past or future." Their mobility is like that of water, and blame would be equally misapplied to women or waves; the very root of woman's nature is this "sincerity of theirs in the shifting succession of pleasures and pains, thanks to which a woman can say without conscious falsehood to her tenth lover that he is the only man she has ever loved." Nor do we derive much comfort if we turn from these incomprehensible fascinating monsters to more loyal and upright heroines. The victim in the "Crime d'Amour" is no coquette, is no "comédienne de bonne foi"; yet she is weak, shrinks from the thorny path of duty, follows the mirage of guilty happiness to her own destruction. The Noémie Hurtel of "L'Irréparable" is unable to read clearly her own nature; a lovely agnostic (creature dear to present novelists) prematurely disillusioned, having dried up, as she deems, all sources of passion by analysis, she does not discern her real nature, tender and romantic, thirsting for a complete and perfect love, till it is too late, till she has brought upon herself by her own blindness "l'Irréparable," which compels her to fly, in obedience to her delicacy and sense of honour, from the possibility of the realisation of her dreams of love. And Mme. Claude Audrey, of the "Deuxième Amour," loyal and candid, stung by the private and public dishonour of her husband, flies with a lover because he at least is honourable and upright. But the inevitable duel soon begins, even between equally honourable and unwilling combatants—for the one, a man of action, finds that his present position frustrates all hopes of realising his public ambition, prevents all outlets to his practical energy; and the other learns to know too late a like-minded refined nature, capable of respecting and comprehending her love. The equally will-lacking heroes might almost be classed with the heroines, for the Élie Laurence of the "Deuxième Amour," in his nervous organisation, in the morbid suddenness of his impressions, participates in the nature of the heroines, and the traits in [illegible] deems himself like to Don Juan

would apply as readily to woman according to theory, namely, "sincere inconstancy, tender fickleness, a dangerous need of experiencing all manner of varied sensations, and, consequently, an endless variation of the occasion of these sensations." François Vernantes, again, of the "Mme. de Bressuire," confesses that he had always too closely resembled women in "the singular inconstancy of his amorous imaginations." The youthful René Vincy and Hubert Castel incontinently obey the first glamorous glance of the women-demons in the "Mensonges" and "Cruel Énigme," stain their honour, and wreck their futures with a woman's recklessness. The Claude Larcher of "Mensonges" is the male counterpart of these lovely ghouls, differing from them only in the lucidity with which he comprehends his own disease, his own lack of faith and simplicity. In him, analysis is mingled with mysticism, revery with debauch; his native idealism and instinctive craving for purity consort with invincible appetites for sensation and a corruption almost systematically acquired; the intellect is strong and the will is feeble, reluctantly but mechanically he returns to wallow again and again in the vomit. And the corollary might be deduced from M. Paul Bourget's novels that if a man differs too greatly from these women, if he is honest and not handsome, uninterestingly simple and not refinedly complex, rudely strong and not graciously weak, farewell to his chances of being comprehended and loved.

Such is the sphere of M. Paul Bourget's novel of analysis founded on the laws of psychology as actually known. Aristocratic women, breathing an air of perfume, vaguely enchanting, utter continual falsehoods with unperturbed Madonna-like faces. Men and women suffer from fatalities of temperament, inherited or superinduced by conscious or unconscious imitation of literary types, from the lack of correspondence between their wills and intellects, from their thirst for mental or sentimental complexities. They analyse themselves, and discover—or their historian discovers for them—that their minds are no more simple than their bodies, that by inheritance they possess the germs of several distinct personalities within them which often are utterly antagonistic. Lovers, husbands and wives, sons and mothers, placed at opposite poles by their physical natures, must discover that each human being is isolated and incomprehensible. The instinctive antagonism of physical contrast stirs beneath the surface, the muddy depths of the primitive animality of each nature are bared to the light when passion strips off the superficial mask of conventionality. Granted that such is the teaching of modern psychology, which only accentuates old truths, it may still be asked,

why does M. Paul Bourget minister to culpable curiosities of youths and idle women by accomplishing in perfection the difficult task of dramatising these scientific *données*? A new "shiver," as Victor Hugo said of Baudelaire, is obtained by this morbid beauty and moral pathology, but to what end? A cynic might reply, "What would you? M. Paul Bourget knows his audience, and, by meeting their demands, has laid up for himself a heavy balance in the bank of contemporary fame, and in other banks of a more substantial nature." But the intense, almost sacerdotal solemnity and earnestness of M. Paul Bourget will not permit us to judge him thus summarily. In "Le Disciple" he faced the problem of the responsibility of teachers, even of scientists who cannot be expected to veil truth for fear of the moral and social consequences of their doctrines, and in the preface of the same book he appeals to the youth of France to cultivate the virtues of pure love and strong will with all their might, urges them to obey the call of Alex. Dumas *fils* to regard life seriously and solemnly, sets before them for their abhorrence two prominent contemporary types of men, the brutal and scientific epicurean who finds reason for his determination to amass wealth and enjoy life in the doctrine of the struggle for existence, and the refined epicurean who complicates his intellect and takes at their word the fascinating dealers in paradox and dilettanteism. "The tree shall be known by its fruit," he holds forth to them as the sure criterion. To apply the foolish method of negative criticism, which consists in seeking for that which is missing in an author instead of accepting what he has to give us, would be surely out of place. In the preface to the "Essais" he notices the natural inquiry of critics, "Have you any remedy to offer for the evil which you describe so complacently? We see your analysis, but not your conclusion." And he replies, "I humbly avow that I should not know how to give any positive conclusion to these essays." Balzac, who readily accepted the title of Professor of Social Science, quotes somewhere or other this saying of a Christian philosopher: "Men have no need of masters to teach them to doubt." This superb phrase would be the condemnation of this book, which is a book of anxious research, were there not in sincere doubt a principle of faith, just as there is a principle of truth in every candid error. To take seriously, almost tragically, the drama which is being played in the minds and hearts of one's generation, is it not to affirm that one believes in the infinite importance of the problems of moral life? M. Paul Bourget, it should be observed, is the voluntary victim of a theory, and this the[illegible] turning moralist. In his essay on Alex.

Dumas *fils* he lays down the distinction between the moralist and the psychologist. Both treat the same subjects, but the moralist is justified in judging the evils which he analyses, while the psychologist may only dissect, analyse, and describe, but not judge. It is possible, indeed, to question the "necessity" which M. Paul Bourget alleges for writing these "works of doubt and analysis," and yet, surely, the artist can leave the reader to deduce the appropriate moral. Nay, without abandoning his method, the psychologist can, as, for example, in the dialogue between Claude Larcher and the Abbé Taconet in "Mensonges," at once deplore the evil he analyses, and suggest the remedy. Surely it is not necessary to insist on the contrast between "the pagan beauty that owes its brilliant charm to the glitter of wealth, and the beauty of the soul without which woman is more bitter than death [to the heart that is still Christian," or to underline such phrases as the following, which evidently are countersigned by the author: "There is no need of either reason or faith to know that human misery exists, and that we ought to strain every nerve not to be the cause of misery;" or, "he found that a new feeling was born within him, which would even give him reason to live and act, namely, the religion of human suffering;" or, finally, "this unhappy man perceived the grand, the unique problem of human life which religion alone solves, that of knowing whether there is, beyond our limited days, our brief sensations, our passing acts, something which passes not away, which can satisfy our hunger and thirst for the infinite."

GARNET SMITH.

JAGANNATH.

"YOU Europeans know nothing of Jagannath," said my friend Pandit Anantacharya, as we lay in our long chairs on the flat roof, in the glorious tropical moonlight. "Your travellers and missionaries have allowed themselves to be deceived by the statements of the priests and devotees of that horrible worship—statements which were doubtless intentionally misleading. Why, I have actually seen in one of your books the remark that the cult in question is merely a variety of that of Vishnu! Perhaps long ago it was, but for centuries it has been simply the worship of an earth-spirit of the most bloodthirsty description. I will tell you the true story of the matter. There will be no harm in my doing so, for if you repeat it no one will believe you—unless, indeed, it be a man who already knows all about it, and *he* will at once deny its truth, lest the ghastly horror of it should come to the knowledge of the Government, from which it has always been (and always will be) hidden with such elaborate care. Wildly incredible as it may seem to the Occidental unbeliever, it is nevertheless terribly true, as I have good cause to know.

"To make my story intelligible I must begin at the beginning. Long ago—long before what you acknowledge as history begins—a mighty convulsion in a far-distant continent drove away from their home some of the priests of the old Nature-religion, and after weary wanderings they at last settled down at the spot now called Jagannath. Their power over the elements, which for many years they used only for good, gained them respect and fear among the inhabitants; but as the ages passed on their successors degenerated into utter selfishness, and their college became a mere school of evil magic. At last a leader, more unscrupulous or more daring than his predecessors, succeeded in invoking and partially subjugating a malignant earth-spirit of terrible power, by whose assistance he committed atrocities so abominable that even his abandoned followers rose against him and assassinated him. But though they could slay him they could not dismiss the demon he had raised, and it carried destruction far

and wide throughout the district, so that the affrighted priests knew not what to do. Eventually they bethought them of applying for aid to a celebrated magician of the North, whose power was used always for purer and nobler purposes than theirs had been. After much persuasion he consented, not for their sake but for that of the helpless populace around, to do what was now possible to restrain the evil influence so recklessly invoked. But bad was the best that could be done; for, strange as it may appear to your ideas, the laws of magic require that strict justice shall be shown even to such an entity as this. All that was found possible was to limit the evil—so to arrange matters that the priests might make a kind of agreement with the fiend that, instead of indulging in promiscuous destruction, it should be satisfied with taking such lives as were voluntarily yielded to it; and all through the centuries since the strange wild covenant then made has been duly fulfilled.

"The terms of this treaty will be unfolded as I relate to you what it is that really happens at each of the great septennial festivals which have ever since been regularly held in honour of the so-called god. First comes what is known as 'The Day of the Wood.' On a certain morning a vast but silent crowd assembles before daybreak on the sea-shore. On the beach the priests of the temple are grouped round their chief; and a little in advance of them, nearest to the water, stand two doomed men—the priest and the carpenter—doomed by the terms of that terrible compact. For, when first that unholy agreement was made, seven families of the hereditary priesthood and seven families of carpenters (you know that trades also are hereditary with us) vowed in return for a promise of temporal prosperity—which has always been honourably kept—to devote, each in turn, a representative to the service of the deity at the septennial festivals. So the two who have been chosen for the dread honour on this occasion stand apart, regarded with awe as already half-belonging to the realms of the supernatural.

"As the sun rises from the ocean all eyes are eagerly strained towards the eastern horizon, and a proud man is he who first catches sight of a tiny black speck far out at sea drawing steadily nearer and nearer to the awe-stricken crowd on shore. When the object approaches it is seen to consist of three logs of wood, floating side by side, though not fastened together—moving with undeviating course, though without any apparent motive power. A trick of the priests', you think? You would not say so if you had seen it, my friend! Possibly your boasted Western science might succeed in imitating the phenomenon by the aid of elaborate and costly

machinery; but how could it be done by these priests who know nothing of such means, and are besides in the midst of a multitude who watch their every movement? Be that as it may, the logs at last reach the shore, and are reverently lifted by the priests and borne away to a hut in the temple enclosure, where the chosen carpenter is to do his work. Eagerly he sets about his task, which is to carve from these mysterious logs three images in exact imitation of those already standing in the innermost shrine of the temple; and day after day he labours on with an ardent devotion to his object, which leaves him hardly time for food or sleep. First the two attendant figures or supporters are finished; then he commences upon the central image—the representation of the deity himself. And the neighbours tell with bated breath how at this period of his arduous labour he is always encouraged by the apparition of the 'god' himself—an apparition visible to him only, but thenceforward never absent from his consciousness, whether waking or sleeping, and ever drawing steadily nearer and nearer to him as his work approaches completion. At last the image is finished, and the workman who has spent so much loving care and devoted energy upon it lies down beside it, and resigns himself altogether to the dread apparition. Nearer and nearer it comes, and more and more rapid becomes the action of that intense magnetic attraction that is draining the man's life away. The effect of imagination, you say? Perhaps; but the result is the same; in no case has the carpenter survived the accomplishment of his task by as much as twelve hours.

"Almost immediately after this comes 'the Day of the Procession,' the culminating point of the festival; and it is on this occasion that the doomed priest performs his share of the terrible contract. Early on the day appointed, in the presence of an immense gathering, the new images are reverently borne by the priests into the innermost sanctuary, and there laid on the ground before the platform, on which their three predecessors have stood for the last seven years. All but the chosen priest then retire from the sanctuary, and the great doors which shut it off from the body of the temple are closed, leaving the especial minister of the 'god' alone to perform the mystic rites which no human eye but his may see. Exactly what takes place within those closed doors no one has ever known—no one will ever know; for none of those who alone could tell ever live long enough to lift the veil from the awful mystery. The priests lie prostrate in adoration outside the doors as a guard of honour to prevent any poo[illegible]hance; but their office is a sinecure, for no native [illegible]er that sanctuary during the Hour of

Silence, even by all the fabled jewels of Golconda. The vast crowd in the body of the temple remains wrapped in the most profound stillness until the hour is over, when the high priest rises from the ground and with reverent awe opens the great doors once more. Not the faintest sound has reached the listening ears without, yet the heavy images have changed places; the new ones are in position on the platform, while the older ones are cast aside on the ground, and beside them lies the priest, speechless—dying. It is recorded that he expires always within a few minutes of the opening of the doors, and never yet has any victim been able to indicate by word or sign the nature of the ordeal through which he has passed. This much is known—that the carpenter is instructed when making the idols to drill a long cylindrical hole of a certain given diameter in each figure, roughly corresponding in location to the spinal column in a human being, and tradition whispers that one of the duties of the doomed priest is to remove *something*—something that none may see and live—from this strange receptacle in the old images to a corresponding place in the new ones. For the rest, the will of the deity is said to impress upon the mind of its devoted servant the ceremonial which has to be carried out.

"Meanwhile, outside the temple, all has been prepared for the great procession, and the huge wooden car of the deity has been dragged to the door. This vehicle is a very curious one, and rather difficult to describe without the aid of a picture or a model. The lower part of it may be said to resemble an immense oblong chest richly carved round the sides with figures of the gods, each in its separate shrine, deeply recessed and protected by beautifully moulded pillars; and upon this as a platform, or pedestal, stands a colossal statue of a rampant lion, bearing on its back a sort of canopied pulpit. When the hour arrives the chief priest, bending low before the new image, hangs garlands of flowers round its neck in the usual Hindu fashion, and fastens round its waist a magnificently jewelled belt. And now, by the strength which it has absorbed from its victims, this demon favours its faithful votaries with a marvellous exhibition of its uncanny powers. A piece of thin silk cord about twenty feet long is passed through the idol's belt, and its ends are held by two priests, who are thus some ten feet in advance of the image, though not directly in its path. The central passage of the temple is cleared, and the two priests gently pull the cord. On receiving this signal the heavy wooden idol *advances by a series of bounds* down the path left for it, the priests retiring before it, and, apparently, in[i]ing each leap by the same gentle pull. Quite impossible, you s

if actually done, then a trick of the priests. Think so, if you will ; but *how* is it done? The pull given by the priests is a mere movement of the finger and thumb, scarcely strong enough even to tighten the cord, and it is certain that no other mechanical force is employed. But a still greater wonder is to come. When the idol, in the manner described, has reached the door where its car awaits it, the two priests climb upon the platform, still holding the ends of their line. At their next pull the image springs upon the platform beside them, and then, without waiting for any further guidance, makes another leap into its pulpit, and turns itself half round so as to face the front of the car! Incredible, is it? Yet there are thousands who can bear testimony to it. And, after all, *why* incredible? If a heavy table can jump about in the West, as some of your greatest scientists have seen that it can, why may not a heavy image do the same in the East? 'There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy,' and one fact is worth many theories.

"After this astonishing display of power, the great procession starts and the image is carried in triumph about the town, offerings of all kinds being thrown upon the car as it moves along, while the many little bells which are hung about it tinkle joyously, and the thronging multitudes shout in adoration. It was during this progress that devotees used sometimes to throw themselves under the wheels of the car, holding it an honour to yield up the life so crushed out of them as a willing sacrifice to their sanguinary deity. Your Government thinks it has put an end to all that ; but devotion is not to be wiped out by an edict, and perhaps, in one way or another, Jagannath gains about as many lives as he ever did. The covenant which binds him not to slay promiscuously in no way precludes him from accepting life voluntarily offered to him, or even from endeavouring to influence weak-minded worshippers to immolate themselves at his shrine, and no doubt he does so whenever it is possible.

"A weird and terrible story, is it not? But many strange things happen in remote corners of India which are entirely unsuspected by the ruling race—things which would be to them quite as inconceivable as is this studiously accurate account of the festival of Jagannath."

C. W. LEADBEATER.

"NEW" AND VARIABLE STARS.

TO ordinary observation the light of the stars seems to be constant. Although of various degrees of brilliancy, the brightness of each individual star appears to most people to be invariable. This is, of course, true with reference to the great majority of the stars which deck our midnight sky. There are, however, many objects the light of which is subject to considerable fluctuations. These are known as variable stars, and form one of the most interesting classes of objects visible in the stellar heavens. Over 200 are now known to be certainly variable in light, and many others have been suspected of inconstancy. In some of these stars the changes of brightness can only be detected by careful watching, but in many the light is variable to a considerable extent. In the variable star Chi Cygni, for example, the star's light at maximum is about 1,600 times the light at minimum. At its brightest it is sometimes fairly visible to the naked eye, whereas in its faintest phase a pretty good telescope is required to see it at all.

These most interesting and mysterious objects have been divided into different classes, according to the character of the light-variation and the length of the period which completes the cycle of their curious changes. The classification now generally adopted is that proposed by Professor Pickering, of the Harvard Observatory, U.S.A. This includes five classes, which are as follow:—1. Temporary or "new stars"; 2. Stars with regular periods of considerable length; 3. Irregular variables, having no definite period; 4. Variables of short period—say, under thirty days; and 5. Variables of the type of Algol, or those which, at regular intervals, undergo a sudden (or comparatively sudden) diminution of brightness lasting for a few hours only, the star remaining constant in light (or nearly so) during the remainder of its period. A short account of these different classes may prove of interest to the general reader.

1. "Temporary" or "new stars" are perhaps the rarest phenomena visible in the heavens. Comets—at least, those visible to the naked eye—are rare celestial visitors. *Telescopic* comets are, however, tolerably numerous, and scarcely a year passes without the discovery of several

of these faint objects. Very few "new stars" have, however, been recorded in the annals of astronomical history. I refer, of course, to those which can properly be termed "new"—that is, stars the existence of which was previously unknown to astronomers, and which, blazing out suddenly, remained visible for a short time, and then faded away without again obtaining a maximum of light. Considered from this point of view these *novæ*, as they are termed, cannot correctly, perhaps, be classed among the variable stars at all. They appear once only, and then die out, never to return; at least, no return of a true *nova* has yet been recorded.

A remarkable peculiarity about these temporary stars is their usually sudden appearance. In all the well-authenticated cases the stars have blazed out with startling rapidity. Such were the brilliant stars of 1572 and 1604; and in later years, those of 1866 in Corona Borealis, and of 1876 in Cygnus. Tycho Brahe's star of 1572 made its appearance near the star Kappa Cassiopeiæ, the faintest of the four stars forming the well-known square in Cassiopeia's Chair. It appears to have been first noticed by Cornelius Gemma, on November 9th of that year, and it seems to have blazed out very suddenly, as he states that it was not visible on the preceding evening in a clear sky. The attention of Tycho Brahe, whose name is generally associated with the star, seems to have been first attracted to it on November 11th. When first seen, it surpassed Jupiter and rivalled Venus in brightness, and was visible at noonday! At this brilliancy, however, it did not long remain, but gradually diminished in lustre, and in March, 1574, had completely disappeared, at least to the naked eye. Its curious changes are thus described: "As it decreased in size, so it varied in colour; at first its light was white and extremely bright; it then became yellowish, afterwards of a ruddy colour, and finished with a pale livid colour." Tycho Brahe has left an elaborate record of his observations of this wonderful object in a work of no less than 478 pages of printed matter.

"Kepler's *nova*" of 1604 appeared in the constellation Ophiuchus in October of that year. The planets Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn were near each other in this region of the heavens, near Eta Ophiuchi, and one evening Brunowski, a pupil of Kepler's, remarked that a new and very brilliant star had joined the planetary group. When first seen the new star was white, and exceeded in brilliancy Mars and Jupiter, and was even thought to rival Venus in splendour. It gradually diminished, and in six months was not equal in bright[illegible]turn. In March, 1606, it had disappeared. It was also [illegible]lileo. Kepler wrote a work on the

subject, which is still preserved. Only faint stars are now visible with the telescope near the positions assigned to these bright stars of 1572 and 1604.

In 1670 a star of the 3rd magnitude was observed by Anthelm near Beta Cygni. It remained visible for about two years, and increased and diminished several times before its final disappearance.

A small temporary star was observed by Dr. Hind in Ophiuchus on April 28, 1848. When first noticed it was about the 5th magnitude. It afterwards rose to nearly the 4th magnitude, but gradually faded away. Hind was certain that up to April 3rd or 5th no object of even the 9th magnitude was visible in the position of the new star. This curious object is still visible, but has become very faint in recent years. In 1866 it was of the 12th magnitude, and in 1875 not above the 13th magnitude.

On May 28th, 1860, a new star was discovered by the late Mr. Pogson in the globular cluster known as 80 Messier in Scorpio. When first seen it was about the 7th magnitude, and nearly blotted out the nebula by its superior light. On June 10th the star had nearly vanished, and the cluster again shone out with its usual brilliancy, and with a condensed centre. Pogson observed the cluster on May 9th, and noticed nothing remarkable; and, according to Schönfeld, it presented its usual appearance on May 15th in the heliometer of the Königsberg Observatory.

The star of 1866, known as the "Blaze Star," suddenly appeared in Corona Borealis in May of that year. Although it was subsequently found that the object had been previously observed and registered as a small star by the famous German astronomer, Argelander, it presented at the time of its discovery all the characteristics of a true *nova*. It seems to have blazed out very suddenly, for at about 9.30 P.M. on the evening of the 12th of May in that year Professor Schmidt, observing the constellation Corona Borealis at Athens, saw nothing peculiar. Indeed, he afterwards expressed his conviction that at that hour a star of even the 5th magnitude could not possibly have existed near the position without immediately attracting his attention. Within three hours afterwards—about midnight—it was discovered by the late Mr. Birmingham, at Tuam, Ireland, shining as a star of the 2nd magnitude, and rivalling in brilliancy Alphecca, "the gem of the coronet." Its light, however, rapidly faded. On May 14 it was of the 3rd magnitude; on May 19, only of the 6th. On May 24 it had become invisible to the naked eye, and by June 9 had faded to the 9th magnitude. When near its greatest brightness its light was examined by Dr. Huggins with th-

spectroscope, which showed the bright lines of hydrogen gas in addition to the ordinary stellar spectrum. During the ten years following this extraordinary outburst of light, Schmidt observed fluctuations in its brightness, which appeared to take place with a certain regularity. It would therefore seem that this object should be considered as an irregular variable rather than a "temporary star." Its rejection from the list of "new stars" would remove the only exception to the rule that all these wonderful objects have appeared in or near the Milky Way. Even the new star which was observed in August, 1885, in the great nebula in Andromeda forms no exception, for in Dr. Boeddicker's beautiful drawing of the galaxy, which has just been published, a faint extension of nebulous light is shown stretching from Cassiopeia's Chair to the nebula referred to.

A better example of a true temporary star is that which appeared in November, 1876, near Rho Cygni. It was first seen by Schmidt at Athens, soon after sunset, on the evening of November 24, when it was about the 3rd magnitude, and slightly brighter than Eta Pegasi. The appearance of this object was also probably sudden, for between November 1 and 20 Schmidt observed the vicinity, and was certain that no star of even the 5th magnitude could have escaped detection. Between November 20 and 24 the sky was, unfortunately, cloudy, so that the exact time of its appearance is unknown. This star was quite new, as it does not appear in any star-chart or catalogue. Like most of these curious objects, its light faded very rapidly. In the forty-eight hours following the night of November 27 it diminished to the extent of $1\frac{1}{2}$ magnitude, and on November 30 it was reduced to the 5th magnitude. It afterwards decreased with tolerable regularity, and in September, 1877, it was below the 10th magnitude. In subsequent years it became very faint. Ward found the star only 16th magnitude in October, 1881, and it was estimated of the 15th magnitude, at Mr. Wigglesworth's Observatory, in September, 1885. It was examined with the spectroscope a few days after its discovery, and its spectrum showed bright lines similar to the star in Corona Borealis. Subsequent observations seem to show that this extraordinary object changed into a small planetary nebula!

The star which appeared in August, 1885, in the great nebula in Andromeda (31 Messier) has been already referred to. It seems to have been independently noticed by several observers towards the end of August. It was, however, certainly seen by Mr. T. W. Ward, of Belfast, on August 19, at 11 P.M., when he estimated it at $9\frac{1}{2}$ magnitude. On September 3 the star was observed at $7\frac{1}{2}$

magnitude, at Dunecht, by Lord Crawford and Dr. Copeland, and its spectrum was found to be "fairly continuous." The star gradually faded away, and on February 7, 1886, was estimated only 16th magnitude with the 26-inch refractor of the Naval Observatory at Washington. Dr. Auwers has pointed out the similarity between this outburst and the star of 1860 in the cluster 80 Messier, and thinks it very probable that both phenomena were due to physical changes in the nebulæ in which they occurred.

The most recent example of a new star is one discovered by Mr. T. D. Anderson, of Edinburgh, in the last week of January in the present year, and still visible with an opera-glass. It lies about two degrees south of the star Chi Aurigæ, in the Milky Way, and when first noticed was about magnitude $4\frac{1}{2}$. The star seems to have been visible for some time previously, as it has been found that its spectrum was photographed at Harvard Observatory, U.S.A., on December 1st, 10th, and 20th, before it was recognised as a new star. The actual time of its appearance therefore remains unknown, but that it is a new star there can be no doubt, as it does not appear in any star-chart or catalogue. The star is a very interesting object, and, according to observations by the present writer, is subject to sudden changes of brightness. It seems to be fading slowly, and on March 1st was still somewhat brighter than the 6th magnitude.[1] Its spectrum is a very remarkable one, showing, it is thought, both bright and dark lines. The line C and other lines in the red are visible, the D line of sodium and the series of hydrogen lines being also present. Most of the lines are said to be double, each consisting of a bright and dark component. These double lines suggest the presence of two bodies, or systems of bodies, one approaching the eye and the other receding from it, with a relative velocity of between 500 and 600 miles per second. There is a suspicion that the bright lines characteristic of nebular spectra are also visible. These remarkable results suggest that the light of this star, and probably that of all "temporary" stars, is due either to the rush of a solid body through a gaseous nebula, or the clashing together of two meteoric swarms moving in opposite directions. The phenomenon might also be explained by two bodies forming a binary star passing through their perihelion, the great increase of light being due to a "violent grazing collision" at the point of nearest approach. Whether this new star is a veritable *nova*, or

[1] Further observations on March 10 and 11 showed that the star had then faded to below the 7th magnitude; and on March 16 I could no longer see it through an opera-glass.

"temporary star," or merely represents the maximum of a hitherto-unrecognised variable star of long period, like the so-called "Nova Orionis," discovered by the present writer in December, 1885, must be left to time to decide. In either case, it is a most interesting object, and its future career will be followed by astronomers with great interest.

Coming now to Class 2, we find regular variable stars with periods ranging from about 100 to 700 days, and with fluctuations in their light from about 1 magnitude to over 8 magnitudes. Among the most remarkable of these are Mira Ceti, or the "wonderful star"; Chi Cygni, already referred to; R. Hydræ, R. Leonis, &c. Mira Ceti varies from about the 2nd magnitude to a little below the 9th, with a mean period of about 331 days from maximum to maximum. Owing to its unusual brilliancy at maximum, and the great range of its light-fluctuations, this is perhaps the most interesting and remarkable of all the variable stars. The period of Chi Cygni is about 406 days, and its variation from about the 4th to nearly the 13th magnitude. R. Hydræ varies from the 4th to the 11th magnitude, with a period of about 437 days; and R. Leonis from about the 5th to the 10th magnitude, with a period of about 313 days. Most of the long-period variables are reddish in colour, and show a banded spectrum, which seems to be a characteristic feature of this type of variable. Various theories have been proposed to account for the variation of light in long-period variables, but none of them are very satisfactory. The periodical outbreak of sun-spots on a large scale has been suggested, and also the clashing together of meteoric swarms revolving in an elongated orbit; but it must be confessed that the subject is still, to a great extent, a matter of mystery.

Class 3 includes the irregular variables—that is, stars which are undoubtedly variable, but have no regular periods. Sometimes these stars remain for long periods without any perceptible change, while at other times their fluctuations of light are very noticeable. Of these, perhaps the most remarkable are Mu Cephei (Sir William Herschel's "Garnet star"), Alpha Herculis, Alpha Orionis (Betelgeuse), and Beta Pegasi. The variation is usually small, not exceeding 1 magnitude. Like the regular variables, these have also banded spectra.

In Class 4 are some very interesting objects—variable stars of short period. The greater number of these have periods of under eight days. The variation of light is generally small, but regular. In but few cases does it much exceed 1 magnitude, and in several it less. In some, as in Beta Lyræ, Zeta Geminorum, and Eta

Aquilæ, all the light-changes may be observed with the naked eye, while in others an opera-glass is necessary to follow the fluctuations.

In Class 5 are placed stars of the Algol type. These are the rarest of the regular variables, only ten having been hitherto detected. In these stars the light remains constant, or nearly so, for the greater portion of the period. A sudden diminution of brightness then commences, and all the light-changes are completed in the course of a few hours, after which the star returns to its normal brightness. The brightest of these remarkable stars are Algol (Beta Persei), Lambda Tauri, and Delta Libræ. The others are much fainter, only two being visible to the naked eye when at their normal brightness. A star of this class recently discovered in the Southern Constellation (Antlia) has the surprisingly short period of only $7\frac{3}{4}$ hours—the most rapid variation hitherto detected in any variable star. All the Algol variables are white, or only slightly coloured.

It was long since suggested that the periodical diminution of light in the Algol variables might possibly be due to the interposition of a dark, eclipsing satellite. Some few years since Professor Pickering undertook a mathematical investigation of the case of Algol, and showed that an eclipsing satellite revolving in a nearly circular orbit in a period indicated by the light-variations of the star would satisfactorily explain the observed phenomenon within the limits of errors of observation, and he suggested that the orbit might be determined by spectroscopic observation of the star's light before and after the minimum. Observations of this kind made by Professor Vogel at Potsdam, in 1888 and 1889, leave little doubt that the decrease of light is really due to an eclipsing satellite. He found that before the minimum the bright star is receding from the earth (and therefore the dark companion approaching), and after minimum it is approaching, thus proving the eclipse theory to be correct.

Herr J. Plassmann, of Warendorf, Germany, has lately announced his discovery of a secondary minimum in the light of Algol and Lambda Tauri. This, if confirmed, would seem to show that the eclipsing satellite is not absolutely dark, but possesses some inherent light of its own, this light being cut off when the satellite passes in its turn *behind* the disc of its primary.

J. ELLARD GORE.

A POET IN CARGLEN.

HE aspired to be a poet, and he was diligent in making verses, but there were many in Carglen who shook their heads and doubted his success. He himself would have given his right hand to achieve real excellence, though unaccompanied by fame, but in his heart of hearts he was the sternest critic of his own effusions, and he knew that the muse was too coy to respond to his addresses. Yet he was one of those likely to miss their vocation, and it was a pity that a few staunch Cargleners still swore by him. Francie Kemp the "politeeshun" was not one of the flatterers, indeed the old man stood forth as a stern critic and antagonist. Francie had one—and one only—touchstone of merit, and that was the poetry of "Rob Burns." "Did Rob write like that?" "Is there aught in Rob like it?" "Man, Rob wud hae dung that into smithereens." "An unce o' Rob 's worth a barrowfu' o' trash like that!" Such were some of his phrases. Francie had "nae muckle useless edikashun," as he called it, but no one, though nurtured in "Leytin an' Greek an' that like learnin'" had, in ordinary circumstances, any chance against the "politeeshun." Of course, if the outside world saw something worthy of approval or commendation—above all, if the editor of the *Blankshire*, or some other great literary god of local celebrity, actually put forth in "prainted letters" the young man's verse, Francie had then a different way of looking at things. He was willing to acknowledge some ability in any one whose productions—even though but "bastard brats o' verse"—found their way into the *Blankshire*, while Francie's own attempts only helped to fill the waste-paper basket.

Still, if a man sought celebrity in Carglen, it was quite necessary to have Francie on the right side: hence our poet presented himself in the first instance to the assembled throng at Tap-the-Neuk, amongst whom the smith, Amos Gibb, reigned as king, and Francie filled the offices of prophet and high-priest.

'T was a blustering windy night in the cold month of March when

the youthful versifier sat on the furnace bench with a manuscript in his hand. The big raindrops pattered on the three little windows in the back wall of the smiddy; and as many of the small square panes were cracked, and others sadly broken, a constant wet stream poured in, and found its way down the backs of Pete McQueben, Sandie o' the Tanzie, Jock Watt o' the Knowhead, and other good men and true, who sat on the side benches, with bent shoulders, pulling with might and main at their seasoned clay pipes. There was a big company assembled, for the loud wind and lashing rain had driven "cauldrife" mortals to this cosy shelter. The smith had ceased hammering for a while, and the big bellows was silent, so that all could hear. Then, with the bashfulness becoming a beginner, the would-be poet read :—

WON! WON!

I.

He met at noon his true love dear,
Her eyes were brightly beaming ;
The thrush was singing in the tree,
The sunshine gaily gleaming.
Adown the dell in winding course
The streamlet quick was flowing,
The eglantine and wild rose sweet
Around, abundant, growing.

II.

He pressed her fondly in his arms,
He kissed her cheek all blushing,
Then led her to a daisied bank,
Beside the streamlet rushing.
He told her once again his love,
In accents soft and tender,
And gently asked her to be his,
Her heart to him surrender.

III.

She knew his love was deep and true,
She knew he spake sincerely,
And sweetly blushing gave consent,
Because she loved him dearly.
Oh ! beauteous were the trees and flowers
In sunlight gaily gleaming,
But prettier far to him that day
His true love's eyes bright beaming.

The reader folded the manuscript, raised his eyes, and glanced around. He saw Jock Watt o' the Knowhead earnestly contemplating a row of old horse-shoes up in the roof; Sandie o' the Tanzie steadily beholding the toes of his big "tackety" Andrew frae Claypots sitting in a corner on the remnants o'

old plough, with head thrown back and arm extended in the air, his black "cutty" neatly poised between finger and thumb; he saw, in short, a silent, picturesque, and apparently mesmerised company. It took such serious souls a certain time, you will understand, to collect their thoughts and assume the proper critical look. Gradually, however, they began to show signs of intellectual animation, and the first this night to break silence was little Pat frae the Mill. Pat walked boldly up to the poet, and begged to have a copy of the verses which had been read. This was sincere flattery, and the young man on the bench brightened up; but a coldness again crept to his heart as he remembered that Pat was madly in love with Lizzie Dochart, and therefore, no doubt, an impressionable subject. But he promised the copy asked for, and then his eye met that of Francie Kemp.

"Is 't a sang or nae a sang?" said the "politeeshun."

The poet was a little taken aback, but he answered, "Well, Francie, I would myself call it a little poem, but you can class it as a song, if you so choose. It would sing, I believe, to 'Corn Rigs are Bonny.'"

"Ye hae dune weel wi 't, callant," rejoined Maister Kemp.

Hereat the young poet blushed, fairly overcome with this first compliment from the politician. But his honours were short-lived—no longer lived, indeed, than the time occupied by Francie in seizing a bar of iron from the fire, applying its red-hot point to the bowl of his clay pipe, and then pulling three mouthfuls of smoke.

"I was sayin', laddie, ye had dune weel, *considerin'*—weel, that is, wi' a bit thing that's neyther a guid pōhm nor a guid sang, neyther fish nor flesh."

"There was a kind o' lilt in't, Francie, I thocht," interjected Jock Watt o' the Knowhead, who had at one time been the local Don Juan, and at that moment perhaps had fleeting memories of love in his graceless days when he was "a fell chiel' amang the queans."

"Man, lilt 's naething at a'," cried Francie, with awaking wrath. "Ye can pit lilt if ye like into a lang drawlin' sermon; ye can pit lilt into ony silly thing that rhymes; but does that gie it seinse an' life an' easy clinkin' wards? I'm thinkin' na."

"True eneuch, Francie; seinse an' words an' that like, is mair nor lilt," owned Jock.

"An' I dinna 'gree about the lilt in thae lines," continued the waxing cock-sure. "Wad Rob Burns hae pit pen tae 'uff as yon thing ca't 'Wun?' I trow not."

"Stuff!"

The poor poet winced.

"Jest hear the like o' this frae Rob, an' pit it cheek by jowl wi' that ither fooshinless thingie," said Francie; and he recited:

O! gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel' a drap o' dew
Into her bonnie breast to fa'.

O, there beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
Sealed on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light.

"I kenna wha' 'Piffebuss' may ha'e been; but losh, chields, Rob's got the wards an' the seinse an' the sang a' there. Noo, jest tell me, is your pōhm like Rob's?" said the politician, turning with contempt upon the young man sitting on the bench.

"But, Francie, Burns did not write the beautiful lines which you quote," pleaded this "shorn lamb" of poetry.

"Hear till 'im," cried Francie in a loud voice. "Jest hear till 'im. He justifees his ain lack o' the gift by deneein' it tae anither. Freens, we'll sune fin' oot whither Rob did write thae lines or no'"; and here Maister Kemp pulled from his coat-pocket—or, to be more correct, the pocket of his big moleskin-sleeved waistcoat—a rude and tattered volume entitled "Robert Burns: his Life and Works."

"Turn tae paige 3-2-2," said Francie. "Sang, 'O were my love yon lilac fair'; tune, 'Hughie Graham.'" (It was as solemn as if he had been a minister in the pulpit giving out the Psalm.) Then he read the stanzas just as he had recited them, after which he walked up to the poet on the furnace bench, thrust the open page under his nose, and said "Is that Burns' or no'"?

"The lines appear there, Francie, as if Burns were the author of them, certainly; but, notwithstanding, the portion of this song which you quote is of an older date. Burns only wrote the introductory verses," rejoined he, still with much meekness. Here Francie began to think that perhaps the youngster held, in one respect at least, a trump card up his sleeve, but the "man of peace" was quite equal to the occasion.

"Be that sae or be it no, am I tae blame? Hae I the wyte o 't" cried he.

"Not for misrepresentation, Francie; I admit that," answered the poet.

"Oh, ye admit it, dee ye? There's nae need, man.

ony mistak', the prainter made it an' no me. It's clear, freens, is 't na"? added he, turning to the assembly.

Hereat thirty or forty bucolic ears on shaggy heads literally shot up some inches into the air in token of approval, though few of the heads quite comprehended the merits of this controversy. But Francie's word was "guid as the law o' the land." The poet longed to declare that it was Francie's ignorance which was at fault, but such a saying would have raised that worst of all wars, the war of the many against one, involving, perhaps, the poor youth's ejectment from the smiddy. So he said, somewhat hypocritically, "Be it so, Francie, it's the editor's fault."

"Ye're richt," cried Francie. "An' noo tae the p'int," he added.

"Ay, tae the pint," roared Pete McQueben, who knew little about anything save and except peats and whisky.

"Did Rob father thae verses or did he no'"? continued the politician. "Did he give them the stamp o' his ain approhval"?

"He wrote companion verses to them, Francie," said the poet.

"Jest what I was sayin', callant," rejoined Francie. "Aweel, conterdick this if ye can. Answer tae 't like a man" (he was only a hobbledehoy !). "Was the auld-warl' pōht made waur or made better by Rob's takin' o' 'im up?

"Ah, was he made waur or better, that 's the p'int," said Pete McQueben.

The young man refused to answer, feeling inclined to sulk.

"He's a dumb dog," cried Francie. "He sits up there dry as a cinder. Rob kent weel what had seinse, an' life and lilt in 't, but he wud hae loupit ower ony linn afore he'd hae fathered sic lines as yon that ye read. The tither anes are his ain adopted bairns—nane o' your bastards; an', man, they're a' the better for 't."

"Ay! they're real better for 't," chimed in Pete McQueben, while a score of heads nodded approval.

The poet had a sad sense of unjust treatment, and he madly thought of plunging head foremost into the dirty water-cask where smith Amos "tempered" the hot iron bars.

But in his hour of triumph Francie was magnanimous, and he declared soothingly, "I'll nae say that my joodgment can be what 's ca'd deeceesive, S——, my lad; sae, send the thing tae the *Blankshire*, an' then we'll a' see what's what."

"Dam it! ay, send it tae the *Blankshire*," shouted Jock Watt, forgetting, in the force of a sudden emotion, that he was no longer a

inful Don Juan, but a pillar of Free Kirk orthodoxy.

soon afterwards broke up; but that very night, at a

late hour, the poet handed to John Eunie, in the little post-office at Rottenslough, a carefully prepared letter, with an enclosure for the editor of the *Blankshire Journal.* He passed the next week in irksome suspense, only to be informed at its close that "the editor regretted, &c., &c." How well the courteous but sad phrase was known to editors even in the distant north! The poet was not yet baffled, however; far from it. He tried to think that the words 'want of space in the Poets' Corner" had reality in them, so he despatched the little MS to the editor of the opposition journal, the *Eilfin Chronicle.* Alas! he, too, poor man, was sadly squeezed for room, but was greatly obliged, &c., &c. Then our poet's spirits drooped, and his face was pale enough as he went down the brae in the roaring March evening to the smiddy at Tap-the-Neuk. He mounted the furnace bench, but there was no gleam of triumph on his countenance.

"Is 't in, S——?" said Francie, with that nasty malicious twinkle in his eye, which revealed so plainly the old man's thoughts.

"No, and it's not likely to be," replied the poet, with a deep sigh.

"Aweel, I kent it wudna' dae," added Francie.

"Ay, we a' thocht that," cried a chorus of voices.

The baffled poet had expected a little sympathy; but getting none, he sulked once more, and, like other prophets who had obtained no honour in their own country, he shook the dust off his feet and went forth from the people. That is to say, he jumped from the bench on which he had been sitting, and without saying good-night, retraced his steps up the brae; undressed, and tumbled into bed with a heavy heart.

But next day he awoke in better spirits, and with renewed determination to write poetry. All in the wild March morning he heard the angels call—or thought he did—call to him to "try again." Then he arose, lit his lamp and read long and hard in Burns—that dreadful "Rob." He read the well-known lines:—

> The muse nae poet ever fand her
> Till by himsel' he learned to wander
> Adown some trotting burn's meander,
> And no think lang.

And from that time henceforth he began to wander by the Laird's burn, and the burn of Keuchnakerran, and every moss-side rill that poured into the swift-rushing river Splight, trying as hard as soul could do to think and dream as a poet should dream. Many thoughts came to him in his solitude. At times he felt in his heart of hearts that he had not the gift of song, and that the precious

moments spent in versifying were wasted; but, at others, he had visionary hopes, and an almost assured conviction that neither the narrow-minded Carglen folks nor the semi-civilized editors of the *Blankshire* and the *Eilfin Chronicle* had sufficient culture to grasp his meaning or feel the music of his verses. So he determined to ignore them for a time, and seek higher game, as one may say.

Nature had dealt somewhat niggardly with our Carglen country. She had scattered glorious mountains, magnificent forests, shady dells, "bonnie haughs," and musical rivers all around us, but in our home land things were too bleak and barren—for a poet most of all. What wonder, therefore, that a pensive sadness filled the heart of the young Carglener in his musings, that "melancholy marked him for her own." He had no real personal sorrow, and thus imaginary ones were plentiful. He still wrote much, and the more he wrote the happier he was; happy, that is, for such a "melancholy" young man.

A reward came to him one day, glorious beyond all his hopes. The editor of the *Scotchman's Friend*, that wonderful literary organ circulating by the hundred thousand every week, had actually printed for the benefit of its host of readers this little poem—fruit of his solitary labours. He looked upon the clean paper and the well-printed words thereon, then he looked around upon barren Nature in Carglen, and all seemed glorified. What would Francie Kemp say now, as he read?

UNFORGOTTEN.

The morning hours were merry,
  The genial moon is calm,
The fragrance of the wild rose,
  Is like a healing balm;
The birds within the woodland
  Carol a happy song,
But in my heart abides still
  A sorrow deep and strong—
                My poor lost love!
The glittering streamlet murmurs
  Over its pebbly bed,
The fleecy cloud is sailing
  So lightly overhead;
The southern breeze is playing
  Among the hazel boughs;
But, ah! remembrance dies not
  Of hopeful happy vows—
                My poor lost love!
The calm lone hills ascending
  Towards the clear blue sky,
O'erlook the smiling valley
  Where here at rest I lie;

Those lone hills are the emblem
  Of that far silent land,
Where she I loved is resting,
  One of a countless band.
    My poor lost love!
A vision of a yew-tree—
  A narrow, turf-clad grave—
The winter of a country,
  Where winds tempestuous rave;
A little torrent falling,
  With moaning, mournful sound,
Fills my imagination
  Far more than all around.
    My poor lost love
Ah! gentle joyous Nature,
  Thy wearied mourning child
Delights in thy rejoicing,
  But may not be beguiled
From thinking of that dear one,
  With dull heart aching sore;
My own, my vanished loved one,
  My soul's light evermore—
    My poor lost love!

That evening the poet must needs walk to Tap-the-Neuk and claim again his seat on the furnace bench. He was received somewhat coldly by all save the smith, who liked to see him in front of the bellows, and was one of those who had declared, "Haith, there's something, ay, a guid bit, may be, in the laddie."

"Ye've been at the writin' again," said Francie Kemp, none too graciously.

"I have done a little, Francie," replied the poet.

"Ye've dune better than afore, I howp," said the "politeeshun."

"I've tried hard, Francie," declared the poet.

"Ye had need," the critic added.

"It's easy tae say, Francie, but it's waur tae dae," cried the smith, and for five minutes Amos stilled every voice with the noise arising from terrific thumps on the "studdy."

"It's true what ye say, Elder," interjected Francie, as soon as he could make himself heard.

"Weel then, taich 'im," roared the smith; and now the bellows began to blow-ow-ow with abnormal vigour. The poet sat smiling with a happy heart, for this time, if never before, he did hold a hidden trump card.

"Aweel, as ye are speakin' o' taichin', an' that like, smith, I'll jest ask ye this queistin'," said Francie. "What's the beginnin' o' wisdon

"The fear o' the Lord," replied Amos Gibb, answering as an Elder should.

"In ae sense, ay; in anither, no," rejoined Francie. "Ye'll nae gang against the minister, Elder, wull ye? Na, na, ye ken better nor that. Aweel, the minister said last Sawbath—ye'll mind on 't, Amos—the first step in the path o' richteousness, as in a' ither paths, is tae own tae yer errors an' then forsake them. Ye'll admit it, freen'?"

The smith kept silent, so he was taken as assenting.

Then, turning to the company, Francie declared "Ou ay, I'll taich 'im—wha's better fit?—but my taichin' 'll be through confession o' faults an' that alane." Then to the poet—"Ha'e ye been studyin' Rob?"

"A little," replied the youth.

"That's guid," said the politician. "Ye'll sune see what ye're like yersel' if ye keek intae Rob's mirror. Turn the sin-licht on an' ye'll nae be lang in seein' the motes. Ha'e ye onything tae read tae 's?" he added.

Now was the poet's golden opportunity, and he recited from a manuscript in a voice much firmer than usual, the lines "Unforgotten."

Francie listened attentively, with both ears wide open; so did the smith and all who were present. The politician said nothing for a good five minutes, and then he simply asked permission to look at the MS. This was handed to Francie, who put on his big spectacles and carefully re-read it. Then he handed the manuscript back to the poet with the emphatic remark, "It 'll nae dae, it 'll nae dae at a'."

"What for no?" cried the smith, who was determined this night to champion the poet.

"What for no?" roared Francie, "jest for this. Tho' there's a kind o' a lilt in 't, as I said afore, there's neyther the seinse nor the words nor the feelin' that Rob wad hae put intae 't, is there noo, smith? Speak your mind like a man."

"I kenna muckle about Rob," said honest Amos, "but I daursay a man might write somethin' guid and yet no be aiqual tae Rob. Tae hear you, ane wud think that King Dauvid shud niver hae written his Psalms 'cause he didna dae the job as weel as Rob; and ye'll e'en be free tae say that, Francie, I daursay."

"I'll nae criticeese Dauvid, smith, because he wrote wi' the Speerit, but it's nae onlike that Rob wud hae better't him," answered Francie.

Francie, we'll no say that," cried Jock Watt o' the
the honour of the poet King of Israel.

"We'll nae say that," cried the throng, afraid that heresy was i the air.

"I may be wrang, freens," said Francie, who himself had perha the mental vision of a great white throne at which he would have t give account for idle words, "I may be wrang there, but let's get t the p'int."

"Ay, ay, the p'int!" cried they all.

"Aweel, the laddie writes tae get into praint," said Francie, "h he'rt's set on't, that's naiterel—Rob's was—but he'll ne'er get in praint wi' sic a pŏhm as this ane."

"He might," rejoined the smith.

"Let the callant try," shouted Francie Kemp the mole-catche who rarely dared to speak in the presence of his great namesake, t "politician."

"He can try, an' try, bit he'll ne'er succeed," declared Franc the critic; "man, it's nae worth praintin'; I'll wauger that n eiditor frae John o'Groat's tae the Mull o' Galloway wud look at i It's no like," he added severely.

The young poet on the bench had his own doubts as to its re merits, and if he had been an impartial editor would mayhap hav rejected the little poem, but he still smiled serenely because it *ha* been printed—and in the *Scotchman's Friend*, too.

"Ye'll stan' by the test o' praintin'?" said the smith to Francie.

"Fac as death," said the politician, feeling quite safe on hi chosen critical ground.

Then the poet, with a sweet smile, took from his pocket a clea printed sheet, and passed it into the hands of elder Amos Gibb The smith looked at it and he, too, smiled graciously, saying to th poet, "Haith lad, bit ye're no blate," and then he handed the shee to Jock Watt. Jock glanced at it, and the contagious smile crep over his face likewise. Jock's eye sought out Francie, but he di not speak to the critic, though he indulged in a peculiar cough tha had meaning for Francie's ears. Pat frae the Mill next received th paper, glanced at it, and a tremendous "Whew—ew" from his lip echoed through the old smiddy. On and on the paper passed round and about; and when it came along to Francie he took it knowing that everyone was laughing at him—*at him, the politicia and man of peace*! The laddie had played his trump card, and fo the first time in history the men o' Carglen were grinning in the fac of their guide, philosopher, and friend. Had Francie been a littl younger and the poet a little older, there might have been a challeng to "c'wa oot tae the back" (fighting inside the smiddy was forbidde

by Amos Gibb); but a moment's reflection sufficed to convince Francie that the occasion was one for the exercise of brain rather than of fists. So he read the verses again from beginning to end, looked at the title of the paper to make sure that it was in very truth the *Friend*, examined the date, and then turning to the poet, he said, "I aye said ye wud dae't!"

This unexpected declaration took the breath from honest folks who stood or sat around.

"Ye said he wudna, ye mean," cried the indignant smith.

"Niver," declared Francie.

"Ye did," said Amos.

"Time an' place, day an' date," cried Francie.

"This vera nicht," answered the smith.

"Na, na, Amos," replied Francie.

"Did he, freens, yea or nay?" said Amos, turning to the company.

"Ay! answer, chields, yea or nay" shouted the man of peace, with a fierce glare in his eye.

Every soul there present would have sworn to you privately that "fac as death, Francie was clean i' the wrang a' thegither," but to declare so before the stern old "politeeshun's" face was a different thing. Still, there was one man with a certain amount of acquired valour who dared to make himself heard, if only for a brief moment. This was McQueben, the peat digger, who had providentially been fortified with half a bottle of strong whisky on his way to the smiddy. So Pete just showed his head round the big body of daft Daniel Geddes from the Mains o' Cairntil, and cried out "'Fore God, Francie, ye seemit tae say it." Then he drew in his horns and smoked with steady vigour.

"I'm obleeged tae ye, Pete, real obleeged I am, for ye hae jest hitten the nail upo' the head. I *seemit* tae say it, but I didna. Lord, sirs, it minds me o' what 'Wullie' said in the Hoose o' the Commons ae day tae Dizzy the ill-faur'd loon. 'Did I say that?' said Wullie. 'Ye did,' said Dizzy. 'Order!' cried the Spaiker frae the chair o' the Hoose. 'Order,' said Wullie. 'Ye may think I said it, sir,' said he, 'bit if I seemed tae say it my meanin' was clean contrar'. Ye'll hear the explanation o 't?' said he tae Dizzy. 'Ay,' said the cliver auld Jew. Weel then, freens, Wullie tauld 'im a' aboot it, as I'm noo a gaun tae tell you."

Francie had here scored a point, for "Wullie" was a Carglen god, and the "politeeshun" was supposed to "ken a' aboot his politeecal

"Ye see, smith, an' ye'll a' see" he continued, "the hail queistin turns upo' the meanin' an' the seinse, an' the implikashun o' that vera ward trotted oot by our freen Pete—that extraordnar' ward *seemit*."

Francie pronounced it so lovingly and mellifluously that the poet on the bench could not help thinking of "that blessed word Mesopotamia."

"'Seemit' is a queer ward," continued Francie. 'Seemit' may mean 'straught-oot'—'fair doon'—'a' richt what it implees,' or it may be the ootward garb o' a hidden meanin'; ye'll nae deny that, Pete, wull ye noo?"

"Na, na," cried Pete, scarce comprehending the question.

"It a' turns on 'seemit' an' its twa implikashuns," continued Francie, anxious beyond measure to mystify our intellects. Then, in his most bellicose vein, pocketing his pipe, cocking his bonnet, and sweeping his arm in a spacious circle, he thundered forth, "Am I a man tae stan' by my ward?"

"Ay! ye are that, Francie," cried a score of voices—for had not all men heard him tackle the "Viskent" and the Laird, and the ministers and the "stane-chapper" (*i.e.*, geologist) from Edinboro', and many another score; tackle them, ay! and never flinch?

"An' I niver prevaricate," said he.

"Na, ye ne'er dee that," answered Pete, thinking the man of peace meant swearing or something of that sort.

"An' did I iver declare onything tae be fac whaun it wasna fac?"

"I'll own mysel' ye ne'er did that," replied the ruling elder, Amos Gibb.

"Aweel," rejoined Francie, feeling once again that he was about to triumph in the sight of gods and men. "What I *seemit* tae say had the hidden meanin' in 't. Didna I tell ye a' that I wud taich 'im? Didna I? I did, as ye a' ken."

"Didna I pit ye on yer mettle, laddie?" cried he, turning to the poet.

The youth himself, though he at least saw the "prevarication" clearly enough, could not say that Francie's criticisms had failed to put him upon his mettle, such as it was; so he remained silent.

"Aweel, freens, *ye a' see the effec' o' my taichin'*. He has noo gat intae praint. I aye kent he wud, an' ilka thing I hae said wus leadin' up tae that. Says I tae mysel' 'he's in praint already,' but was I gaun tae show my hand? Na, na, that's nae Francie's way; but, that I was richt, the prohf 's clear, for here are the verses in the

Friend;" and Francie smacked the paper till those folks who were drowsy and going to sleep fairly woke up.

"Ye hae dune weel, laddie," he continued, "an' if ye pay heed tae me ye'll dae better; but, Lord, sir, study Rob, for yer far ahint him yet, vera far."

This was meant to vindicate his first and better opinion and to put the poet back to his proper level. The assembly soon after broke up, and the young man went up the brae, damning Francie in his heart.

Andrew frae Claypots and Pete McQueben travelled down the "den" together.

"He's a deep ane," said Andrew, referring to Francie Kemp.

"He's a' that," answered Pete. "Lord, man, if he had a wame as fu' o' whisky as an egg's fu' o' meat, an' was as drunk as a piper, an' ye yerself had only twa gills, he'd prohve tae ye, as clear as the sun at noon, that ye were drunk an' no him. I gat him oot o' the muckle ditch on Merti'mas nicht, when he cudna move a hough (leg), an' wull ye credit it, Andrew, as sune as he was on his feet he lecter'd me upo' the sin o' hard drinkin', an' tauld me tae thank God for gie'in me a freen like him in distress?"

"Aweel, aweel," answered Andrew, not caring to commit himself by a strict agreement, as the peat digger was the most notorious carouser in Carglen, and at that moment had a good half-bottle in his own "wame."

For some time following this event the would-be poet was away in Edinboro'; and, like many another foolish dabbler who did not have, or ever would have, genuine inspiration, he spent his time in manufacturing songs, poems, lyrics, and doleful elegies, instead of studying mathematics at the feet of the most kindly of teachers, or "learning to think in Greek"—that was the phrase—under the inspiration of the most genial of professors. Tons of rubbish—mere rubbish—were turned out, and some stray verses, strange to say, found their way into print. Of these the following may be reproduced as a specimen:

HALF-TRUTHS.

Nature is ever young, nor death nor time
Can pluck the garland from her virgin brow;
The ages found her in her youthful prime,
The ages leave her unpolluted now.
In presence of her glory I will bow
My heart as unto an eternal spring,

As nature ever young, so shall my soul
Be as in youth, along life's winding way;
I linger,—and anon the thunder-roll
Is overheard, and a stern voice doth say,
"The shadow of a part is not the whole,
Be not a dreamer in the light of day."

When any piece was sent northwards to Carglen in manuscript Francie criticised it in the smiddy with unmeasured freedom, but when it came in print he took all the credit to himself. "Ay, ay," cried he, "the laddie's gettin' on, gaun ahead brawlies; I aye said I wud brak 'im in and taich 'im tae his guid."

The days passed by and the young writer was back again from Edinburgh amongst the men of Carglen. His stock of poetry had been fast accumulating; the editors—churlish men—said they could not, and the poet said they would not, keep pace with him. He was unusually prolific at this time, too, for he had been wading in metaphysics and setting up as a theologian—save the mark! And he felt (or tried to feel—for he still knew in his heart of hearts he had not attained success) that he had a mission to put this dose of advanced speculation into some form of verse. He had always been a melancholy poet, but now he was steeped in tears and woe. His young heart had been shattered through loss of faith; he had voyaged, poor youth, through "sunless seas of doubt"; and it was a faint kind of new faith alone that kept him alive. But his face was still ruddy, and he did not turn away from the cool Carglen butter or its famous oatmeal cakes. Perhaps it was the loss of these delicacies in Edinburgh that had turned him into such a melancholy soul. Howe'er that be, he kept on writing; and, like a poor sailor on the rough ocean who had borne the strokes of the wind and had nearly suffered shipwreck, he must needs produce these lines:

LOST AND FOUND.

I dwelt in God in days gone by,
The God of saints and martyrs slain;
I thought it was not all in vain,
The word that came from out the sky.

I left the shade of birch and elm
That sheltered house, and lawn, and lea,
I sailed across the summer sea,
And hope was with me at the helm.

By Grecian shores, great Homer's land,
And Virgil's, under stainless skies,
I heard the song that never dies,
I touched an ever outstretched hand,—

And felt that I was onward led
  Along the ways of time and thought;
  I did not know where I was brought,
I knew the sky was overhead.

That guiding hand I followed still,
  Through tracks of pain and human woe:
  At last I learned, "Thou canst not know;
Rest in the vale, climb not the hill."

I could not call upon my God,
  "Thou canst not know" rang in my ears;
  Mine was not the relief of tears,
I only looked beneath the sod.

The years sped past, again I dwelt
  Beneath the shade of elm and birch,
  I passed within the ivied church,
And with the country-folks I knelt.

For life and light and hope were mine,
  And virgin faith was bright again,
  'Twas sunshine after wind and rain—
I heard once more the voice divine.

The All-sustaining Spirit bore
  Within His arms my human soul;
  I was a part of the great whole,
And God would leave me nevermore.

Francie Kemp warmly commended the verses, and declared them the best he had yet heard—"No that Rob did muckle jest in that line, but let that gae by," said he magnanimously.

But it remained for the ruling Elder, smith Amos Gibb, to give the verses their *coup de grâce*, and, be it said to his honour, to give the poet his *coup de grâce* also. Francie and the Elder had fairly shifted positions, and it was, in the main, theology that had wrought the change.

"I'm real sorry for ye, S——," said the smith, leaning on the bellows in front of the fire.

"There's nae need," cried the politician defiantly.

"There is," answered the Elder, standing up majestically as became a pillar of the Free Kirk. Then he continued, "It's true eneuch, laddie, that the great Apostel o' the Geintiles said tae the learned folk o' Aithens 'in Him we live an' move an' hae our bein',' an' it may be richt in a way to speak like that, but oh! dinna darken coonsel by want o' plain speakin'. Man, the great things o' God are abune scraps o' pōhtry an' a' that. If ye can tell folk hoo tae be saved frae their ain ill thochts an' ways, de 't, oh! de 't; but if ye canna, better haud yer tongue. Mair by token—wi' a' deiference tae.

I tae you—there's naething in a' ye hae written that ye

cudna hae tauld in honest speech, that is, aye sayin', if ye kent what ye were drivin' at. Man, ye are waur than awthiest an' unbelievin' Joe. Mind his wards: 'Ne'er troke in the truth; say plainly tae a' what's in yer mind, an' dinna strut about on stilts whaun ye hae twa feet tae walk wi'.' It's real easy for some tae jingle a lot o' lines tae mak' meanings dark; it's a clean contrar' thing tae walk humbly wi' God."

"Forehammer, Francie!" cried the smith, and the politician had to betake himself to smiting the iron with the hammer instead of smiting the smith with his tongue.

But the young man's conscience had been pricked, not so much by the smith's words as by the memories they awoke of conferences with Joe Forbes, the so-called 'awthiest': "If ye hae onything tae say against the Scriptur' say't like a man," Joe had declared. This the poet thought of when his heart was tender. Joe had also said, "There's twa kind o' men write pōhtry, so ca'd; the man o' real big mind wha has the gift o' sang at its best, an' the bletherin' ass wha' can only bray. Noo, asses are mony an' brayin 's nae guid tae hear—let ilka man be sure that he sings an' no brays afore he braks oot intae pōhtry."

Here spoke a worthy disciple of Thomas Carlyle in Carglen.

Our poet was not to be conquered all at once, but new seeds had been sown in his thoughts, seeds which eventually grew up and bore fruit. As he knew that he was not a great genius, and had some fear that he might only be an ass that brayed, he kept a quiet tongue in his mouth, and let the busy pen rest. Elder Amos Gibb blessed him, and Francie Kemp took much credit to himself for the great transformation.

ALEXANDER GORDON.

THE MALT LIQUORS OF THE ANCIENTS.

τίς; πόθεν εἰς Διόνυσε;—*Julianus Imperator.*

ATHENÆUS of Naucratis, a gossiping old writer of the third century, has left to the world a sort of common-place book, full of information upon a variety of topics, especially those connected with the pleasures of the table. It contains amongst other things a collection of passages from the works of ancient writers, which relate to the use of a certain drink called *bruton*. This, Athenæus informs us, was a name given by the ancients to wine made from barley or, as we should call it, beer. The similarity in sound of the word bruton to our *brew* is probably not an accidental one. The first mention of it, we learn, was by the Greek Archilochus who "flourished" as the phrase goes, twenty-six centuries ago:—

She was drinking beer through a reed, like a Thracian or Phrygian.

Here are indicated two of the great centres of beer-drinking known to the Greeks, Thrace in Europe and Phrygia in Asia. It may be convenient to consider the latter first. The singular custom, alluded to above, of drinking beer as though it were sherry-cobbler, lingered three centuries later among the mountains which lay due east of Phrygia, for Xenophon tells us that the ten thousand Greeks, in the course of their memorable retreat, arrived one night, after a tedious march through deep snow, at some villages in the Armenian highlands, where they found large bowls of barley wine in which the grains were floating. Reeds of various sizes were placed in the bowls, and anyone who was thirsty had only to take one and draw the liquor through it into his mouth.

"It was very strong," he adds, "unless you mixed water with it, and a very pleasant drink to anyone who had acquired a taste for it." In much later times we hear of a malt liquor called Sabaia, and it is rious to note in connection with the name, that Sabos was the f the Phrygians, and [illegible] the cry of his votaries.

Now we will examine evidence corroborative of the above quoted reference to the prevalence at a remote period of beer-drinking in Thrace. Hecatæus, one of the very earliest of Greek historians, who wrote five hundred years before Christ, mentions that the Pæonians or ancient inhabitants of Macedonia, a country which bordered on Thrace, drank bruton made from barley, and Hellanicus (B.C. 466) speaks of a race of men who drank beer made of roots, just as the Thracians did that made of barley.

Aristotle mentions barley-beer under the name of *pinon*, and observes that it had such a stupefying effect on those who drank it, that they fell on their backs and lay face uppermost!

During the later days of the Roman Empire wine must have been nearly as plentiful as water in Southern Europe, nevertheless malt liquor formed the staple drink of the country folk throughout the districts situate between the Adriatic and the Danube. Thus when Valens, first emperor of the East (Constantinople) and a native of Pannonia, was besieging Chalcedon, the men on the walls amused themselves by roaring out at him "Sabaiarius!" which is equivalent to "beer-bibber," or perhaps our old English word "ale-draper." "For Sabaia," explains Ammianus, to whom we are indebted for the narrative, "is a poor sort of drink in Illyricum, consisting of barley or wheat converted into liquor." As a curious instance of how history repeats itself, we may observe that, a thousand years afterwards, the French of Pontoise are represented in a poem as addressing similar taunts to their English besiegers: "Anglois et Normans, retournez à la cervoise!" (Go home to your beer!) Priscus, the ambassador of Theodosius the younger at the court of Attila the Hun, in Pannonia (a district bounded on the south by beer-drinking Illyricum, and on the north and east by the river Danube) relates that when travelling in that country, he was furnished by the villagers with what was locally termed medos (mead) instead of wine, while his servants were supplied with a drink made from barley which the barbarians called kamon (*ex Historiâ Gothicâ*, p. 183) and Dion Cassius, who was legate in the same country two centuries previously, has recorded the fact that "the Pannonians *ate* and *drank* barley."

The Egyptians, too, were well known to the ancient inhabitants of Greece as brewers and consumers of beer. "They grind barley and make it into drink," writes Hecatæus. In the "Suppliants" of Æschylus (B.C. 484), King Pelasgus says in a scornful tone to an Egyptian herald: "You will find the inhabitants of this country (Argos), let me tell you, *men* and not drinkers of barley wine." An Argive would as soon have thought of slaking his thirst with the

black waters of the Styx as he would of drinking the thick slimy concoction of the brewers of the Nile. The Father of History, when travelling in Egypt, noted that the inhabitants of that country made wine from barley; and Canon Rawlinson, the translator of his work, speaks of having discovered at Thebes some malt which had been used for making beer.

It was not because they had no vines, as Herodotus alleges, that the Egyptians brewed beer, but rather because they had such a superabundance of corn. Theophrastus, the Greek philosopher (B.C. 322), is the first to call the Egyptian beer *suthos*. It is a Greek word meaning any fermented liquor, though applied as a name to beer only. The term was probably introduced by Hellenic settlers at Alexandria, and was afterwards adopted by the Romans (zythum) and the Jews (zeitham). The *Mishna*, or body of ancient tradition, forbade the latter people to drink either Median beer or Egyptian zeitham during Passover time.

The Jewish Talmud specifies barley, salt, and saffron as ingredients of Egyptian beer, while Columella informs us that "Assyrian root" was added to impart an agreeable flavour to "Pelusiac zythum," while lupine was steeped in it to give it a bitter taste.

Dion, the Academic (B.C. 50), represents barley beer as still in use among the poorer classes in Egypt, and adds somewhat naïvely that those who drank it were so glad that they sang and danced, and behaved exactly like men drunk with wine; and Diodorus, about half a century later, describes *suthos* as little inferior to wine in fragrance."

Of Northern and Western Europe the ancient Greeks knew next to nothing, but Pytheas, the eminent Greek mathematician of Marseilles, made a voyage to the coasts of Britain and Norway about 330 B.C., and reported that the people of those high latitudes made themselves a drink out of corn and honey. We find confirmation of this statement as to the use of malt liquors by the inhabitants of the British Isles in the biography of St. Columban, an Irish saint of the sixth century. The Celtic Gauls, too, as we learn from Posidonius, the Stoic, made beer from wheat, and called it *korma*. Sometimes it was prepared with honey, but generally without. A boy carried a large cupful of korma round the table at frequent intervals, and each guest in turn took a sip from it as it passed from right to left. Among the upper classes, however, the wines of Italy and Marseilles were supplanting the old native drink.

The Lusitanians, or ancient inhabitants of Portugal, too, drank beer in Strabo's time, for their country produced but little wine at

that day. From Pliny we learn that the people of Western Europe made beer from malt. "Wonderful, alas!" he exclaims, "are the resources of vice; they have actually discovered how to get drunk on water!" The same writer tells us that the people of Spain brewed drinks called *celia* and *ceria* from grain, and had discovered the art of making beer keep for a considerable time, and that the Gauls called their malt liquor *cervisia*, a term which passed into mediæval Latin, and survived until recent times. The Celtic races were all acquainted with the art of brewing, and the Emperor Julianus, in his witty little epigram addressed to barley wine, ascribes its origin to those people:—

Thee the Celtæ, in need of grape-clusters, furnished from corn-ears.

Tacitus appears to have been struck with the capacity of the ancient Germans for beer drinking. "For drink," he writes, "they have a liquor made of barley or some other grain, corrupted by fermentation into some resemblance to wine. They do not satisfy their thirst with moderation. Were you to gratify their intemperance by supplying them with as much as they want, they would be overcome by their own vices just as easily as by force of arms."

The Romans do not appear to have acted on this practical suggestion for effecting the conquest of Germany.

The following complete list of authorities on the subject, marshalled in order of date, may interest the critical reader. The "fragments" have been preserved by one or other of the writers cited below:—

Archilochus	B.C. 700	Fragment.
Hecatæus	520	,,
Æschylus	484	,,
Id.	,,	"Suppliants," line 954.
Sophocles	468	Fragment.
Hellanicus	466	,,
Herodotus	443	Book II., 7.
Xenophon	401	Anab. IV., 5.
Aristotle	347	Fragment.
Pytheas	330	,,
Theophrastus	322	Book VI., 11.
Posidonius	100	Fragment.
Dion, Academic	50	,,
Strabo	24	Book III., iii. 7.
Id.	,,	Book IV., v. 5.
Id.	,,	Book XVII., ii. 5.
Diodorus	8	Book I., 20 & 34.
Id.		Book IV., 2.
Id.		Book V., 26.

Columella	A.D. 10	Book X., linè 114.
Pliny	61	Book XIV., 29.
Id.	,,	Book XXII., 82.
Tacitus	98	Germany, ch. 23.
Dion Cassius	226	History.
Athenæus	228	Deipnosophists, Book I., c. 61.
Id.	,,	,, Book IV., c. 36.
Id.	,,	,, Book X., c. 67.
Julianus	361	Brunck's *Analecta*, Vol. 2, 403.
Ammianus	372	Book XXVI., 8.
Priscus	448	Ex Hist. Goth., p. 183.

All these chance allusions to brewing, contained in the literature of Greece and Rome, show how very wide-spread was the use of beer in the ancient world. In all countries where the vine would not naturally grow, or where it had not yet been introduced, necessity, the mother of invention, had taught man to make a cheap stimulant out of that material which came most readily to hand, usually corn. But the origin of beer, like that of wine, lies far back in the night of time, and must be referred to a period not comprised in any written history.

THOMAS H. B. GRAHAM.

THE TWO ROSES.

WITHIN my garden grew a bud,
A rosebud, pink and white;
I saw it first one dewy morn,
Fair, fresh as light.
Oh! sweet that rosebud since has been,
And will be e'er to me,
For I had watched its opening love
Most tenderly.

I longed to pluck, and press it close
In rapture near my heart;
To reap my scented harvest then,
And never part.
But she had happier destiny,
Sweet bud, than I could give;
For close by grew another rose,
Climbing to live.

He did but touch that dimpled bud—
At first, methought, in play—
But finding lips so soft and white,
Resolved to stay.
And as the soft breeze blew them both
Together, or away,
They laughed, and tossed their heads aloft,
Through life's short day.

But one cold eve the March winds blew
Till tears of night came on;
Next day, with bitter grief I found
Love's labour done.
The poor red rose, all scattered, lay
Trodden beneath the grass;
Ah! such is life, I sorrowing said,
All things must pass.

My sweet pink rose, a rosebud still,
Had lost her lover gay;
And, pale and sad, she drooped; soon must
She fade away.
I gently kissed that tender bud,
On her a tear-drop fell;
I hoped that it might brighten one
Loved long and well.

And since that time I've watched each day
Her placid, gentle life;
May Heaven's sunshine cheer again
That rosebud wife.
Alone upon that single stem
She now, content, doth grow,
Shedding around the scent of love's
Perpetual glow.

Sweet fragrance, such as virtue gives,
Art thou, dear rose, to me;
When I shall claim thee as mine own,
Cling close to me.
No flower on earth I love so well
As maiden-blushing rose;
From roses, dew, and sunshine sweet,
Pure honey flows.

JAY TURNER.

PAGES ON PLAYS.

TWO things have made the dramatic month extremely interesting —the performance of a play by Mr. J. M. Barrie at Toole's Theatre, and the presentation of Mr. William Archer's translation of Edward Brandes' "A Visit" on the boards of the Independent Theatre. I should almost be inclined to class with these a third event, the playing of "The Plowdens," Mr. Edward Rose's adaptation from the Danish of Benzon, at a morning performance at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Many other plays have been given in the four weeks that have waxed and waned since I last wrote; but no one that can compare for artistic importance with these three events.

"WALKER, LONDON."

FIRST on the list comes the new play by Mr. J. M. Barrie. It might fairly be called Mr. Barrie's first play. It is true that Mr. Barrie's name has been twice on the play-bills previously. But the first instance was "Richard Savage," a brilliant failure, written in collaboration with a very charming writer, Mr. Marriott Watson; and the second was the slenderest, if the wittiest, of skits upon the Ibsen mania. "Walker, London" is Mr. Barrie's own, and it makes its appearance at a critical moment in Mr. Barrie's career. "The Little Minister" was not many weeks old when "Walker, London" was produced, and "The Little Minister" was the successful novel of its hour. For the writer of a romance which was so truly a work of art to turn the uses of his pen to the production of a farcical comedy was an event that naturally stimulated public curiosity. The complaint is often made that English men of letters ignore the stage; here was a rarely gifted man of letters preparing to set an excellent example. The result has been conspicuously successful. The merry shaft has hit the mark resoundingly. I have heard men say—and men of rare parts too—that "Walker, London" is not worthy of the author of "The Little Minister." [illegible]
criticism. Of course "Walker, Lon

of the same quality as "The Little Minister"; but it is in its way a work of art, and the author of "The Little Minister" need not blush to set his name to it. It is as light-hearted, as bright a piece of dramatic fooling as ever came from the skilled hands of Duvert or Labiche, and it is excellently played by Mr. Toole and his company. The dialogue is sparkling, dainty, true; the whole thing is the most captivating piece of stage realism that I have seen for long enough. All the amusement, all the absurdity, all the charm of the river life is transferred to the stage by Mr. Barrie with a realism which is as happy as it is audacious. How large a part of the charm of any work of art lies in its suggestiveness: and Mr. Barrie's piece is full of exquisite suggestions. It is an idyl of Theocritus transferred to the silver Thames. The barber who masquerades as an African explorer, the old woman who knits her wandering way across the world, who brackets the Escurial with an antimacassar, and the gardens of Damascus with a pair of socks, these are a pair not one whit more farcical than the two old women who fight their way to the famous festival. And if there is a certain Grecian quality of restraint and of selection in Mr. Barrie's humour, he has also not a little of the Alexandrian idyllist's exquisite sense of beauty. That haunting word ἁδύ, sweet, which strikes the keynote of the deathless idyls, comes into the mind; if the pine-trees rustle in the Grecian verse, the river ripples in the Englishman's—I suppose I should say the Scotchman's—prose. "I have always loved rivers, and poets who sang of rivers." These words, the words of a beautiful prose writer, seemed to be breathed upon the night air as we come out of the playhouse where the young author has paid so gracious a tribute to our sweetest stream. Youth and love preside over that houseboat which Mr. Barrie, with some mocking memory of the grimmest of Ibsen's plays, has christened "The Wild Duck." Mr. Barrie tells a tale as purely farcical as anything in the repertory of the Palais Royal, but he sets his story in an environment of loyal realism. One phase, one very pleasing phase, of modern English life he has taken, and he has put it upon the stage, vital, attractive, in a word, delightful. To do this is to do well indeed.

The Independent Theatre.

THE great event of the latest performance of the Independent Theatre was Mr. William Archer's translation of Edward Brandes' play "The Visit." We of the theatre owe a deep d[illegible] Mr. Archer. He more than any other man has awakene[illegible]

consciousness of the treasures of theatrical art, of dramatic thought, that have been so long locked away from us in the languages of our ancestral North. To him more than to any other man English students of the drama owe that knowledge of Ibsen which has aroused so much wholesome controversy, which has so quickened the pulses and animated the purposes of our own dramatists and our own players. He has largely increased our obligations to him by his translation of "The Visit." It is a play of powerful, of painful interest; it is as powerful and as painful as that shorter masterpiece by Dumas the younger, "Une Visite de Noces," which in some measure it may be said to resemble. An admirable play, admirably translated, was admirably acted. The two men were very well played by Mr. Arthur Bourchier and Mr. Philip Cuningham; the one woman was brilliantly played by Miss Olga Brandon. It has been my good fortune to see Miss Olga Brandon in many parts, and to admire her in all, to admire her especially in her study of Vashti Dethic in Mr. Jones's "Judah." But I never admired her more than, if I ever admired her as much as, I admired her as Florizel Neergaard in "The Visit." It would be difficult to over-praise her presentation of the pathetic beauty, the pathetic pain of this picture of most unhappy womanhood too early quickened into consciousness of passion, too harshly punished, too cruelly judged. "The Visit" should be seen again with Miss Brandon as its heroine. There were two other performances at the Independent Theatre on the same night. The first was a bad translation of De Banville's beautiful "Le Baiser," which gave Mr. Bernard Gould the chance of creating a clever study of a latter-day Pierrot. The other was a clever dramatisation by Mr. Arthur Symons of Frank Harris's clever, cynical little story, "The Minister's Call." But Mr. Symons loses the dramatic effect of the story by altering its original cynical conclusion, and substituting a conventional ending which may point a moral, but does not adorn the tale.

"The Plowdens."

In "The Plowdens" Mr. Edward Rose gave the public of a morning performance the opportunity of seeing a very interesting adaptation from the Danish of Benzon. It was as interesting in its way as Mr. Archer's translation of "The Visit." But whereas Mr. Archer's was simply a translation, and aimed solely at giving a picture of contemporary Danish life, Mr. Rose localised and adapted his origin[illegible] characters English people, Nottingham people,

of the present day, and altering many parts of the dialogue. The result was a very interesting piece of work, very dexterously fitted to the conditions of English life, and containing some very caustic studies of middle-class meanness and of middle-class baseness. The play is undoubtedly a man's play, although it was ostensibly put on the stage to give Miss Isabel Ellisen an opportunity of showing what she could do in a strongly emotional part. The principal figures of the play are the two half-brothers, the Ormuzd and Ahriman of their small circle. The one played, and very well played, by Mr. Herbert Waring, was the advanced young man of the present day, the modern version of the inspired Chartists of half a century ago, full of noble thoughts and high ideals, with something in him of the Bazarof of Tourguenieff, of the Gregers of Ibsen, of the D'Arthez of Balzac. The other is the reverse of that medal, the modern young man of meaner mould, the creature of commonest clay, cold, cynical, heartless, contemptibly clever, calculatingly corrupt, an eminently respectable, detestable, loveless rascal. It is a very difficult part for a young actor to play well, for with the least exaggeration of detail, the least overcharging of colour, the study would become a caricature, and its value vanish into air. But Mr. Ben Webster acquitted himself of his difficult task with what may fairly be called triumphant success. I shall have occasion to speak of Mr. Webster again in connection with another play, and in praise ; but I must say here that his acting in "The Plowdens" is not only the best thing he has yet done, but that it is full of promise of better things to come.

"Mr. Richards."

"MR. RICHARDS" is—or rather was, for its career was brief—a curious example of the enduring power of conventionality in an age which clamours after the unconventional. Could there be a much older, triter theme than the theme of the returned convict. It was well done in "Great Expectations"; it has been done by Du Boisgobey, by Balzac, by everybody great and little, and now it is done once again in a play which was announced beforehand as new and strong. "Mr. Richards" is really little more than "Dick Venables" turned inside out. Dick Venables was a scoundrelly convict, who came back to harass the unhappy wife who was compelled to conceal him. Mr. Richards is a most exemplary forger, who only returns to his wife out of mere domestic longing to look upon her face again, her face and the face of his [illegible] a man of twenty-one. But, as in "Dick Venables," the [illegible]

convict proves to be a terrible nuisance to his relatives. He is discovered promptly—indeed, it would be difficult not to discover him for anyone who had ever read a sensational story—and the discovery seems about to shatter the hopes of his son, who is engaged to be married to a peer's daughter. But Mr. Richards offers to settle down for the rest of his life in a leper island—an offer, by the way, which he is easily induced to retract two minutes later—and the generosity of this proposal softens the peer's heart, and he still allows the engagement to hold. It will be seen from this slight sketch that there is nothing very original or very strong about the story of "Mr. Richards," and the execution does not compensate for a poor story. Mr. Bourchier is a clever man, but he has not wasted much of his cleverness upon "Mr. Richards," for whose construction, perhaps, the other author, Mr. "James Blair," is principally responsible. The best thing about "Mr. Richards" was the way it was acted. Lady Monckton, as the wife of the returned convict, played with great power and pathos; as far as one woman could she worked loyally, not merely to save the piece, but to lend it an air of reality. Miss Norreys had nothing to do except to look pretty, which she did very well, and to play the harp, which she seemed to do well also. She likes to surprise her admirers with some unexpected quality of this kind. The other day it was a tarantella dance; to-day it is harp-playing; what accomplishment will she next display to us? Mr. Arthur Bourchier did his best with his impossible convict; and Mr. Ian Robertson, as an elderly peer of a type familiar to the stage, played it with a quiet ease and urbane charm that was highly commendable.

"Happy Returns."

IN "Happy Returns" Mr. Horner has supplied Mr. Thorne with an amusing adaptation from an amusing French farce, which by some cast of a capricious chance was produced, not at the Palais Royal, but at the Théâtre Français. The play fits Mr. Thorne's company very well. Mr. Thorne himself has got a part that well suits his individual humour. Miss Dorothy Dorr plays screaming farce with an air of tragedy, even of fatefulness, which intensifies the comedy. Mr. Cyril Maude, as a modern masher, the *esuriens Graeculus* of a waning age, has hardly got a part worthy of his remarkable talent, but he plays it as well as if it were fully worthy of him. Anglicised French farce of this kind is not to be taken

Its only purport is to amuse the passing hour; if it suc-
fails, bad; there is really no more to say. It can
ous contribution to the drama.

"LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN."

THE same words may be said of "Lady Windermere's Fan." It can scarcely be regarded as a serious contribution to the drama. It gained a kind of notoriety from the conduct of the author; it deserved its measure of success from the excellence of much of the acting. Miss Marion Terry never played so well as she played as Mrs. Erlynne. Mr. Alexander chose a small part, and made it, as far as acting could, a work of art. Mr. Ben Webster, whose success in "The Plowdens" I have already saluted, made his first marked success as Cecil Grahame. It was not the smartness of the cynicism which he had to utter which made the part a success, but a vitality, a sense of characterisation, a genuine creative power in Mr. Webster's performance which at once marked for him a signal advance in his art. It would really seem as if Mr. Webster were one of the coming men; he is certainly one of the very first, if not the first, in his own immediate rank of young players. So the piece has rendered, as it were unawares, a service to that dramatic interpretation of which its author has said so many absurd things.

MR. OSCAR WILDE is inclined to be peevish with his critics. Yet his critics were very patient with him. He wrote what he called a play, and he peppered it with not unamiable paradox, and diverted a considerable number of persons. But it takes more than this to convert an adventurous Bœotian into the ideal blend of, let us say, Goethe, Shakspeare, and Baffo, which appears to be Mr. Wilde's own image of himself. Mr. Wilde has in his time aroused the gaiety of English-speaking countries. It delights him—as the performance delights the spectators—to masque as an Athenian. But he is no Athenian. George Meredith brands one of his creations as "An Epicurean whom Epicurus would have scourged out of his Garden." The Athenians would not have been tolerant of this sham Athenian. Mr. Wilde seems most to resemble the man in Charles de Bernard's ablest novel, who always had Art upon his lips because he had so little in his soul. Mr. Wilde has called his play a work of art. That of course it is not, could not be. Mr. Wilde is many things needless to enumerate, but he is not an artist. His utterances upon art must be regarded with a delicate disdain.

JUSTIN HUNTLY M^CCARTHY.

TABLE TALK.

A Protest.

WRITING from Handsworth, Birmingham, Mr. Frank H. O. Saxelby expresses his dissent from the views that I express in the February "Table Talk" with regard to "King Henry VIII." His letter, which is too long for quotation and is studiously courteous, convicts me of inaccuracy in saying that "Cymbeline," instead of "Pericles," is omitted from the First Folio edition of Shakespeare. In favour of the blunder I can only put in what is not a plea—that illness debarred me from reference, and that I trusted to a memory that has been more trustworthy than it is. We are more nearly in accord than he thinks as regards the First Folio. For its authority I have profound respect. Mr. Saxelby, however, will scarcely credit Shakespeare with the authorship of "Titus Andronicus" which it gives. For reasons similar to those which have led the majority of critics to assign the greater portion of this to a hand other than that of Shakespeare, I deny Shakespeare's whole authorship of "Henry VIII.," and, I might almost say, his participation in the three parts of "Henry VI." I can scarcely fancy a reader of intelligence, reading these plays once more by the light of recent criticism, and daring to ascribe them to Shakespeare. As to the value of metrical tests I have expressed my doubts. These apart, however, I hold it absolutely impossible that Shakespeare can have written the greater portion of "King Henry VIII." Putting aside these things, I agree with my correspondent that "The First Folio edition of Shakespeare is the most interesting and valuable book in the whole range of English literature," and hold, with him, that the text is indispensable to the correct editing of Shakespeare's plays. The non-appearance of "Henry VIII." in the 1647 folio of Beaumont and Fletcher, on which Mr. Saxelby comments, is easily explicable. No writer seems to have collaborated so frequently as Fletcher, and with so many other dramatists; and his share in numerous works was not c[illegible] many years after his death, collected the[illegible] of dispute. For the

opinion of my late friend Halliwell-Phillipps, and for that of my, fortunately, still living friend Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, I have great respect. In addition to authorities such as Mr. Aldis Wright and Mr. Furnivall, however, let my correspondent take the verdict expressed by Mr. Bullen, who, in the "Dictionary of National Biography," vol. xix. page 310, says of "Henry VIII.": "It is generally agreed that Fletcher was largely concerned in the authorship of 'Henry VIII.' That play in its present state appears to be in the main a joint production of Fletcher and Massinger, composed about 1617, some Shakesperian passages (notably the last scene of Catherine) having been incorporated." Mr. Bullen, though the youngest, is one of the ablest and most inspired of editors of the Elizabethan drama.

One Word more on "King Henry VIII."

WHAT has been written here and elsewhere concerning the authorship of "King Henry VIII." has, naturally enough, aroused protests, and the propounders of the theory that Shakespeare has no part or share in the play are classed with the promulgators of the Baconian origin of Shakespeare's plays and other faddists. No one in a position to speak with authority has, however, taken up the side antagonistic to that I espoused. What I have read has been, indeed, often the drowsy protest of those on whose slumbers a disturbing light has unexpectedly fallen. The theory that Shakespeare was not the sole author of "King Henry VIII." has grown and strengthened until it won the respect of an editor so conservative even as Dyce. See his preliminary observations on "King Henry VIII." (Works, ed. Dyce, 1881, v. 481). Dyce, the most careful of all editors, only rejects the Prologue and Epilogue, but refers with no expression of dissent to the attribution of portions to Fletcher. Mr. Aldis Wright, the first of living authorities, is on the side I have espoused. No editor of authority, moreover, has ventured to oppose the Fletcher theory, and none, it may safely be assumed, will do so in the future. Meanwhile, I venture for once to use an argument the unfairness of which to an adversary I am the first to own. It is this, that the man who can believe that Shakespeare wrote Wolsey's farewell to his greatness, in so believing puts himself out of court. Many estimable writers have no knowledge of music. It is no disparagement from their merits to say so. I have known more than one poet of mark who could not tell the "Old Hundredth" from "Bonnie Dundee." The capacity to appreciate metrical tes[illegible]ift frequently withheld, but, when granted, unfailing. To

do not possess it this question of authorship cannot appeal. One who owns it would no more think of assigning those lines to Shakespeare than a musician would dream of assigning to Mozart "La Serva Padrona" of Pergolesi.

Correct Style.

BEFORE me is a volume entitled "Learned Men's English,"[1] being the twelfth edition of "The Dean's English" and "Bad English Exposed," by Mr. George Washington Moon. Books that go into twelve editions have obviously reached a large circle of readers and must exercise a considerable influence for good or ill. In the main Mr. Moon's books render service, and the cause he advocates is generally good. He is, however, needlessly hard upon his opponents, more especially as he himself is far from impeccable. I know of no more slipshod phrase than "I differ with" so-and-so—words that have been supposed, I know not why, to smell of soap-suds and the clothes-line. This locution, instead of the correct form "I differ from," Mr. Moon uses again and again in his preface and in the body of his work. I could produce from the volume many other instances of slipshod English an I were in the mood. Let me ask Mr. Moon, then, whether his adversaries may not employ his own words: "When a would-be critic of my language is unable to see the faults in his own, I smile at the expression of his benevolent intentions; and, while thanking him very cordially for his proffered services, decline to put myself under his tuition." Many of us seek with some earnestness to write correctly and well. None of us is, however, impeccable, and there are few of us who could not find holes in our own coats as large as in those of our neighbours.

America and England on the English Tongue.

IN his preface Mr. Moon quotes, with merited approval, some words from the New York "Round Table" These are as follows: "The corrupter of a language stabs straight at the heart of his country. He commits a crime against every individual of the nation, for he throws a poison into a stream from which all must drink. He wrongs himself first, and afterwards every man and woman whose native speech he mars. It is the duty of every educated man to guard zealously the purity of his native tongue. No inheritance can descend to an individual or to a nation is comparable in

[1] G. Routledge & Sons.

value with a language which possesses words into which may be coined all great thoughts, pure notions, noble enterprises, grand endeavours, the wealth of philosophy, poetry, and history, and even the beauty of the canvas and the glory of the marble. He who does aught to preserve such a language deserves the gratitude of his people, as he who mars an organism so beautiful and precious merits their severest displeasure. He who hunts down and pillories a slang phrase, a vulgarism, a corruption of any kind, is a public benefactor. In the fulfilment of the sacred trust which rests on him, as an educated man, he adds a stone to the bulwark of his nation's safety and greatness." This is in the main true, and it is well said. Let me compare with this what, three hundred years earlier, an illustrious Englishman said on this subject of our language—

> Or should we, carelesse, come behind the rest
> In powre of wordes, that goe before in worth,
> Whenas our accent, equall to the best,
> Is able greater wonders to bring forth :
> When all that euer hotter spirits exprest,
> Comes bettred by the patience of the North !
> And who, in time, knowes whither we may vent
> The treasure of our tongue, to what strange shores
> This gain of our best glory shall be sent,
> T' inrich vnknowing Nations with our stores ?
> What worlds in th' yet vnformed Occident,
> May come refin'd with the accents that are ours ?
> Or who can tell for what great worke in hand
> The greatness of our Stile is now ordain'd ?
> What powers it shall bring on, what spirits command,
> What thoughts let out, what humour keep restrain'd,
> What mischief it may powerfully withstand,
> And what fair endes may thereby be attain'd ?
>
> DANIEL, *Musophilus*, Ed. 1602, signat. C iiii.

The poem in this edition is not paged. Surely, if ever the claim of the poet to stand as the prophet was vindicated it is in these noble lines.

OBSCURITY IN POETRY.

TO what extent may a poet be obscure? This query is suggested to me by the appearance of the Browning Cyclopædia of Dr. Edward Berdoe.[1] Not the first attempt of Dr. Berdoe is this to serve his countrymen as interpreter to the poet. For years he has, with all the assistance that a Browning Society and amateur helpers have afforded him, pursued his task. Now, even on the threshold

[1] Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

of his Cyclopædia, I find a dozen unsolved difficulties. I am not going to exercise my reader's perseverance or ingenuity in searching out who was Pappacoda and who Betringarius, or what was "the sole joke of Thucydides"! These questions were asked, however, in Browning's lifetime, and I venture to think that he might, *if he could*, have answered them. I saw somewhere recently an extract from a letter written by Browning, to a reader, telling him that there was nothing in a poem which two or three perusals ought not to render intelligible. In days such as the present, however, when so much that is worth reading comes forth, that the most ardent and conscientious student falls hopelessly in arrear, is an author justified in demanding three consecutive perusals as indispensable to comprehension? I trow not. The world is no longer with me, however, and the simple sensuous appeal of poetry to the imagination is foregone in favour of an intellectual puzzle. It is our mysterious and incomprehensible writers who found schools. England is full of Browning-ites and Merival-ites. I hear nothing, however, about Tennyson-ites.

Charles Reade's Novels.

I HAVE made more than one reference to a long illness and a convalescence as yet incomplete, and to my mental occupations in a period of enforced seclusion. I stated in a recent number that I had begun the reperusal of the novels of Charles Reade, now accessible, I am happy to think, in a convenient and readable edition.[1] That task I have all but accomplished, and I am now prepared to undergo an examination in Reade. What a treat the perusal has been! I am disposed to put Reade, as a narrator, immediately after Alexandre Dumas, and I am not sure that the "Cloister and the Hearth" is not as great as "Monte Cristo" or the "Three Musqueteers." It is a book to stir a boy to madness, and it makes the pulse of manhood beat strong and its breath come quick. To women it makes less direct and forcible appeal. As a picture of an epoch it is to the full as accurate as Scott's "Quentin Durward," and its story, if less direct, is no less romantic and inspiriting. By general consent, this work is Reade's masterpiece. Other stories, however, run it close, notably "Foul Play," the happy burlesque of which in *Punch*, "Chicken Hazard," deserves a share of its immortality. "Griffith Gaunt," again, is a fine story, as which of the novels is not? Nowhere are there such heroines as Reade's. They are cast in the same mould, and are them handsome, proud, resolute, coquettish, a little too

[1] London: Chatto & Windus.

virtuous even, and every way charming. No painter of New Magdalens, Marguerite Gautiers, Nanas, or other growths of disease and corruption, is Reade. His women are English maidens, qualifying to be English mothers and beget a race of daughters as fair as themselves, and sons who will row stroke in "'Varsity" boats and use their fists bravely on mutinous sailors or ferocious warders in lunatic asylums.

Characteristics of Reade.

READE'S faults and merits are in a sense conventional, and you become familiar with his method without, however, soon wearying of it. He is, of course, somewhat over-impetuous in resentment of wrong, and the works in which he inveighs against the iniquities committed in asylums or prisons are more powerful than convincing. In regard to these institutions even, I believe, he did good service, and he certainly has the courage of his convictions. Somewhat too painful becomes at times his record of iniquity, but you are cheered by the knowledge that all will end well, and that he will bring his hero out triumphant at the close and marry him to the heroine. He is, perhaps, weakest and most conventional when he aims at a kind of cheeriness akin to that of Dickens, and provides spouses for secondary, and not very interesting, characters who had better have remained single. His villains are never commonplace, they are the creatures of circumstances. When once, however, they are well started on the track of villainy they are troubled with few hesitations or qualms. Ruffians more resolved than those to whom Reade introduces us in Australia may not readily be found; and his bankers and merchants even, when they sink, sink with alacrity. Reade is, perhaps, portentously serious and indignant, and his humour is not equal to his indignation. He has a few good phrases. The consoling assurance of his warrior that "Le diable est mort" is droll, and the wail of the loving woman, disguised as a boy, that there are "too many brazen girls about," is no less funny and characteristic. To any one seeking to be stirred and excited, I strongly recommend a fresh perusal of these works. I am afraid to think how often I have sat the fire out, reading one chapter after another, powerless to find a place at which I could leave off.

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THE

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THE MAN WITH NO GRIT.

BY LYNN CYRIL D'OYLE.

I.

"HE hain't *got* no *grit*, any *how*," said Neversweat, making the spasmodic italics with his "cradle"; "that's wot's the matter with him!"

Wherein he echoed the sentiment and the verdict of the little camp on the head of the Wolverine.

"Why, when he fust come y'ere," he continued, "I seen it. What kind of a galoot would ha' let old Sheeziks play it on him like he did! Down thar in the shute, he had 'im fouled right enough, and never took the chance. Up on the bluff yonder, he could ha' fired him to——"

"But then," broke in Bill Spreight—or, as he was more commonly called, "Sprightly Bill"—"you're plumb forgetting up at Doland's dance, how he doused the row. He crawled old Hank's frame right enough; when me and you stood by. Somebody might have got hurt that night."

"Thet warn't nothin'," returned the other; "but thar, you're alw'ys stickin' up for the fool, Bill. Is you goin' ter marry him by license? . . . . You take my word for it: he hain't got no more grit in him than 'll—— Why, here he comes. He looks a pretty specimen to be took up with! But then I never reckoned as you had much taste. Why don't yer git a blue bandanner to match them doeskins?"

Miram Low walked up to where the two men were at work; and Neversweat, who seldom cared to endanger his health by overwork, turned his spade over [illegible] pipe, and struck an

attitude which might have led an utter stranger into the belief that he was studying out some weighty problem in hydrostatics. Under this hypnotic influence he soon lay back, and fell asleep.

Mr. Low's dress did not warrant too great an assumption of arrogance; and yet it suited him. He wore only a pair of rough brown "overalls," and a grey nondescript shirt. One leg of his overalls was tucked into a red-topped boot; the other—what there was of it—floated gracefully upon the breeze. The broad brim of his hat, to put it mildly, had seen better days. The *tout ensemble* was decidedly picturesque.

When he had first come to the camp, old Hank remarked that he looked "an or'nary kind of a pup." But old Hank was accustomed to "size people up" too hastily. A truer observer of human nature might have looked farther below the surface, and at least noticed that the man's boots were trim and dainty. There was, too, in the well-trimmed face a dim outline of serious humour—a kind of "guide-light" to good-fellowship. And yet the man kept aloof from his kindred: his only friend in the camp was Mr. Spreight.

"I ain't much," he had said seriously when he first came on to the Wolverine, as a kind of apology for the infliction; "but I just strayed here." And he did not feel himself called upon for further explanation.

Not that the question of where he might have "strayed" from was ever likely to rival politics as a direct cause of the decrease of population in the camp; but, lately, on several occasions, he had refused to take umbrage at speeches that were intended to insult him, and this had given in the camp a general impression of cowardice. They did not all notice, as Bill Spreight had done, that he might come forward, perhaps, to another's protection more quickly than he would do for his own.

The perfect unconceit of the man allowed of few insults being possible.

"Maybe he's a gaol-bird," Neversweat had said one day, not knowing that Low was within hearing; "and when they git on his track, he'll be took back East to roost."

"I never cracked myself up for anything different," Low had said quietly, stepping forward; "and maybe as such I've fallen in good company."

He had also, now and again, shown signs of a knowledge beyond that of the ordinary miner.

One wet and windy night, a few men who had braved the elements sat about in old Hank's saloon waiting perhaps for the

weather to clear up, or for others to join them before "putting in the night." In the interim, they were being entertained by a fellow who went by the name of Nabob, and who had, chiefly owing to the ignorance of his audience, obtained some reputation of having a knowledge of the classics. Mr. Low entered the saloon, and stood just inside the doorway as if uncertain whether it was more congenial to him to be inside or out. The water was dripping freely from the hem of his long coat; and the light from the large old-fashioned lantern that he held touched his serious, undecided face with such a dryness that several of the bystanders gave vent to something like a titter. This was the signal for Nabob to say something funny. Waving his hand towards the intruder, he said, in a stage "aside":

"Diogenes—and his lantern."

"And I reckon," returned Low drily, looking up, "that he'll have to hunt around here a long time to find an honest man."

It was, perhaps, the knowledge that he was misunderstood by these people that made him so retiring; his seriousness, and deep, keen humour had little part with the frivolities about the camp. But at least he had one friend: a man who *did* understand him, and with whom he, too, felt thoroughly at ease—and that was Bill Spreight.

Bill had come "up country" more for his health's sake than for profit; and, as so often happens, he had done far better than most of the adventurous spirits about him.

Few people could divine the reason why he had fallen into so deep a friendship with Low; nor could they understand how it had come about, for the latter was so reticent. They did not know how one simple touch of sympathy had leavened the whole affection, and made a bond never to be broken. They did not know how, when Low first struck the camp, he had been attracted by the somewhat erratic movements of a slightly built man who was carrying a log of wood up the hill in front of him. As the man swayed from side to side under what to Low, who was in full possession of the rudest strength, appeared but a slight burden, he thought him drunk. "Seems as though his ballast had got shifted a little, and he don't exactly answer to his rudder," said Low, smiling, to himself. But when the other presently threw the log from his shoulder in a paroxysm of coughing, Low went quickly to him.

"You don't seem exactly up to that kind o' work to-night, old friend," he said, using an old-time phrase and throwing the heavy log [illegible] shoulders as though it had been but a garden,

"Not exactly," returned Bill Spreight; "but it ain't anything. There, I'm all right now. Come, give it to me."

He of course referred to the log.

"Oh no; not much!" returned Low, expressively. "I'll take the liberty of leaving it at your shanty as I pass by, if it's all the same to you. You lead the way, old friend. Steady now: its uphill, and there ain't no train to catch."

Bill Spreight was a favourite in the camp, but he had not received much of this practical kind of sympathy; and the simple manner of the act at once sank a deep impression in his heart. Perhaps it was intensified by the fact that he was feeble. The sick are prone to religion, and susceptible to kindness.

On Low's part, he was friendless and a stranger, and this man's weakness seemed to appeal to his great strength for protection. He felt his heart go out to him, without, perhaps, quite understanding why.

So they went up towards the camp together, and came presently to a neat little "frame" house that was Spreight's dwelling.

"Thank you kindly," said Bill . . . . "Come in, Mr.— Mr.—"

"Miram Low. Miram's near enough though." But he would not go in, and put the log down against the little wood-shed.

Many a time after this he carried Bill's wood and water, and they who wondered at the friendship little thought how Miram made many a trip five miles or so back into the mountains, to bring heavy loads of water from the sulphur springs, in the hope that it would help his friend. And perhaps it did; but for all that, he got weaker and seemed to fade away.

It followed naturally that Low was soon introduced to the Spreight household: in fact he became almost one of the family. Mrs. Spreight could not fail to recognise the vast fund of affection that he lavished on her son; and, moreover, she saw that it was genuine.

It was on the occasion of his third visit that Low saw Leah, Mrs. Spreight's orphan niece. Through the open window against which he sat he could see her coming down the narrow path out of the cañon that led back to the little school-house, whence she had come; for, being a girl of some little knowledge and a spirit of independence, when the former schoolmaster had been permanently disabled by Tom Sheath, senr., because he had tried to correct Tommy Sheath, junr., she took over the position of "teacher" that had been offered to her, and maintained order where a male teacher would perhaps have failed.

When Low saw her coming straight towards the house, he rose,

and would have made some excuse for a hurried departure, for he was far too humble in his opinion of himself; or, perhaps, where a woman was concerned, he might justly have been deemed a coward. But he was also too simple-minded to frame an excuse on the spur of the moment: consequently he found himself trapped.

Of course he knew the "school-ma'am," as she was styled in the camp; and he had also heard of her many good qualities, perhaps rather roughly expressed. But to meet her face to face; to catch the full expression of her eyes meeting his, he felt would be an embarrassing ordeal. On the other hand, he had much of the Western gallantry within him. He would not have liked even his friend Bill to know how he had one wet day come upon a very distinct little footprint, in the pathway up the cañon, that had interested him far more than a bear's track would have done; and which he had afterwards thought upon far more perhaps than was necessary. But then, most likely, many another man in that same camp had just such another rough sweet secret in his heart, of which Miss Leah, unconsciously enough, had been the originator: for she and Mrs. Spreight were the only two women who had ventured to the spot. And Bill's mother, good, homely old soul, did not wear such dainty shoes.

"Don't be in a hurry," said Mrs. Spreight with kindly hospitality, as Low tried to make good a retreat. She was old; and her lips had a habit of twitching always, which made her mumble the words; and when she was not speaking it appeared as though she mumbled to herself. She had little part now left in the outer world, and lived only for her son, and for Leah. While Low hesitated, Miss Leah, in all her glory, burst in upon them.

In all the glory of youth and maidenhood! She was not like other women, with whom perhaps she had had little contact. Her grace had borrowed of the redwood, and her freshness seemed to have caught something of the buckeye. A freedom went with her always, as the freedom of the wind that blows against the mountain. She was frank, and free, and open as the blue sky and stars that kept eternal watch over the great peaks up on the snow-clad range, and over the little baby peaks below. To Low she looked pure and spotless as the bosom of the mother peak that seems, in the distance, to pillow the baby peak upon her snowy breast.

Simultaneously with her entrance, Bill's face too had lighted up.

There had been no introduction—perhaps the fact that Leah had outgrown [illegible] overlooked—but she came straight to whe

"I must thank you, Mr. Low," she said in a rich young voice, "for all your goodness to my cousin."

Miram blushed like a great overgrown boy.

"It ain't much," he stammered out. "Me and Bill there understand one another, Miss Leah."

He looked over to where Spreight lay; and the single glance of each showed the girl how much these two hearts were in sympathy, one with the other. And the fact made her bestow such a smile upon Low that he was sorely embarrassed.

"Keep your praise, Miss," he faltered, "for better folks than me. . . . . It was like this"—he spoke on through sheer nervousness—"your cousin there ain't so very strong, and . . . . . well, I am. That's it."

Leah looked up into his face. This man was so unlike the blustering youths about the camp.

During this time Mrs. Spreight had been preparing the table for tea.

"Excuse me, Mr. Low, please; I must go and help Aunt," said Leah, rising; "but you will stop and have some tea with us, won't you?"

The invitation was so infinitely different to the "now then, come belly up" of the other members of the camp that Low could find no ready excuse. And perhaps he did not particularly want to.

So he stayed. He did not feel quite at ease in a lady's presence, but still was half glad that he had not gone away. Presently, when Miss Leah sang some of the old songs that he remembered, you couldn't have driven him out of the shanty with a shot-gun.

"There ain't nothing hide-bound about that!" said Neversweat, turning round in the moonlight outside the window, and addressing several who, like himself, came there almost nightly to listen.

When the time came to go, Low wished Bill and his mother good-night, heartily; and to Leah he would have said some words of thanks, but somehow it was not a very great success. Outside, Neversweat, who just then happened to be going back down the hill, walked along beside him.

"Ain't nothing small about Miss Leah," he remarked presently, 'cept her feet; and well old Sprightly knows it."

But Low had no ears for his companion. He saw only the gaunt pines, the grey cliffs, and the great background of mountains in a hazy kind of recollection. And perhaps in his rough inmost thought he went the length of damning Neversweat's company. He wished to be alone, and to think. Even the glories of a full moon which intensified the grandeur of nature about him went unnoticed; for was looking inward.

"Wäal!" exclaimed Neversweat, as he broke in upon a little group in the saloon, where he had come quickly after bidding Low good-night at the crossing, "if that there cowardly Miram have got any kind o' fellowship about him, it 'ud take half a day to find it."

"With a fine-toothed comb," added Nabob: for which pleasantry old Hank stood him a drink; which was perhaps the rarest compliment ever paid to his misguided genius.

But Low went on day by day in his own quiet way, quite oblivious to any opinion of him that the camp might entertain.

Very often he happened to find himself up near the schoolhouse at about four o'clock in the afternoon. And if Leah sometimes found a bunch of wild flowers placed just inside the window against her desk when she went in the morning, she felt instinctively, somehow, who had put them there. So things went on for a long time, Bill Spreight seeming to continue about in his usual condition. He was energetic, as he always had been; and not content with merely supervising the few men in his employ, he often did more than, for his health's sake, he should have done.

II.

One evening Spreight was returning from the flume after an extra hard day's work, and, feeling in excellent spirits, instead of following down the race and crossing over by the planks, he took a short run and jumped it. But when he landed on the other side he fell, and a couple of men who saw that he did not recover himself ran quickly to the spot. When they picked him up, stains of blood were upon his neckerchief and shirt. They carried him home, where he lay all that evening in a kind of stupor. For several days he lay so, growing weaker, attended by his mother, Leah, and Low. He did not recognise them, but spoke in broken words of their goodness, and of his love for his cousin who had been his playmate in childhood and companion in after years.

Then came more lucid intervals, and the only available medical man was called in from a neighbouring camp. It was merely a matter of a few days; he told them in as kindly a way as such news can be conveyed, that Bill would leave them; he had ruptured a blood-vessel and could not possibly survive. Mrs. Spreight and Leah were stricken down with grief; while poor Miram, feeling the blow only as they did, could only watch and wait quietly for at heart swelled with pity.

In one of Bill's quieter moments, when he appeared to be quite calm and self-possessed, he asked to be left alone with Leah. During many hours of faithful watching, Low and the girl had learnt the great secret that lay between them—they understood each other.

When the others had withdrawn, Bill beckoned his cousin to the head of the bed.

"Sit down, Leah," he said, his tone manifesting much agitation; "for I've got a good bit to say . . . . and not much time left to say it in."

The girl choked back a sob.

"Some time," he went on, "years in and out, we've been brought up together, Leah; like brother and sister, you might say—but I say more. Don't start, child. Maybe its new to you . . . . but it ain't to me. I've loved you, child, boy and man; don't cry, girl; 'cause I've got a heap to say, and to ask you. A long while back I reckoned to ask you to marry me; but then, you see, my health ain't been just exactly so, and it didn't seem right—but now, I'm dying—— There, that 'll do; give me your hand."

She placed her hand in his.

"I can feel it," he went on; "and it's soft, like it always was; but I can't see your eyes, Leah. Are you listening?"

She squeezed his hand in reply. Her heart was too full to speak.

"It isn't any dying man's fancy altogether, either. You see, there's the claim . . . . and it brings in quite a little bit, and no signs of runnin' out yet. And I always reckoned if you couldn't share it with me, that it 'ud come to you. You see, Mother's getting along now; and you'll look after her, won't you? . . . . And then what's a lone young girl cut adrift to do?"

For a long time both were silent. Then Bill partly raised himself.

"Will you do it, now? Then I could die, Leah; I could die."

His look was so intent, so curious. The whole dying man's soul seemed laid bare before her. She stooped down and kissed him.

"Bill, poor, dear old Bill," she faltered, "I never dreamt of this."

"It ain't no dream, Leah," he returned quickly; "nor yet a passing fancy. If you don't maybe love me in that kind of way, you see it won't make much difference; it ain't as if it was for long."

Poor girl, how could he divine what was in her heart? She had never thought of him in any other light than that of a brother. ved him very dearly—more dearly than any other living

cepting . . . . excepting—— She could not think quite clearly without more time. Perhaps in her quick woman's perception it flashed before her how the possession of the little claim might stand between Low and her for ever. He was so simple, and so just. She remembered how on many occasions he had led her to understand, by his actions and manner, that even as she stood now he looked up to her as to something far above his reach.

Then Mrs. Spreight, thinking that they had been long enough alone, came softly into the room. And presently, when Low entered, Leah stood back and he advanced to take his friend's hand.

"Why, you're looking a pile better, Bill," he said quietly, noting the brightened face and mistaking its import; "you'll pull through all right now."

But Bill only shook his head.

Then Leah, her eyes wet with tears, told them of his dying wish. This union had been always Mrs. Spreight's dearest wish; but now, what did it matter?

Miram Low bent his head, yet it was he who rose to the occasion.

"Don't refuse, Miss," he said, not daring to look up. "It is a dying man's wish," he added imploringly, intending none but the girl to hear him; "and it 'll make him happy. Poor old Bill!"—he looked towards the bed—"let him down easy, Miss Leah."

Many a time, coming back from the old school-house, he had called her "Leah," and perhaps a little more besides.

The only movement within the room was in the old mother's lips, which moved even more convulsively than was habitual, and gave a strange pathos to her silent grief.

Outside, the tall redwoods bowed their heads in the breeze that had sprung up, and seemed to hold some mystic converse one with the other. The swollen race glided on silently and undisturbed down the cañon, sighing only faintly in the distance, where it dropped over in a cascade into the deep ravine beneath. And they who watched anxiously around Bill's bed waited patiently for the rising of the sun that was to dawn upon Miss Leah's strangely hastened nuptials.

At last the faint awakening of the little camp was heard below. The sick man lay more exhausted; and it seemed that what should take place in his lifetime must be done without delay. So Miram hastened to the camp to fetch the Justice of the Peace—who was the proprietor of the drug-store and grocery—to perform that which should well-nigh break his heart. The chill darkness nd an echo in his breast.

But no time was to be lost: at the rising of the sun Bill Spreight would die—if he died that day.

III.

FIVE years had passed away since that eventful morning. Still there seemed little external alteration in the camp. Any one well acquainted with the ground might have noticed furrows and ditches here and there where formerly there had been sage, and chapparal, and rock. The "pay-dirt" had nearly all played out, so that the actual fortune-hunters of the place numbered only a few souls, and the harmless Chinese scavengers. These latter worked over the old ground again, and seemed content with leavings only; it was a very rare occurrence indeed, in any mining camp, for a Chinaman to strike a fresh "lead."

But the place was thriving and busier than it had been formerly, and farther back in the bluffs operations were in full swing, for quartz-crushing machinery had taken the place of the rougher implements of a bygone prosperity. And the man who had, at considerable expense, opened up this new "seam" and so saved the little camp from desertion, was none other than Bill Spreight.

On that eventful morning, five years ago, the dearest wish of his heart had been realised as he lay, as was supposed, upon his dying bed. After the strange and solemn ceremony had been performed—and they who took part in it had felt as though they were the actors in some pathetic drama—he sank back, and had been mourned as dead. For three days and nights he lay in a comatose state, taking no food. and scarcely seeming to breathe. Then he rallied. Leah was in the room watching, alone, when he opened his eyes.

"Leah," he had said, trying to rise up, "I have been asleep a long time."

"Yes," she answered, tears of joy rising to her eyes; "you have slept for three whole days, Cousin . . . . my . . . . husband——"

Bill started up.

"Then it wasn't all a dream!"

"No," said Leah quietly, placing his head back upon the pillow, and kissing his forehead; "I am your wife, and you are better."

"Yes, a heap . . . . Where's mother?—and old Miram? I've been a-dreaming queer things about you."

The frantic joy of Mrs. Spreight may well be passed over. For several days she went about mumbling the praise of God.

But Low stayed all that day; and when the calm, still evening began to darken into night, he returned to the camp. Every day he went up to sit with his friend, and to cheer him along the road of convalescence. And in all these times it may have been only chance that he and Leah did not meet. So he worked hard, and began to prosper, and, if possible, seemed even less sociably inclined towards his fellows.

Neversweat, perhaps divining something of the reason, was the only man who made any slight advances of friendship; but these, rough and well-meant as they were, Low studiously rejected.

"Git out o' this yer heathen!" said Neversweat one day, bestowing a half-contemptuous kick upon an unfortunate Chinaman who was working in the ditch beside him; "or else say something. Derned ef you don't remind me of thet dunderheaded Miram Low!"

And yet when Low sat beside his friend's bed, he had much to say, and was a cheerful, good companion. But when Bill was able to be about again, he wondered why Miram, who became his manager and most confidential friend and adviser, would come but little to his house.

"You see," he explained one day, "you're a married man now, Bill; and it's different."

Spreight accepted this brief explanation; and perhaps it did not ever occur to him that when, on rare occasions, Low did go home with him to have a friendly chat, it always happened that Leah was away upon some errand. If he noticed that his wife was not so girlish as formerly, he attributed it to the matrimonial state, and the consciousness of her increasing responsibility and position in the camp. He had also noticed, perhaps, that marriage has often a sobering influence upon the vivacious: and if he saw only that Leah did all her wifely duties, a trustful husband does not look too deep below the surface.

An observant outsider might perhaps have fancied that she went her way quietly, as a noble woman who follows closely upon the heels of some great mission: like the keen hunter who, having fallen upon the track of a band of elk, follows it by day, and at night builds his fire and lies down beside it to get what rest he may, until he shall at last be rewarded by a sight of the quarry.

So things progressed—with some; with others they did not progress so favourably—and might have so drifted peacefully (to all outward [illegible]) to the end, had not Miram Low met with an

One evening, nearly at dusk, he was returning from high up above the ledge where he and a small party had been "prospecting" what promised to be a likely "seam." A light snow had fallen during the day, which perhaps made the descent a trifle more dangerous than it would otherwise have been. Miram hurried also to be back before the closing of the mines. He came down recklessly, partly running, partly sliding; catching at the dwarf shrubs, and swinging here and there by the trailing boughs of some scrub oak, until within a short distance of the ledge. Here he had intended to slacken up and proceed more cautiously; but missing the overhanging limb of a "black-jack" at which he aimed, he went falling, sprawling downwards—over the ledge. As he disappeared those who had followed him, only a trifle more cautiously, sent up a frenzied shout of dismay as they saw what had taken place.

The cry reached the ears of several men down on the side of the cañon; they looked up, then casting away their tools, ran hurriedly along the ravine towards the spot where Low was falling.

The ledge over which he had fallen was a kind of shelf, probably originally formed by the yearly migration of the buffalo, elk, and "black-tail" that came down every "fall" from the snow-clad regions where existence is possible to them only in the summer months. It started abruptly from the valley of the ravine near the mines, and, curiously enough, although the cañon inclined slightly downwards to the camp, this ledge gradually went upwards, in stretches, being fairly level, then breaking upwards all at once into steep rocky steps, slippery, overgrown, jagged and blocked here and there by fallen trees. Over these portions one unaccustomed would think it wonderful even for a mountain-sheep to pass: and yet the bulky elk will traverse such places with ease, and give one a less likely shot than in running headlong through the timber.

It is a wonderful sight to come suddenly upon a band of elk, perhaps feeding in some little, sequestered nook: amongst them, in "running" time, there will be a fine old bull. With head erect, his wide-spreading horns (with perhaps nine "points") look almost like the branches of a withered tree, and with such an impediment upon his head you would think it impossible that he could escape you through the thick timber; yet, in a second, he will outstretch his neck, lay his horns down tightly against his body, and lead off his little harem at a headlong trot through places, and between the trunks of trees, where there seems barely room for his body alone to pass.

Where Low had fallen, the ledge winded its way round the

bluffs to the northward at an elevation of some three hundred feet. In places the walls of the cliff were sheer and rugged, straight down to the ravine beneath ; but in other places, again, perhaps there had from time to time been landslips, or the frosts of each returning winter had crumbled away the softer rock and sandstone, which had afterwards been overgrown with shrubs and straggling cedars until they looked, round the great sweep of the cañon, like the huge buttresses of some gigantic fortification.

Any other man than Miram Low would of course have fallen down where there was a sheer drop sufficient to crush a man's body to a pulp. But several of the best marksmen on the Wolverine had shot at him without effect ; and this same luck, or Providence, stood by him now. He landed on the back of one of these natural buttresses, and slid, rolled, and fell by turns, down and down, almost to the foot of the cañon, scratched and bruised—and stunned ! Such things are in the hands of God.

There was a case within my knowledge where an immense hollow iron "tee" was being raised by a crane. A man went up inside it, to steady the chain ; it was perhaps a reckless act. When about twenty feet from the ground, the chain snapped. The casting, weighing several tons, was smashed to pieces .... The man extricated himself, almost without a scratch ! Several years after, he was standing upon a plank lodged upon two barrels, when one of them slipped. He fell backwards from a height of about *two feet* .... and his neck was broken. But such cases are common enough. It is seldom that the adventurous spirit meets with a romantic death ; and few explorers die in their boots.

But it *was* a strange coincidence that Leah should have been just then passing up the cañon on her way from the camp : she had reached that very spot and saw the accident. Another strange fact is that a woman, who may faint at the sight of a snake, rises superior to a man, perhaps, in occasions of this kind.

Leah did not scream, nor shout even, as the men had done above her, but ran quickly, regardless that the trailing vines laid rude fingers on her dress and detained her bonnet in hostage.

She knew only that some poor man had suffered. She did not know that it was Low.

When she saw him her heart, that had been swelling for these past five years, seemed to burst within her. As she tried to raise the prostrate man's head, all the world without seemed dead. She stooped down and kissed him again and again.

"My darling !" she cried. "why did I do it? Why did we not

go away together, long ago; long ago! Was it my sin? Ah!—" With one hand she threw back the hair that had fallen down upon Low's face. "Ah! .... Ah!" she moaned. And an emboldened, brazen-faced little striped gopher looked inquiringly from behind the shelter of a neighbouring log.

But, behind, Bill Spreight stood over her, pale and stolid. He had come more quickly than the rest, and now stood transfixed by what he heard.

Instinctively she turned and faced him. For one brief moment she despised him for standing there, offering no assistance in such an emergency.

"Oh Bill," she said with blanched features, "he is dead!"

Bill stepped back a pace, as though he would have turned away; then shaking his manhood back again, as he might have done a cloak that had slipped from off his shoulders, he came forward.

"Poor old Miram!" he said, and knelt down beside his wife.

Neversweat, as might almost have been supposed, was the man who produced a small tin of whisky, such as it was; and, be it said to his rough credit, he gave it ungrudgingly.

After the first gulp or two, Low opened his eyes and looked vacantly around him.

IV.

BILL SPREIGHT did not sleep that night.

At about midnight, he rose up quietly, and taking the long rifle from the corner of the room in which he usually slept, stole softly out into the night.

The calm, still, peaceful night was in ill-accord with his wild thoughts. A thin chill mist rose up from the cañon; and the great, quiet, full moon seemed almost to look down upon him with a touch half reproachful, half pitying, for he was bent upon a tragic mission.

He had reasoned long and calmly with himself, now that he had learnt the truth which blotted out all the love of life. He felt really, now, how ill he was, and that the disease from which he had so long suffered had tightened its grip upon him. Only happiness, peace, and the great desire to live had sustained him so long. Now, all that was wiped away. The world stood a blank before his hazy eyes. Why should he live? Moreover, what right had he to live? He stood only in the way of the happiness of those he loved.

He intended to go well beyond earshot from the house—and

there blow his brains out. And he did not go in any hurry and bustle (like your man who tells the girl of his heart that he must destroy himself, and then turns up at the usual hour the next evening looking very sheepish), but quietly, like a man who meant business.

He lost no time either in thinking about the awful deed that he was about to commit, but walked quickly to a spot almost a quarter of a mile from home, high up on the side of the cañon, opposite the ledge where Low had fallen. Here he sat down on a rock in a small clearing; and the moon looked down with some compassion upon his white face.

He took a piece of string from his pocket and tied it with a big loop on to the trigger of the rifle. Then he pushed the catch forward, setting the "hair trigger" so that the shot would be fired almost unconsciously, placed the muzzle against his temple, and was just raising his foot to the loop, when he heard a sharp panting sound close behind him, and turning quickly round came face to face with a wolverine—that strange sloth-like animal which generally prefers to roam higher up the mountain-side, near the timber-line; but perhaps this one had been sent by Providence upon a special errand.

Fancying himself menaced by a dangerous foe (so strange a thing is man, even in the direst extremity), hardly realising what he did, Bill raised the rifle to his shoulder, and being set upon the "hair-trigger," it went off unawares.

The large shaggy animal fell back a pace or two half undecided, then turning, shambled off as quickly as its short legs and fatness would allow, grunting hysterically, and now and again seeming to fall forwards and roll farther and farther down into the ravine.

Now Bill sat down. The weapon in his hand was harmless enough, for he had brought no extra ammunition. Then he began to think.

The deed that he had been about to commit presented itself to him in its true selfish light, and he thought for the first time of his mother. What utter grief it would have caused her, poor dear old soul, to know that he, her son, had taken God's work upon his own hands. His removal still seemed to his diseased mind of the same necessity; but he must devise some better plan of achieving it.

Out there in the calm, he could reason more logically with his inner self. He saw all now in its true light: how Low and Leah had loved one another, but had sacrificed themselves to him, and to his selfishness. Not because he was dying altogether, either; for he in[illegible]ight that they would go on in the same self-immolation,

uncomplaining and with honour, to the end. Miram Low of course knew nothing of what had taken place, and Leah was innocent of the words and the revelation of her franticness.

All these things he saw out there in the clear moonlight; and it seemed to him that his should now be the sacrifice: his death would put matters straight, and perhaps undo the harm that he had so unconsciously committed. He was doing, it seemed to him, no great sin, because in any case he would not have lived long—he was thinking of himself almost as though he had already departed. But his mother . . . . she must never know that he took his own life: the shock would kill her—then he would be a murderer indeed! Nor must Leah know.

Then perhaps he saw why God had sent the wolverine. He must not be too hasty, but think also of others. With these strange thoughts in his heart, he returned quietly to his home; even noticing upon the way the majestic glory of the midnight scene about him. He had not been missed.

Day dawns alike upon those whom a bountiful Providence hath blessed, and upon the weary.

Bill Spreight rose up, ate his breakfast, and went down to the mines like a man who might (to all outward appearances) live for ever. In his little private lobby he shut himself in like a man who had much business to attend to. He took from his private drawer the will that he had made some years before, when he had not so much to leave behind him if his great call should sound. It was merely a rough home-made draft (but such are often more binding than the lawyers make them) in which he solemnly assigned all worldly possessions to his wife, and his soul to a merciful Heaven; but it was duly witnessed, and after glancing it over he seemed content, and put it back again in its place.

Then he sat down and wrote what seemed a very studious letter. This he read over and over again, glancing uneasily about him; then he folded it carefully, put it in an envelope, and having sealed that to his satisfaction. wrote this address in a bold but untaught hand:

"To whoever may find
Open quickly and read
For God's sake."

There was nothing strange in the fact that he had brought his rifle with him that morning, and also ammunition in his pouch—it was his custom; and, on more than one occasion it had served him in good stead.

. . . . . .

Low had been only severely shaken in his fall, and feeling almost recovered he set out alone, about noon, for the mines.

When he had proceeded only about half way up the cañon between Spreight's claim and the camp, he was surprised by the sharp crack of a rifle shot not more than fifty yards distant. He ran hurriedly to the spot; for it was not likely that the shot had been fired at any game so close to the camp.

He fell back a pace, as he came full upon the body of his friend. His keen eye caught at once the awful wound by which Bill had died and the bold inscription on the envelope that was attached to the trigger of the rifle by a string.

"Open quickly——
For God's sake,"

he read; and without another thought he detached the string from off the trigger and broke open Bill's last letter.

As he glanced at the contents the blood seemed to stand still in his veins:

"To whoever may find my body," the letter read, "act quickly! For a wife and mother's sake, shift my body into some natural position, so that what has happened appears an accident. Do this at once, and God's blessing and a dead man's thanks will reward you, whoever you may be. "BILL SPREIGHT."

Perhaps no one in the camp excepting Miram Low would have seen the whole purport of those simple words at a glance; and perhaps no one else would have seen the importance of immediate action. Low saw how thoughtful of others his friend had been even in his insanity.

"How poor old Bill must have suffered," he thought, "before doing such an awful thing."

He did not guess that any other cause than disease had led up to such a climax: nor did he ever know what part he himself had played in this domestic drama. But his heart was too full, and the blow too sudden to allow of much thought.

Scarcely knowing what he did, he ran a little way down the cañon and brought back a log of wood that would at any other time have sorely taxed even his great strength. The sight of the log had immediately suggested something to his quick mind.

Another man having heard the shot also, had come to the spot more slowly. He, too, would have gone straight up to where the body lay, but seeing someone else coming to the spot he stood back behind a small shrub, and Low in going for the log had passed almost with Neversweat, for it was he,

glided quickly across the pathway and behind a clump of azaleas; here, lying down full length, he drew himself along like an Indian to the very edge of the clump, where he lay effectually concealed within a few yards of the dead man.

Low returned with the log. Seeing the letter on the ground, where he in his haste no doubt had dropped it, he stooped hastily to pick it up, and, looking round as a criminal might have done, thrust it quickly into the bosom of his red shirt.

The concealed man watched, as a catamount would watch a jack-rabbit.

Miram lost no time. Dragging the body round, he placed the feet upon the log, and put the rifle partly underneath the man, with its muzzle pointing to the wound. Really, it looked as though the man had stumbled across the log and accidentally shot himself.

Miram Low looked ruefully at his work:

"It looks peaceful, and natural enough, too," he sighed; and then walked dejectedly away.

"So-ho!" thought Neversweat. "Then I didn't misjudge ye so powerful much after all. You're a pretty beauty, you are!"

Then he slipped away in the opposite direction, and was back at the mines before Low.

As the latter, his head bowed down, wended his way along the cañon, he thought of many things—and somehow the image of Leah seemed to float hazily before his eyes. He felt that the letter had adhered to his skin by the blood that was upon it. And this fact, if such had been needed, made him swear by the memory of his dead friend that nothing should ever rack the secret from him. Bill should be honoured, dead, as he had been when living. A mere suspicion of the truth he knew would be Mrs. Spreight's death-blow, though she might survive the news that her son had died by misadventure. But he thought of Leah—poor widowed Leah. How should he tell them?

But evil news travels apace, and it is not always those upon whom the duty rests who bear it to its destination. Zeno has said that man hath two ears, and only one mouth; that he may hear much and say little—but that was long ago.

Low presently came to the camp. His keen eye had lost something of its brightness. Some wondered why he went to the sluices and closed them. He also ordered all the machinery to be stopped. It was early to close work for the day; but he was manager there, and offered no explanation; and this fact afterwards told against him.

He ascertained that what had been Bill Spreight's lobby was safely locked up. Then he called the engineer (who also acted as draughtsman of the mines, and timekeeper), and two other men, and explained curtly that he intended to do a little "prospecting" far up on the side of the cañon; so they got a few tools together and set out.

Neversweat watched, and noted in which direction they went. He divined that Low was taking the other men with him only to find "Sprightly Bill's" body, as though by chance. Then, muttering something to himself, he went off towards the camp by the upper and more direct road. He also had a secret, and resolved to keep it until the proper time.

An hour later, the little camp was in confusion; for it was known that Mr. Spreight had been found in the cañon, *dead.* By some mischance he had fallen over a log that lay across the pathway, and the rifle which he carried had gone off and killed him. He seemed not to have suffered, but to have met his death instantaneously. That was at least the rough consolation offered by some who went, hat in hand, to condole with the Spreight family.

But, unfortunately, Neversweat got drunk that night; and to several of his chosen pals, not, perhaps, much more sober than himself, he let drop one or two dark hints which led them to suspicions of their own.

One observant man, who was the hunter of the camp, called to mind how he had heard the shot, and the "crack," now he came to think, didn't echo dull enough for "Sprightly's" rifle.

"Did yer notice the weapon?" he asked.

Neversweat had not.

"Waal," he continued, "that fellow Miram's and Sprightly Bill's was pretty much alike, 'cos I've handled 'em both: only Miram Low's hadn't got no set-trigger."

"I helped to carry him home," put in "Thankful"; "and, come to think, that weapon hadn't only a single trigger—derned ef it had."

"We'll investergate all them little points termorrer," said Neversweat, with the air of a man who intended to say little more that evening.

"Thankful" thought awhile, and then "called ter mind" how he had gone up the cañon about eleven o'clock, and "derned ef thar wos any log abreast the trail *then.*"

It is, perhaps, worth recording how this man came by so happy an appellation.

When first he came to the

with another digger upon the subject of religion—a theme, it must be admitted, but seldom broached upon the Wolverine. The dispute waxed hot.

"Don't lay down no religious laws to me," the other had said; "why, blamed if I believe you could say the Lord's Prayer forwards."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Thankful" laughed ironically at the mere suggestion.

"Bet yer five dollars yer can't," returned the digger, incensed.

"Done!" said "Thankful"; and, turning so that several interested bystanders could witness, he began solemnly:

"For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly——"

"Thankful!" interrupted the other. "Derned if he didn't know it. I give in." And he handed over the five dollars.

Several months afterwards a man happened to come on to the Wolverine better versed in such matters; but the winner of the bet refused any explanation: his mother, he said, hadn't brought him up for nothing. Nor would he return the stakes; so he was called "Thankful"—and probably that was the only name engraved upon his rough tombstone—if he had one.

On the next day some strange facts had come to light. It was found out that Mr. Spreight had not been shot with his own rifle; and this fact had at once well-nigh exploded the theory of accidental death. It was soon ascertained that the weapon found under the body of the deceased man belonged to Miram Low; and a camp, not given to much detail at the best of times, jumped to the conclusion of foul play.

The private lobby at the mines had been broken open, and there, standing in its accustomed corner, was Bill Spreight's rifle. Strangely enough, through the accident that had happened to Low, *his* rifle had been left there also; and, in his distraction, Bill must have taken it by mistake—the two were much alike in make. No one had seen the now deceased man leave the mines. That was also strange.

The will that they found was, of course, dated and witnessed long before, and threw no fresh light upon the case, which soon formed itself into one of mystery.

It was deemed prudent to place Miram Low under arrest; on suspicion only, in a friendly kind of way.

But on the charge being informally read to him, and explained that the reason the case needed some investi because of the fact that *his* rifle had been the one fou

body, Low had blanched so and been so unmistakably taken aback (for he feared now that perhaps his dead friend's secret would be unearthed) that it was thought prudent to take him prisoner.

Ominous murmurs went round amongst the crowd ; and Low was hurried off with scant ceremony to the log-cabin on the outskirts of the camp, which had before now served as a "lock-up." A guard of four armed men was placed around the cabin, while further investigation should be made.

V.

A HEAVY wind had sprung up, and thick grey clouds gathered round the camp. There was no shadow either of pines or mountains thrown across the cañon now, as there had been on the previous calm, still night ; for the moon was full, but a violent storm threatened to burst at any moment.

Two yearling deer, lost from their fellows and probably driven from above by the coming storm, not knowing which way to go, had gone straight through the camp, unobserved, not on account of the darkness, but because all, excepting a few Chinamen, were now collected in the little school-house, where Low's trial was taking place.

The snow was driving hard against the Spreights' dwelling, when there came a loud knocking at the door. Mrs. Spreight rose up and admitted Neversweat. Shaking the snow from off him, he sat down upon the corner of a chair near the door, and covered one knee with his broad hat.

"I reckoned I'ud come and tell ye," he said, "how things has shaped themselves. I alw'ys allowed as there warn't no good in that there Low——" He fumbled with his hat, hardly knowing how to proceed.

Leah came in from an adjoining room, where she had been lying prostrate.

"You see," Neversweat went on abruptly ; "you see—well, we allow, now . . . there ain't bin no accident."

Mrs. Spreight mumbled something unintelligible in a listless way. Leah looked up quickly, and uttered the only word that came to her :

"What?"

"Waal, yer see," returned the [illegible]hans emboldened by what he took as a q[illegible]d now,

down at the school-house yonder, for the murder. It's about the dernedest—excuse me, ma'am—it's about the *cowardliest* thing that has bin done in this yere camp since that derned—excuse me, ladies, I'm unaccustomed to tell such things."

Then he explained how matters stood, adding his own suspicions as to how the trial would end.

Mrs. Spreight rose from the lethargy in which she had remained since the tidings of her son's death. Her face, which was wont to be so calm, had become set like that of the dogged criminal who puts a firm foot on the scaffold. She cursed Miram Low for a vile, false friend, and mumbled much besides. Presently she gave Neversweat to understand that she would go with him back to the school-house, and strike down her son's murderer with her own hand. Throwing a cloak about her face, she told the man to lead the way. He tried to check her; but, seeing that it would be of no avail, they went out together.

Neversweat did not know that she was mad. That habit the mouth had of twitching so convulsively did not point out to his rough perception how that the nervous system, already unhinged, would completely give way under this new strain with which he taxed it.

For a short time only after they were gone Leah sat with head bowed down upon her knees. Then, starting up and looking round with scared, forlorn face, she threw a cape about her head and stepped quickly out of the house.

Facing the blinding storm that drove straight up the cañon, braving the prowling beasts that might be abroad, and, what was perhaps worse to her, the chance of falling in with some drunken, reckless man, she ran dazedly in the direction of the little school-house. How well she knew the way! How often, in her bygone dreams, that little spot had seemed the centre round which her earthly happiness revolved! What was it now?

She came there quickly, and passing round to leeward, in the shelter, drew up to the side of the building. In the shadow, she placed her arms upon the window-sill, and watched with eyes that shone with the light of some great inward fire.

The man she loved stood there, only a few feet from her. The full light was upon his bold, defiant face. As he looked now, manly and awakened to the fullest confidence of self, he was indeed handsome: his bearing was like that of the wounded buffalo brought to bay, that might put down its head at any moment and charge full in the face of death.

It seemed to Leah that, with his towering form and wonderous

strength, he might cut his way out through his accusers and escape. She felt that she could fly with him, fleet as a hunted antelope, into the rough fastnesses of the mountains.

No such word as "escape" would ever enter into Low's great trustful mind.

Now and again Leah saw that he spoke, but the wind howled so that she could only catch a word here and there. And so she watched and listened.

The trial was well advanced. "Thankful" was now giving evidence.

"You were one of the men who went with the prisoner and found the body of the deceased gentleman?" asked he who officiated as Judge Lynch.

"I reckon!"

"You picked up the rifle, I believe. Who's weapon was it?"

"Miram Low's, there"—pointing to the prisoner.

This statement made no stir in the assemblage, as it only went to confirm other evidence that had gone before.

"Now, pay attention," said the Judge impressively. "Did you notice the relative position of the rifle to the wound, as the body lay?"

"Thankful" could not quite understand. The word "relative" probably had stumped him. So the question had to be explained to him more fully.

"Ah! I catch on now," he said at length; "you want to know whether a rifle pointed as Low's was when we found the body could have made that wound."

"That's it."

"Waal, it couldn't . . . . Yer see, Bill Spreight was a *left-handed man.*"

A shade fell across the prisoner's defiant face. He had quite overlooked that fact in the placing of the body. Forgetting for the moment that he was being tried for the murder, he feared that this thoughtlessness of his might put them on the right track. But the idea that Spreight might have committed suicide had never occurred to anyone.

Leah, watching still with glistening eyes, was perhaps the only person who had noted that change of countenance, and the shadow of it seemed to fall across her heart. The wind howled round the corner of the building; the snow began to drift in upon her, and to beat with a thousand tiny fingers upon the window-pane. She tightened the cape about her head, and straining forward, her eyes came so close to the win ing quickly, perhaps by

an impulse of magnetism, fancied that he had seen a light flash without.

Then followed a lengthy explanation of the relative position in which the rifle and the body had been found. All the evidence went to show that, from the direction which the charge had taken and position of the body when discovered, the fatal shot could not have been accidental.

After many had spoken rather hotly upon this point, the prisoner intimated that he had something to say.

"Gentlemen," he said quietly, and so distinctly that even Leah outside could hear the words, "you seem to have forgotten that poor Bill was probably in an upright position, or else in the very act of falling when the accident occurred."

His mode of expression, at this crisis, was unfortunate. The words "poor Bill" sounded in the ears of his accusers very much like mockery; and the word "accident," after all the evidence that had been given, incensed them.

There were many ominous murmurs about the room; and a mumbled imprecation from old Mrs. Spreight at the back reached Low's ears, and cut him to the quick.

"Come," said Neversweat, stepping a little forward and addressing the prisoner; "come, meet the charge like a *man*—if you can act that way. Have some manliness about yer, and own up. Don't act the coward right through the piece!"

The accused man passed a hand across his breast to feel if his secret was still locked there. The letter was safe, and still adhering to his skin. Seeing that he was now in sore straits, Low was watching his opportunity to destroy it. Several times he had edged up near the lamp, thinking to be able to burn it and crush the ashes to powder before any could prevent him; but no good chance had offered yet.

Perhaps Neversweat would have said more; but the Judge interrupted.

"Have you anything to say?" he asked solemnly. "Prisoner at the bar!" he added loudly; for Low had not noticed that he was directly addressed.

Low looked up quickly.

"I reckon," he said, "all these men who have sworn against me saw so much, one way and another, that they must know more about the truth than I do, who wasn't there when it happened;" and there was a sharp ring of sarcasm in his voice.

Leah waited to hear no more. The man she loved and honoured

above all had said those words. He was innocent! "He wasn't there when it happened." Half blinded, and in her joy scarcely knowing how she went, she returned home. Those words were enough for her; she knew how that simple, blunt, honest man, whom she alone now understood, would scorn a lie even to save his body from the rack. He would of course clear himself now, and his unjust accusers would be glad to make amends. A great weight was lifted from her soul. She knelt down in the snow and the wild storm, and thanked God for His mercy before entering the house.

"Derned, cowardly, lying hound!" exclaimed Neversweat, unable to control himself longer.

"Judge," said the prisoner, turning round coolly, "is this included in your trial?"

The Judge tried to restore order; but Neversweat, now that he had started, was not to be quieted so easily.

"Since Low there," he said, extending a finger scornfully at him, "defies me, I'll make a clean breast of things. Judge and gentlemen, I was thar, and seen it all from the start!"

This declaration made a stir in the room. Many noticed that the prisoner, for the first time, had paled and seemed ill at ease; but they little guessed the reason. For a moment Miram Low feared that, after all, his dead friend's honour was about to be blasted to the four winds of heaven. But it soon transpired that Neversweat had not been there *quite* "from the start"; and that made all the difference.

"I heerd the shot," continued the now exasperated man, "and went to see what sport . . . . What did I see? Gentlemen, I seen a heap! . . . I seen that there man—leastways he goes for a man—a-kneelin' down agenst the corpse; I reckon, to see if his work was done up nicely . . . . I laid low——"

All were now stirred to the highest pitch of excitement.

"Presently he got up," Neversweat went on, "and looked around. Then he starts off down the cañon. I allowed he would come back; so I dodged over and sort o' crawled in under some bushes and watched. Presently Low there come back—he was carryin' a log o' wood."

He paused a moment, like a true orator. There was dead silence.

"I seen him drag the dead man's heels up on the log, and shove the rifle underneath him. 'Pon my word, he did make things look sort o' natural though! . . . derned if he didn't. 'Pretty good, Miram, old man,' thinks I; 'derned if
than grit.' And——"

"Why didn't you tell this before?" interrupted the Judge, harshly.

"I jest wanted to sort o' feel how things would shape," returned Neversweat, "before I allowed I was thar. Yer see, I didn't exactly want to git my own neck in a sling."

Low turned, and smiled on him contemptuously.

The Judge turned to the prisoner.

"Is all that this man has said *true*?" he asked.

"Yes."

"All?"

"Every word of it."

The silence that ensued was broken only by a harsh, vindictive ejaculation from Mrs. Spreight, subsiding into mumblings.

The Judge faced round sharply.

"Is that a woman here?" he demanded sternly. "How did she get in?"

No one seemed to know.

"Put her outside, and close the door. This is no place for women!"

The order was obeyed.

The storm had lulled, and the moon peeped out from the grey bank of clouds, and her gaze seemed more intense, as though she would make up in vigilance for the time that she had been off duty, and, if possible, try to divine something of what had taken place while she, who should watch always, had slept. All lay still and calm, mantled in the purest robe of innocence. The mountains towered up in the background, seeming in the rarefied atmosphere to be more stupendous than ever. Above all, the dark, clear blue sky seemed like the vast vaulted dome of some gigantic cathedral, pricked out with a myriad stars. The white-clad foot-hills looked like the huge tomb and monuments of departed deities.

A little "cotton-tail," perhaps attracted by the light, hopped right up to the side of the school-house and smelt the wall, then scampered off down the ravine as fast as his little legs, in several inches of loose snow, could carry him.

VI.

As the men filed out from the school-house, the condemned was, perhaps, the only one who noted the purity that had, as it were, been splashed with generous brush upon Nature's grandest picture; and perhaps, in his heart, he drew the proper simile.

The procession formed quickly, and with scant ceremony. Little formality is wasted upon such gatherings as this, and no particular marching order is incumbent on the followers.

Somehow, all were disposed to be grave; but the silence was livingly intensified by the white carpet upon which they trod, and which their unkind feet had been the first to sully. It muffled all sound of footsteps, and even the snapping of some hidden twig made no echo now.

In this manner the procession wended its ominous way up the cañon, passed the place where Bill Spreight's body had been found, and came near to the cabin that had for a few hours been Low's prison.

About fifty yards farther on they came to a stand underneath a large spreading sycamore. One great limb extended from the tree out towards the pathway in a suggestive manner: and it had been found handy on one similar occasion. That was, perhaps, the reason why the cabin was deserted.

The only masked man in the assemblage now came forward, and he would have bound the prisoner's hands. But Low intimated that it was not necessary; so this part of the rough ceremony was left out.

Then the man unstrapped the raw hide from his waist, and, passing a noose over the prisoner's head, made the simple knot by which cattle are tied up in the stall.

It may have been merely a coincidence, but at that very moment the moon withdrew her gaze. Then the little fleecy, truant cloud scudded hurriedly away, as though it had been lost from the grey bank of its fellows, and had seen something to frighten it and make it fly more quickly to catch them up.

The same man, coiling the other end of the raw hide in his left hand—(it was strange, perhaps, that he should have been a left-handed man)—threw it up with a practised arm, so that it dropped across the bough.

As the rope descended it almost struck a catamount that, awed by the crowd, had until now crouched, panting, tight down upon the limb. With a wild cry the animal bounded head foremost into the snow right at the feet of some of the crowd, well-nigh causing a stampede.

The sharp cry of the startled beast was more like some fiendish yell.

It was Low who reassured them.

"Don't be scared," he said, and t[illegible] twinkle in his eye; "it's only [illegible]

Neversweat stepped forward.

"It's customary," he said, addressing the crowd, "to ask the condemned if he's got any last words to say. Maybe Miram 'ud like to say his prayers."

For himself, Low did not care to pray—it is just possible that he was too humble; but, remembering that great story, "Lord, forgive them"—the words unconsciously flashed through his brain—"for they know not what they do." "Thank you, gentlemen," he returned courteously; "I *have* got one last favour to ask: Can anyone oblige me with a match?"

"Thankful" produced a box of matches, and also a pipe ready filled with tobacco.

"Only a match, thank you, 'Thankful,'" said Low, touched by the kindness of the act . . . . "I only want to burn a piece of paper."

As he spoke he opened the front of his shirt and took out the letter. He was surprised that it had become detached from his body. He had expected some trouble in pulling it away.

"This," he said, holding it up, "may be only a private business document, or it may be a love-letter. That's my affair."

He struck a match upon his trowsers, and by its light many fancied they could distinguish stains (perhaps of tears) upon the paper.

It was Bill Spreight's blood!

He could have shown this (not that such a thought for one moment entered his head), and at once been free; but he would then not only have thrown his friend's memory to dishonour, but have broken his own vow to the dead, to say nothing of what the blow would be to Mrs. Spreight—and to Leah. To the latter he had not spoken for many years, and did not know how truly she loved him still.

Low held the paper up so that all could see, and was in the act of applying the match . . . . when, by some unseen force, Neversweat was thrown heavily at his feet.

"Stand back, you cowards! Back, all of you!" cried Leah, as Neversweat shuffled to his feet, shook the snow from off him, and seeing who it was had taken him so unawares, slunk back abashed.

No one seemed to have noticed the woman's coming, and she stood before them in the moonlight like an avenging angel.

Some called to mind how in Sacramento it was said that women must have a hand in everything; but they thought, perhaps proudly, that this case, in their own little camp, would establish a precedent. But they had little time for thought.

The paper, which Low had let drop in his astonishment, in fluttering to the ground had caught Leah's eye. She could never explain why the sight of it transfixed her; nor how in the bright moonbeams it was the signature only that seemed written in letters of blood upon the snow:—

"BILL SPREIGHT."

She knew that bold untaught hand at a glance.

Quick as thought she had stooped down and snatched up the letter, feeling in some vague sense that it held an explanation.

"A match! A match!" she cried in wild excitement, tossing back her wayward hair.

All this time Low had stood with the noose about his neck, and the other end of the rope hanging from the bough of the tree. Now he stepped forward.

"Stop, Leah!" he demanded, forgetting himself. "Come, give that letter back to me. It is mine; and a secret. Don't read—don't read it, for God's sake!"

He would have advanced and taken it from her by force, but Neversweat had gained the end of the rope, and by it pulled him up short, as though he had been but a dog on the end of a chain.

"Not quite so fast there, old man," he said mockingly; "maybe we hav'n't finished with you yet."

It was perhaps lucky that Leah did not see this cowardly act. She was in no mood to be baulked or trifled with now.

"A light! quick!" she demanded again.

"Thankful" came forward, and taking off his hat, handed her his box; almost, by force of habit, offering his little tobacco sack also.

As by the feeble light of a match the woman read her dead husband's last words, she saw and knew all—and understood.

A great flood of feeling rushed into her heart, and turning round upon the astonished little group, she raked them fore and aft as only an injured woman can.

"Cowards, all of you! Cowards, I say!" she almost screamed, holding out the now precious document. "And you would hang this man? Why, none of you are worthy to stand here under the same tree with him. Listen! Do you know what this noble man has done?"——

"Stop, woman; for God's sake say no more. Remember poor Bill—your husband," Low pleaded; but his words were perhaps unheeded.

"How could *you* understand a man like *this*," she went on. All a woman's pride of him she loved, and had proved worthy, surged

up in her bosom; and she was now ready to champion him, if need be, to the very jaws of death. She faced the crowd like a subtle panting lynx that will turn at last if brought to bay. "And you would hang a man like this . . . . kill him like a dog? I tell you he is a noble man—and innocent." She turned fiercely upon them: "Get out of my sight, you murderers!"

Leah looked like some wild thing, as she threw the letter she had read towards them:

"Read that!" she said a little more calmly. The shock and reversion of feelings had left her partly stunned. For a second she looked up into Low's face.

Then, throwing herself down at the feet of this great man, she worshipped him.

And it was he who raised her up.

The men about the tree had drawn together, and seeing that so small a slip of paper had wrought such distraction upon the woman, "Thankful" advanced to pick it up.

As he read his face changed, and he passed the paper on to the man who had officiated as "Judge."

For some minutes the others crowded round, and mumbled together. Then, following his example, some went, hat in hand, past where Low stood, as though they would offer some apology.

As the "Judge" advanced, Low held out his hand:

"Here," he said; "you may as well take this too, now."

The "Judge" took the envelope that had contained Bill Spreight's last wish. He had no difficulty in reading these bolder characters by the light of that glorious moon:

"TO WHOEVER MAY FIND
OPEN QUICKLY AND READ
FOR GOD'S SAKE."

It was a strange address. And he, too, now fully understood, and walked away.

But Miram Low knew only that the arms of the woman he loved were about his neck; her flushed face lay against his cheek, and her hot tears fell fast upon the very noose that had slipped down and lay loosely on his shoulders. And he recognised through all that Providence Who had brought him through many dangers, had saved him at last by the hands of the woman he had loved through all these years.

. . . . . .

Farther from the camp, the moon shone upon a different scene. With an overwhelming pity, she looked down upon a poor old

woman, who, with head jerking convulsively, and lips mumbling what she knew not, climbed the slippery trail. On, on she went, not knowing whither; up above the timber-line; and still upwards and upwards through the ever-deepening snow, as though she would by that rough road ascend to Heaven.

And perhaps she did.

A CHILD-POET: WALT WHITMAN.[1]

. . . . seek
Full truth my soul may, when some babe, I saw
A new-born weakling, starts up strong—not weak—
Man every whit . . . . BROWNING.

WE all remember Shelley's quaintly-expressed regret that babies are so close. If one of these little unworldlified beings could actually lift up its voice in other than inarticulate cooings and cries, would not the wisest hang enraptured on its words, leaving their philosophies, their books, their arts and learning, to listen to what the little stranger had to say? The nearer its observations could be traced to their source, the farther back they penetrated into the darkness whence it came, of so much the higher value would they be.

If such a miracle were to take place, if the lips of some new-born could be opened, its utterances might, we fancy, be something of the nature of what is continually to be met with in Walt Whitman; though the aspect of infantine innocence may seem a strange one in which to regard the alternately be-praised, defamed, mud-bespattered and half-deified American bard.

The child, as he grows older, forgets his early revelations, and though the splendour of them may still, in fitful glimpses, attend him on his way, it is sure to fade back into the shadows as the morning puts off its glory; so that, by the time he has acquired the power of speech, the special property that would have given his words their significance is gone. What constitutes the peculiarity of Walt Whitman is that he kept the vision of his infancy with him through life: it never melted into the light of common day. Is it not a fact that while so much has been said of him, and said in such an ungracious spirit, that many who know nothing of his poetry turn away with a mixture of disgust and impatience at the mere mention of his name, to those who are in any way attracted to him his image has a charm akin to that of childhood—which imparts an interest out of proportion in some cases with the positive value of his sayings?

[1] The quotations from Walt Whitman's poems are made from the selection by Mr. W. M. Rossetti (Chatto and Windus), and from that of Mr. Ernest Rhys in the "Canterbury Poets" (Walter Scott).

It is often with a little shock of surprise that, in reading him, we find our own well-nigh lost impressions restored by a touch, our elusive vanishing notions of the world belonging to the period when the apprehension of life was at its vividest brought back to us in language the very simplicity of which is sometimes baffling to our maturer perceptions. He himself has told us how "a child went forth" and took into his being whatever he beheld, or felt, or handled, so that it became for ever after part of him. He is the same child still, only with his receptive faculty increased to an indefinite extent, and with power to present his most transient thought in the light of full expression.

Babies nowadays are certainly not so close as they used to be. In much of what they formerly kept to themselves they will now meet us on equal ground. "Isn't it s'range, I know everysing zat you know!" lisped a two-year-old on our attempting the other day to beguile his attention with something new. "And perhaps a great deal more," we thought, as we looked into the wonderfully knowing little countenance of our small friend. It is into those remoter regions of consciousness to which they will vouchsafe no clue that Whitman seems at times able to see. The "latent unrealised baby-days," as he calls them, are almost realised by him, so that even those whose own childhood is a blank in the remembrance might recognise in him the fresh elementary sensations of one on the threshold of life, one to whom the ordinary atmosphere of existence is full of miraculous manifestations: a child just beginning to think and to wonder; to speculate by vague but keen flashes of intelligence on the mystery of its own being and that of everyone and everything about him.

This, then, is life!

as if just wakened to the observation of it, while reflections from far and near dart through his brain more quickly than he can give them utterance:

How curious! how real!
Underfoot the divine soil,

(and it is characteristic of Whitman that it is the *soil* he terms divine),

Overhead the sun.

With easy assurance, as of one who has just been behind the scenes, and in answers (the answerer is his name for poet) th
very much like truth, he offers the solution of
metaphysicians and scientists are puzzli

As soon as a person is born he is identified,
Something long preparing and formless is arrived and formed in you,
You are henceforth secure, whatever comes or goes.
Yourself! yourself! yourself! for ever and ever.

While at times, as if beset by memories which now elude, now almost blind him by their vividness, he lets out mysterious, undeveloped hints of what he passed through previous to his appearance on this earthly scene:

Rise after rise bow the phantoms behind me;
Afar down I see the huge first Nothing—I know
I was even there;
I waited unseen and always, and slept through the lethargic mist,
And took my time. . . .
Immense have been the preparations for me,
Faithful and friendly the arms that have helped me—

and so on, in retrospections half-mystical, half-scientific, but instinct, as it were, with a glimmer as of conscious recollection which makes them seem something more than merely the results of deliberate speculation; so that we can almost believe him when he tells us, alluding to these gradual stages of his growth:

I . . . . have distanced what is behind me for good reasons,
And call anything close again when I desire it.

Objects may stand "leagues off," and assume "manifold shapes"; they cannot withdraw themselves altogether from his recognition, nor prevent him from getting into *rapport* with them again. Earth, water, animals, trees—they are all a part of him and he of them. For childhood, whose idiosyncrasy he shares, is still stamped with something of elemental character. It is at home with nature as grown-up people never are.

Yet, for all those long vistas of dim, slumbering existence through which his backward glances reach, life, in its present complete and delightful form (which is all of which he professes to have exact intimations), has never had time to pall upon him. He has never lost the child's delight in the mere sense of existence:

Beginning my studies, the first step pleased me so much, the mere fact
consciousness. . . .
I have hardly gone and hardly wish'd to go any farther.

It is from this standpoint that he takes his outlook on the world. "Life, mere life" is enough for him, and his joyous exultation in it at times almost carries him away:

O, to dance, clap hands, exult, shout, skip, leap, roll on, float on!
To be a sailor of the world bound for all ports,
A ship itself (see indeed these sails I spread to the sun and air)—

flapping his arms, as it were, in the exuberance of his delight.

It has been remarked that no one is ever heard to say, "I am happy," though looking backward into the past, or forward into the future, one may exclaim, "How happy I *was*!" or, "How happy I shall be!" Only children are happy in the present, and not ashamed of acknowledging their happiness: and Whitman seems to bear upon his shoulders the joy of the universe. "To think how much pleasure there is!" He pauses breathless at the mere idea of it. "Mad with devouring ecstasy to make joyous hymns for the whole earth," he would make of existence nothing but "a poem of new joys," in which he invites all mankind to join him, soldiers, sailors, tinkers, tailors—as the old nursery jumble hath it—gentlemen, apothecaries, cowboys, even thieves. None are to be shared out, he himself being at the head of them.

"Who has been the happiest?" he asks; the abrupt question coming with something of conundrum-like effect, and straightway supplies the answer:

O, I think it is I—I think no one was ever happier than I.

Satisfied with himself and everything around him, just as it is, his almost habitual mood is one in which he would have nothing in earth or heaven changed, not even the evil and the sorrow; "All is as it should be" constituting his notion of the dread puzzle called life.

What will be will be well, for what is is well;

and still more forcibly,

What is called good is perfect, and what is called bad is just as perfect;

as if fearing that, were one blemish to be removed, the whole enchanting structure might come down.

This attitude of admiration and ever-fresh surprise, as of a stranger in the world, is accompanied by most of the characteristics of early childhood. Without a grain of egotism, he has a child's intense interest in himself and absorbing sense of his own importance. Thus, to a series of his poems he ushers himself in in words recalling the formula one so often sees inscribed on the title-page of some child's diary, and which, with its innocent unsuspiciousness of fate, brings a pang to the heart:

Afternoon this delicious ninth month in my forty-first year;

as also on a previous occasion:

Full of life now, compact, visible, I, forty years old, the eighty-third year of the States:

supposing his reader "a [illegible] of centuries hence," trying to

"Now, it is you," he adds, addressing this imaginary admirer with the light-hearted confidence of childhood, "compact, visible"—

> Fancying how happy you were if I could be with you.

But even infancy has its periods of depression; and it is not always high tide with our child-poet. He too, he tells us, has felt the modern tendency to turn everything to "pathos, ennui, morbidity, dissatisfaction, death"—

> Yet, yet, ye downcast hours, I know ye also,
> Weights of lead, how ye clog and cling at my ankles,
> Earth to a chamber of mourning turns.

That these, however, are for the most part the reflections of others' moods rather than the genuine expression of his own (as a healthy child will occasionally affect the morbid humours of its elders), we can divine from the continuing cheerfulness of his disposition, breaking out in the very midst of wounds and death—for Walt Whitman, as we all know, is no dallier in pleasant places—and tempered only by compassion for others' sufferings. For, above all, he has the child's loving heart, its impulses of demonstrative affection toward those it is attracted to:

> How good they look [he says of the soldiers] as they tramp down to the river, sweaty, with their guns on their shoulders.
> How I love them! how I could hug them, with their brown faces, and their clothes and knapsacks cover'd with dust!

Most people would rather wait till the honest fellows had washed themselves and changed their clothes, but not the good child-poet. Dust and travel-stains and all, he is eager to embrace them. And this though he himself, as we are told, "from snowy falling collar to burnished boot," is spotless in his person. Even in his heroic tendance of the wounded night and day, his unwearying support of the poor mangled forms that clung to him, there is something childlike to be found; for it was not merely supplies of new life from his own overflowing vitality that he lavished on them, but also endearments such as children only (or else mothers) are wont to bestow. No yearning, suffering look is ever turned on him in vain:

> Many a soldier's loving arms about this neck have cross'd and rested,
> Many a soldier's kiss dwells on these bearded lips.

Over the poor insensate clay, no less, the anointing of his love is poured forth. "Who are you, my child and darling?" he questions wistfully of a dead youth whose face he has uncovered outside the tent.

Eminently childlike, moreover, in its unabashed display is the credit he takes to himself for his devotion. "I am faithful, I do not give out," he boasts, recalling the scenes of horror through which, in his self-chosen office of wound-dresser, he so often passed. Disclaiming in that queer phraseology of his, which gradually comes to exercise a certain fascination over his readers, all pretensions to elegance or learning, "yet there are two or three things inure to me," he proceeds, with a show of modesty that would impose on none:

> I have nourish'd the wounded and sooth'd many a dying soldier,
> And at intervals, waiting or in the midst of camp, composed these songs.

Of the latter achievement he professes not to be proud (a statement we are inclined to take with the proverbial grain of salt), but he is proud of "the measureless ocean of love" within him:

> The moon gives you light,
> And the bugles and the drums give you music,
> And my heart, O, my soldiers! my veterans,
> My heart gives you love.

Another striking feature is his unworldliness. Gain, experience, thrift, the laws of material comfort and of self-interest, they are no more to him than to a baby at its mother's side.

> O, my father, I like not the houses;
> They will never to me be anything—nor do I like money!

cries the little child in his "Song of the Banner at Daybreak," and the cry is but the echo of Whitman's own feeling:

> I have loved the earth, sun, animals, I have despised riches,

is a statement that, coming from him, bears the golden ring of truth. His also are the nonchalance and irresponsibility of childhood. Duty itself, in its accepted sense, is to him of little account:

> I give nothing as duties,
> What others give as duties I give as living impulses.

The dewy grass at his feet, the blue sky overhead, he travels on his way, a vagrant child, along the open road, face to face with the sun, inhaling "great draughts of space." No one can daunt and nothing can abash him. He has taken off his hat "to nothing known or unknown." Cudge in the sugar-field, the president at his levée, are both alike to him as to the untutored child, and, like the child, he has "the pass-key of hearts," so that, as has been said of him by a warm personal friend, no one can come into contact with him without loving him.

What could be more childlike than his sensitive shrinking from the mere prosaic details of science? We have known a child burst into tears on having one of the wonders of the universe explained in set terms to her. A like repulsion overcame Whitman while listening to the "learn'd astronomer." "How soon," he exclaims with his usual quaint disregard of grammar, "unaccountable I became tired and sick," and wandering forth by himself out of the dry atmosphere of the lecture-room into the "mystical moist night air" he restored his spirits by looking up in silence at the stars. Set there in the heavens, they are familiar to him as the faces of his friends, but he cannot bear a deliberate holding of a lantern to their light. In careless, desultory fashion he is willing to acquaint himself with all that is to be known concerning them; but his mind revolts from lessons, like a child's.

And this brings us to the consideration of his poems; for it is a poet no less than a child that we are considering. Amid his almost arrogant proclamations of his gift, the secret sometimes slips from him in shy, scarce conscious revelations; as when, apostrophising, if we mistake not, his own soul under the symbol of a hidden bird singing to itself "death's outlet song of life,"

> —well, dear brother, I know [he cries]
> If thou wast not granted to sing thou would'st surely die;

or in the following, which none but a poet born could have uttered:

> Oh, from a little child [no earlier impression being worn off],
> Thou knowest, soul, how to me all sounds became music.

Not alone the song of birds, the growing of the corn (he can hear it growing, like the children in the fairy tales), the voice of winds and seas; but also "the hiss of steam, the merry shriek, the steam-whistle, the laughing locomotive"—he laughs with it like a very child—all those unromantic noises of everyday modern life that jar so painfully upon the æsthetic souls of some.

But it is after the law of his own being that he is a poet. The rules and shackles by which others are hampered have simply no existence for him. He must speak from the impulse of his own nature or not at all. And it is as much, if we mistake not, from a dislike, if not an actual incapacity, for mental application as from any deliberate intention that he has abandoned the old conventional forms. The look of other poems, indeed, seems occasionally to stir his admiration, and he thinks (as we may infer from sundry of his songs, besides the dirge we have quoted from) to cast one of his own in like mould; but the impulse generally fails to carry him

through. From many of his headings it might be fancied that one had chanced on some lyric of the old-fashioned type. What could be more promising of such than "Still, though the one I sing," which might be the opening to some no less polished a gem of musical expression than one of Moore's Irish melodies? It is a surprise, to say the least, to find the very next line, with a sublime ignoring of its predecessor's singing proclivities, running thus:

> One, yet of contradictions made, I dedicate to nationality.

We once heard an excellent maiden lady, not used to children, but who had been trying to make friends with her little niece, declare with a touch of despair in her tone: "That's the worst of children! Just when you are beginning to think them quite sensible they always descend into nonsense." One is tempted at times to say the same of Whitman. The children, however, might, no doubt, retaliate on us; and so, more self-assertively, does Walt—to call him, as he desires, by his "nighest name":

> Did you find what I sang erewhile so hard to follow?
> Why [with childish arrogance], I was not singing erewhile for you to follow,
> to understand—nor am I now . . . .
> What to such as you anyhow such a poet as I? therefore leave my works,
> And go lull yourself with what you can understand, and with piano-tunes,
> For I lull nobody, and you will never understand me.

With a few notable exceptions his strains are certainly not lulling; with a child for singer a directly opposite effect would more naturally be looked for. But there is a charm, like that of roughing it in the open air after the close-ordered life of houses, in his free, loose, swinging measure, leaping, darting, gliding, tumbling along at its own varying will, hindered by no rules of rhyme or rhythm. Like young Lochinvar, who

> stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
> But swam the Esk river where ford there was none,

he journeys straight along over every obstacle to his aim. It is as if you accompanied him a little way on his road, listening to his strange breezy talk, till a train of reflection is started in your own mind, and you wander off alone to pursue it. For his poems are rather suggestive of life and poetry to others than complete in themselves. "The words of true poems," he says (meaning Walt Whitman's), "do not merely please. . . . Gaiety, sun-tan, air-sweetness—such are some of the words of poems," and of these his own are full. "Man's desire," as well as "babe's desire" (for the child is father of the man); the deep, hoarse murmur of the sea, no less than the lisping

of the babbling brook, he twines in with them, so that it is no mere empty vaunt when, inviting us to follow him, he promises—

> Travelling with me you find what never tires.

And amid the overflowings of his spirit, how many perfect gems of expression are cast forth, to be well-nigh lost in the surrounding wildness! The "murmuring out of its myriad leaves," from the "Redwood Tree," might be set for simple yet sufficing melody both of idea and of phrase against the

> moan of doves in immemorial elms,
> And murmuring of innumerable bees.

"Old husky nurse," he calls the sea; and with a touch defines the "sense of rapid action in weird silence" imparted by the passing overhead of sheets of hurrying vapour and black clouds. The moon, to his imagination, moves through light clouds, as under an illuminated veil, "with measured womanly motion." "The resurrection of the wheat appears with pale visage out of its graves."

"I have a taut," old Handel used to say, and forthwith would leave the table for the ostensible purpose of jotting it down. Walt Whitman has thoughts innumerable (and he jots them all down) on every imaginable subject, whether familiar to him or unknown; for he can scarcely conceive of aught beyond his ken. No sooner does he think of a thing than its image projects itself before him more vividly than the reality to many another.

It has been said that a better idea of a thing, concerning which no previous conception has been formed, could be derived from the description of a child who has brought his fresh observation to bear upon it than from that of the most experienced man. Hazlitt remarks of Chaucer that as there were none of the commonplaces of poetic diction in his time, no reflected or borrowed lights and tints of fancy, he was obliged to inspect things for himself, "to look narrowly, almost to handle the object." A newness not only as of the childhood of literature but pertaining to the period of infancy itself is to be observed in Whitman's poems. "Not only the worde but verily the thynge" is shown forth in them. Nay, as a bright old lady, shuddering at his picture of the wounded after a battle, put it, "He can make you see a thousand things in a moment!" And, like a child who, whatever new thing he sees, runs home and tells of it, Whitman cannot allow the slightest incident to pass unnoted. A runner on the road, a ship in full sail, a passing funeral, a regiment of soldiers, the parting of two friends on the pier, from the flight of a storm-bird to the dalliance of a pair of butterflies—nothing can

attract his attention but his friends are sure to come in for some account of it. With a child's dauntless spirit of undertaking he thinks to include in his poems every place and nation, thought, deed, fact, or fancy of the universe. "Have I forgotten any part?" he eagerly interrupts himself to ask; "Come to me, whoever and whatever, till I give you recognition." And lest by any chance one item should be omitted, he rushes headlong every now and again into one of those breathless catalogues which have entailed upon him so much ridicule, comprising as they do such objects as even the poet of "The Excursion," who stuck at "washing-tub," would have hesitated to admit to the domains of poetry.

Lowell remarks of Thoreau that he thought everything a discovery of his own, from moonlight to the planting of acorns and nuts by squirrels. Whitman may more justly be said to fasten on everything with the joy of a discoverer; but it is in the spirit of a child, by apprehending it, as if none other had ever done so before him, through the medium of his personal cognisance. True, he not seldom mistakes a vivid impression for an original conception; but, on the other hand, he imparts such an air of pristine novelty to the most familiar things that we see them as it were through the eyes of Adam. Nor is he satisfied with material discoveries. All those obvious reflections that occur in passing suggestion to everyone (and to children more persistently, perhaps, than to grown-up persons), to be put aside for the actualities of life; all those glimpses into what Carlyle calls the eternities, and the infinities, and the immensities, constitute, it might almost be said, the normal habit of his mind; and he gets the credit with some (in addition to what may fairly be conceded to him) of being the originator with regard to much in the way of theory and speculation of which he is the mouthpiece only. No idea appears to him too patent, as none too fanciful, for presentation.

His imagination being of a character at once wild and practical, he exhibits the most fantastic notions in a matter-of-fact manner, as if they were nothing out of the way. With a child's spirit of wilful self-deception he tries to beguile himself into the belief that the birds in his favourite haunts sing and fly about for his especial benefit, and repays such of them as have mainly contributed to his comfort with the dedication of a part of one of his books; nor them only, but likewise a whole array of trees and insects, amid whose motley crew the mosquitoes are honoured by particular men
any means sure but that those queer alli
wind of the compliment. In a su

ocean and the daylight, the mountain and the forest, putting their spirit in judgment on our writings.

Independently of all witchcraft and fairy lore, he can create for himself the very miracles and transformations of which the little ones are always dreaming. The old woodland kings, in his belief, hold great thoughts, which they drop down upon him as he passes beneath them. There was a small boy who once prayed that God would make the trees walk. This very conceit was almost realised by the vivid fancy of Walt Whitman, who, in a "sort of dream-trance," as he calls it, beheld his favourite trees "step out and promenade up, down, and around, very curiously—with a whisper from one, leaning down as he passed me: 'We do all this on the present occasion, exceptionally, just for you.'" That they could do it if they chose seems indeed to be his deliberate opinion.

Children are notably devoid of humour, and in Whitman that quality is conspicuous by its absence. Who, however, better than children—or than Whitman—can appeal to the humour of others? There is something touching in the unconsciousness with which he lays himself open to the sneers of whoever may be willing to avail himself of the opportunity. His sense of fun, of which he has his full share, never interferes with the most preposterous statements on his own part, even while he allows no oddity of life nor any ludicrous effect of nature to escape him. Of what has been called the *cockneyism* of the nineteenth century not a trace is to be found in him, nor of the modern smartness and indifference. He cannot content himself with superficial views any more than childhood can be put off with the flippant answers which grown-up persons of a certain calibre amuse themselves by returning to its earnest questionings. Life to him is not a speculation nor a "bon-mot." He does not profess to know what it is, "except that it is grand, and that it is happiness"; also (and this above all), that it is never ending, and that death will make no very appreciable difference in it.

"I have dreamed," he says, with one of those sudden startling glimpses which he is in the habit of flashing, not only backward upon the past but onward into the future, "that we are not to be changed so much, nor the law of us changed."

Amid what to others might seem the most appalling, most annihilating discoveries in science, he moves familiarly as in his old paternal homestead, and finds in them the wholesomest nutriment for his dreams of universal joy and immortality. For it is not in his relations to earth alone that he maintains his trustful attitude. A child of the universe, he can not only look with unflinching gaze at

the sun in its noon-day splendour, but he loves also to blend himself with the shadows, to creep into the very heart of midnight, that he may come upon the "budding morrow" there, and discover it to others. For of the child no less than of the philosopher it is a distinctive attribute to be everywhere at home. With his unbiassed spiritual vision he can discern, through all the perplexities of life, that "divine clue and unseen thread which holds the whole congeries of things, all history and time, and all events, however trivial, however momentous, like a leashed dog in the hand of the hunter." The "ultimate perfection" toward which all, according to his judgment, are tending, links everything, from the lowest to the highest, together in one unbroken chain:

> All, all for immortality,
> Love like the light silently wrapping all,
> Nature's amelioration blessing all. . . .

"Is it a dream?" he pauses in his rapt soliloquy to ask:

> Nay, but the lack of it the dream,
> And failing it life's lore and wealth a dream,
> And all the world a dream.

His thoughts, like those of the old philosophers (or *philosophs*, as, with his peculiar partiality for the suggestion of something foreign in a word, he calls them), flit from present to past and back again with sympathetic quickness. Many a passage, indeed, from Marcus Aurelius in particular, in its unadorned enumeration of things passing under his notice, its unexpected rapid turns of observation and keen appreciation of effect, might have been penned—all but the moral—by Walt Whitman. The poet of to-day, in very much the manner of the Imperial philosopher of old, is given to reflect how all those who have gone before, who have "feasted and married, and were sick and chaffered, and fought, and flattered, and plotted, and grumbled . . . are dead; and all the idle people who are doing the same thing now are doomed to die." Only Whitman cannot reconcile himself, as did the Emperor of old, to the thought of man's nothingness; that oblivion is to swallow up all him and his:

> O, I know that those men and women were not for nothing, any more than we are for nothing. . . .
> I believe of all those men and women that filled the unnamed lands, everyone exists this hour here or elsewhere, invisible to us.

He will not believe that seventy years, "nor that millions of years" (with a child's love of
human life. He is too

[illegible] the most beautiful [illegible] the most insignificant [illegible] The music of [illegible] there is no lost [illegible] That [illegible] are heard in one [illegible] This is the optimism [illegible] which [illegible] Nirvana is from [illegible] and would have nothing [illegible] ever with, or even them; for [illegible] amongst which incon- [illegible] Emerson's doctrine that what is ex- [illegible] differ as to [illegible] Things which some may not come within that [illegible] will meet in their notes of heaven.

[illegible] with a meaning in that night unspeakable relief- [illegible] will embrace the possibility of [illegible] what is real the misgivingless [illegible] through his mind as through [illegible] Nay, a dark suspicion [illegible] same identity beyond the [illegible] in the midst of some gay [illegible] of a ship going down at sea, of [illegible] and he [illegible] indeed gone?

[illegible]

[illegible] answer.

[illegible] Death, the purport of all Life [illegible]

[illegible] matter what the horrors of them, so [illegible] has gone down, we [illegible]

How in part are in their juvenile positiveness, in these days of [illegible] are his hearty assurances of immortality, in [illegible] not man alone, but all nature, what we deem the inanimate [illegible] the animate, is included:

I swear I think now that everything without exception has an eternal soul! The trees have, rooted in the ground! the weeds of the sea have! the animals!

And in this he goes no further than Charles Lamb, who, loving horses as Walt Whitman loves trees, hazards the wild and beautiful surmise that "as men, when they die, do not die all, so of their

extinguished habitations there may be a hope—a germ to be revivified."

Whitman's belief, however, is no vague theory reserved for imaginative moods. He subjects it to the most crucial tests. In the midst of the conflicting emotions roused in him by the news of the death of Carlyle, whose personality had powerfully impressed him, "and now that he has gone hence," he asks, "can it be that Thomas Carlyle, soon to chemically dissolve in ashes and by winds, remains an identity still? In ways, perhaps, eluding all the statements, lore, and speculations of ten thousand years—eluding all possible statements to mortal sense—does he yet exist, a definite, vital being, a spirit, an individual. . . . I have no doubt of it." When depressed, he tells us, by some specially sad event or tearing problem, he waits till he can go out under the stars at midnight to consider it, to be soothed and spiritualised, and to receive an answer to his soul. It was to this means of tranquillity he had resorted on the present occasion, and this was the answer he received concerning the author of "Sartor Resartus."

There is something so touching in this consideration of the death of one lonely old man by another, in a different hemisphere, younger, but in the evening of his day, and appearing feebler and more helpless in every glimpse we have of him, that the momentary departure from our point of view in referring to it may be pardoned.[1]

For all Whitman's love of life, for all the joy of existence with which he overflows, the themes he loves best, according to his own statement, are "night, sleep, death, and the stars." Death's gloomier aspects he ignores as completely as the child of Wordsworth's poem, not, however, in the spirit of thoughtless childhood, by denying its reality, but by adopting it into his life. "Chanter of pains and joys, uniter of here and hereafter," his object is to bridge the way from life to death. As different from the Emperor Adrian's melancholy foreboding as the gay anticipation of a young sailor setting out on his first voyage, the spirit of adventure strong upon him, differs from the troubled outlook of some anxious mariner, is his brief lyrical address to his soul on parting:

> Joy, shipmate, joy!
> (Pleas'd to my soul at death I cry)
> Our life is closed, our life begins,
> The long, long anchorage we leave,
> The ship is clear at last, she leaps!
> She swiftly courses from the shore,
> Joy, shipmate, joy!

[1] Since this was written Walt Whitman has passed away.

Life may be full of suffering and contradictions, but "sane and sacred death" will make amends for all. It is the answer to every question; the fall of the young hero in battle, the unsatisfied love, the disappointed life—all sorrows, wants, and imperfections will be accounted for by this.

As if aware, by some subtle undefined instinct, of the child-element in himself, he traces back the full-flowing stream of his poetry to its first source in his awakened child's heart. In soft hushed strains, like the whispers rapt and awestruck of a child just wakened from some dream of heaven, he tells us how it was a wild bird moaning for its mate (and whose wistful ignorant lament he interprets with such exquisite insight that it seems he has taken its spirit into his own) which roused the fire, the "unknown want" within him, when a boy, with bare feet, the wind wafting his hair, he wandered down to the shore by night and listened, with childish intuitive sympathy, to the lone singer calling on his love; till, revisiting the scene,

> A man, yet by these tears a little boy again,

he confronted the dark problem of earthly griefs and partings.

> O give me the clue (it lurks in the night here somewhere)!
> O if I am to have so much, let me have more!

rose his yearning cry toward heaven. And from the wet sands, the calm unhurrying sea, the stars, the winds, came the answer whispering through the night, reiterated with strong reverberation:

> Death, death, death, death, death.

Once again he became the peaceful child he was before the nameless longing had been roused, though with the added assurance of one who has wrestled with an angel and prevailed; and it is henceforth in the spirit of confiding happy childhood that he goes through life:

> My own songs awaked from that hour,
> And with them the key, the word up from the waves,
> The word of the sweetest song and all songs,
> That strong and delicious word which, creeping to my feet . . . . the sea whisper'd me.

In accordance with this faith the dead to Whitman are living, "Haply the only living, only real." Item for item, body as well as soul, they have eluded burial and passed to fitting spheres. He walks often when in solitude as if accompanied by his departed, and scatters flowers to them on his way, not so much in kind remembrance as for present token of affection.

> As if a phantom caress'd me,

he bursts forth, in one of those rare abrupt little Heine-like effusions of his which suggest so much in a line or two.

I thought I was not alone walking here by the shore ;
But the one I thought was with me. . . . .
As I lean and look through the glimmering light, that one has utterly disappear'd,
And those appear that are hateful to me and mock me :

the unexpected turn of the last line being, however, singularly out of keeping with his usual utterances, for to Walt Whitman in his normal mood no one is hateful. Like the little child of the story, he loves everyone. "I am in love with you, and with all my fellows upon the earth," is from first to last the burden of his poems.

Whitman alludes somewhere to "the great charity of the earth." Of the same kind is his own. Subjected to the alchemy of his close loving sympathy, his respectful consideration, the vilest things seem to emerge purified and fit for noble uses. Nothing is too abandoned in its baseness but he will shed some shadow of healing, some light of comfort on it. To him the dirtiest puddle reflects the beauty of the skies. We have heard of a child who wept on being told that a flower she admired was nothing but a weed. To Whitman there are no weeds in the world. With the child's simple eye to nature he takes them all for plants of precious growth, bearing each one of them, buried deep, perhaps, within its calyx, the seed of perfection. And in this he is not like the child, that his trust can be destroyed by the first rude unthinking hand. With authority, as if he spoke for God, he gives his imperious verdict on behalf of what the world despises, and pronounces it also to be good. He rejects nothing, he despises nothing : "Good or bad, I never question you, I love all—I do not condemn anything." For the poet, as in one of his softly rounded, tenderly suggestive phrases he asserts, "judges not as the judge judges, but as the sun falling round a helpless thing ;" or else, as in this case, like the young child who has no standard but its own clinging nature to measure people by. To his pure, spiritualised vision "objects gross and the unseen soul are one." No head to him but wears its "nimbus of gold-coloured light." He takes everyone, the meanest and most worthless, by the hand, and whispers to him or her that he understands and loves what none others have understood or loved ; that the true being, soul and body (he will never separate them), stands revealed in its glory and perfection to him, unhidden by the most repulsive exterior ; that at the worst, though premature death should have already fallen, the means will be provided "pick its way."

"Maybe I am non-literary and non-deco

himself on some special occasion. Maybe he is. But literature and decorum are not the highest things. What might shock and disgust if it came from any one else only startles us with its note of strangeness from him. His coarseness is as the coarseness of the earth, which, with "disdainful innocence," takes all for clean. Or rather, to maintain our point of view, he is a "vulgar child" indeed, but after the fashion of the youngster to whose harmless improprieties Sterne, in justification of his own deliberate offences, drew its mother's attention—not after that of the sentimentalist himself. The "chaste indecency of childhood" is not so hard to forgive.

As we study him his utterances take on power and beauty. His character seems to gather cohesion and to expand; so that whereas, in our first perusal of him, when we came across some passage of exquisite beauty or on some announcement of matured wisdom, we were startled almost as if a very child amid its careless babblings had uttered words of inspiration, we end by acknowledging in him both the giant and the child, a man

full-statured in magnificence.

PAULINE W. ROOSE.

WINTER PICTURESQUE.

LOVERS of the country always listen with a certain wonder, not unmixed with a spice of scorn, to persons who avow a preference for some particular season; who declare that the charm of the year has vanished with the pale spring flowers, or threaten to shut themselves up for the winter when the last rose of summer has really bloomed. Such an inconsiderate prepossession is, to say the least of it, ungracious to boon nature. She works indefatigably to provide her admirers with fresh scenes of beauty at each season. Her intimates rejoice to find new delights each month; her lovers recognise hidden graces and joys unsuspected by ordinary people lavishly displayed week after week for their thankful vision. A few chosen souls can drawn still closer to her heart of hearts. Thus Emerson tells us of Thoreau, that, one day during a walk, "he looked for the menyanthes, detected it across the wide pool, and on examination of the florets decided that it had been in flower five days. He drew out of his pocket the diary and read the names of all the plants that should bloom on this day, whereof he kept account as a banker when his notes fall due. The *cypripedium* not due till to-morrow," and so forth. The only seasonal preferences we would allow are springtide and summer, with all their hopes and promise to the young; autumn and winter fledged with silver memories for the old. As for ourselves, we have not yet found out which season to love most. Each brings its own delights, and only casts a tenderer halo round the grave of its predecessor. Rightly looked at, each becomes an apotheosis of thankfulness. If we owe the least favour to one season rather than another it is to winter; partly because of a certain pity for the hatred so generally poured upon it; perhaps from a more selfish and certainly a more illogical motive—because it offers fewer excuses for deserting books and the chimney corner. Amid all nature's kaleidoscopic changes winter possesses substantial claims to picturesqueness, if a man will open his eyes to it.

It is curious how seldom authors have
winter. Few, if any, English prose
beauties. In America, as is only

the winter season, several have essayed to celebrate its charms, conspicuous among whom are Thoreau and Lowell. "The preludings of winter are as beautiful as those of spring," writes the latter; "in a gray December day, when, as the farmers say, it is too cold to snow, his numbed fingers will let fall doubtfully a few star-shaped flakes; and when at last the real snow storm comes, it leaves the earth with a virginal look on it that no other of the seasons can rival, compared with which indeed they seem soiled and vulgar." Pre-eminent among our poets of winter are Cowper and Thomson. The former may have noticed with most men the splendours in which a winter day begins, those crimson folds of cloud which delight an artist's eye as they are seen beyond sombre masses of pine-foliage; but his poetic vision is keener and pursues the effect further; so he tells how the sun's slanting ray—

> Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,
> And, tinging all with his own rosy hue,
> From every herb and every spiry blade
> Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field.—*Task*, v.

With many a graphic touch Thomson reminds us of the signs accompanying the break-up of settled weather.

> Snatched in short eddies, plays the withered leaf,
> And on the flood the dancing feather floats.

And then, with more reminiscences of Virgil's observant verse, he adds a beautiful account of frost:

> At eve
> Steamed eager from the red horizon round
> With the fierce rage of winter deep suffused,
> An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
> Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
> Arrests the bickering stream.

He follows up the delicate process in equally dainty words until,

> To the sedgy bank
> Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone
> A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
> Cemented firm.

And in due time comes the snow, described in many felicitous lines, of which only one or two need be quoted:

> The cherished fields
> Put on their winter robe of purest white;
> 'Tis brightness all, *save where the new snow melts*
> *Along the mazy current.*

Few poets are more unjustly neglected than Thomson at present, yet multitudes of volumes by poets whom certain critics delight to

honour, cannot so much as be named by his side. His was a true poet's insight into nature, and not seldom are his thoughts wedded to striking words.

As if to emphasise the picturesqueness of the country when lying under snow, town life and town sights are then doubly unpleasant and ugly. The dingy snow, trampled assiduously by gin-palace and crowded thoroughfare, churned by wheels into sticky slush, swept into foul yellow and brown heaps by the pavements, traps for the unwary foot-passenger,—what greater contrast can there be to the crisp, exhilarating manner in which the foot sinks into the gleaming white expanse outside the woodlands? And, once inside the woods, how warm is the air, how charming the folds of snow wreathing over the edges of the ditches and depending from the spruce firs. Overhead a sprightly cloud of tits twitters along as cheerfully as if it were midsummer, in no wise deterred by the cold from tearing open the fir cones. The golden-crests flit through and through the lower branches of the pines, themselves the smallest of our birds, and stop a moment where we will, in the lane, the side of the field, or here in the heart of the fir-woods, is the bird most identified with winter. The redbreast is, indeed, ubiquitous at this season, and now—

> Pleased with his solitude and flitting light
> From spray to spray, where'er he rests, he shakes
> From many a twig the pendant drops of ice;
> Stillness accompanied with sounds so soft
> Charms more than silence.—*Task*, vi.

The brown leaves of the bracken, lightly covered here with snow, are warm and grateful to the eye. A few relics of nature's Japanesque taste during late autumn still survive within the shelter of the great woods. The pale yellow maple leaves yet linger by the streamlet's edge. And here is a lovely specimen of colouring; a young sycamore, two feet high, yet retaining one or two large flapping leaves. Their wan yellow hues, spotted with two or three dark blotches, contrast beautifully with the tender pinky leaf-stalks. Overhead, in clearings where the larches yield to elms and oak, it is easy now to trace the wonderful scheme in which their flowing branches grow, and on the outskirts the purplish glow which envelopes their lichen-stained arms presents an exquisite effect of aërial colour. The skies dressed in blue and silver, with every here and there a snow cloud on the horizon, dark and lurid with ragged edges, are seldom so beautiful as at this season, and only deepen in splendour as afternoon fades into crimson and gold, till the windy sunset over, night
blue robes, even more lovely than those which

Not the least beautiful of winter's sights is the snow itself. Its purity, and the exhilarating crackle with which it yields to the foot, have been already noticed. As for its curved surface, where it has drifted, with all the tender reflections of sunset playing over its face—who dare attempt to describe them after Mr. Ruskin's eloquent word-painting? The same loveliness has struck Lowell. He says, "I have spoken of the exquisite curves of snow surfaces. Not less rare are the tints of which they are capable—the faint blue of the hollows, for the shadows in snow are always blue, and the tender rose of higher points, as you stand with your back to the setting sun and look upwards across the soft rondure of a hillside." As you linger a moment contemplating these evening effects in the landscape, the clanging of a long flock of wild geese overhead awakes you from your reverie, and soon, with the swift rush of a thousand pair of wings, a compact body of starlings sweeps past to roost in the thicker firs. As your toes begin to tingle, a weasel rustles through the hedgerow hunting for his supper, and brings to mind another beautiful touch in Thomson's picture of a northern winter:

> Cherished there, beneath the shining waste
> The furry nations harbour; tipt with jet,
> Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press,
> Sables of glossy black and dark embrowned,
> Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled hue;
> Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts.

And so you regain the road; and passing a few carters, blue with cold, returning from the town with empty waggons, enter the wicket to the garden, and notice that dusk only calls into being more beauties. A plover is mournfully serenading the moon; in the meadow a fox is noiselessly making his way to the farmstead. Hunger drives him to turn thief, as it turns his brethren, the French wolves, into fiends. The well-known shrubs in the garden have lost their usual individuality, and are masquerading to-night in white. You reflect that never have you recognised the gracefulness of your pine's foliage until this evening when it bends to the weight of superincumbent snow. And as you kick your heels at the doorstep, and the pleasant savours of dinner strike on the senses, you, at least, will never more utter treason of winter's beauty. She may be coy and need wooing, but what is that love worth which does not? The huntsman would care nothing for his sport unless the quarry led him a long chase. Horace's philosophy is as true of the fleeting, picturesque of winter as of graver affairs of the heart—

> **Meus est amor huic similis, nam**
> **Transvolat in medio posita et fugientia cap'at.**

The country is either dull or delightful as men make it. It is possible to live among sights and sounds of continual novelty and beauty, and yet to perish with *ennui*. Others, again, are so charmed with the freedom of the country, its boundless exhilaration, the sight of nature's progress, perpetually growing old and yet ever renewing itself before it be too old, that they find it difficult to tear themselves away from country life and unable to breathe in a town. The wiser course lies, as usual, between the extremes; he enjoys life most who moves—

> Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
> Beyond it.

That all may do so more or less, if they will, is not the least benefit of modern civilisation. Charming as is winter picturesque, its delights are deepened by power to reach libraries and picture galleries. It would be impossible to enjoy the one to the full without the enlightenment derived from the resources of large towns. And so most men will probably fall back upon the old conclusion herein—Praise the country in winter, but live in the city.

M. G. WATKINS.

GONDOLIERS' SONGS.
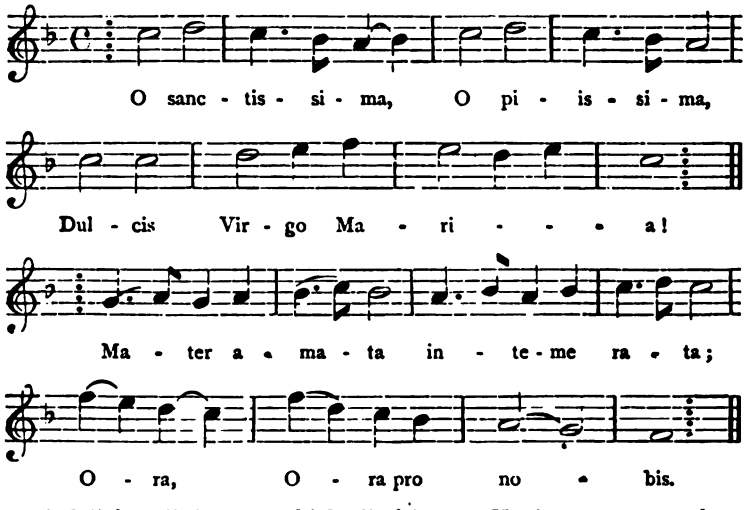
'Tis sweet to hear
At midnight, on the blue and moonlit deep,
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
By distance mellowed, o'er the waters sweep.
A Bunch of Sweets.—BYRON.

LONDONERS, and Britishers in general who may not be numbered amongst the migratory ones of the earth, have at the present time an opportunity of studying the phases of life in one of the most fascinating cities in the world—namely, Venice the golden. We have all dreamt of the life lived in the quaint home of the Doges; of the gay scenes on the Rialto, the numerous boats, and, best of all, the far-famed gondoliers. Well, thanks to modern enterprise, we have had all this brought to our own shores—nay, even into smoky London itself. On the top of all omnibuses, by the prosaic Underground, or in our substitute for the gondola—the hansom—we can reach that most delightful of resorts—Venice in London.

All the watermen of Italy are singers—the fishermen of Genoa, the boatmen of Naples, and, above all, the gondoliers of Venice. Many of the songs sung by these maritime vocalists are full of the most whimsical nonsense and impudence, and this is set to popular tunes of the day. Lovers of romance are always angry when any attempt is made to detract from the glamour of poesy which overshadows these boatmen of the lagoons, but, to be strictly veracious, it must be admitted that there is really very little of the romantic element about them; certainly they have a swarthy, heroic-like type of countenance, and they take care to augment this appearance by a studied *déshabille*, which at times becomes slightly embarrassing. But their language is the reverse of parliamentary, and with all due apologies to those who have set up the gondolier on a pinnacle of sentiment I must say that his songs savour strongly of the music-hall. It would be nice if we could think that the gondolier of to-day still chanted the strophes of Tasso as he did when Byron lived in Venice; but we must remember that the City of the Adriatic was then in its prime, and

her people had not descended to the level of *fin de siècle* nonchalance. Still I must not divest the gondoliers of all goodness, for they are beyond all things religious, and first and foremost amongst the songs they make a habit of singing is the "Sicilian Mariners' Hymn." This you will hear chanted on the morning of St. Mary's Day. Quite early, before there is any stir in the Venetian city—business there is none in Venice, without we except the *dolce far niente* of the long noon-day hours—the strains of this lovely hymn rise from the canals.

SICILIAN MARINERS' HYMN.



A delicious little song, which all visitors to Venice must remember, is the "Song of a Mariner":
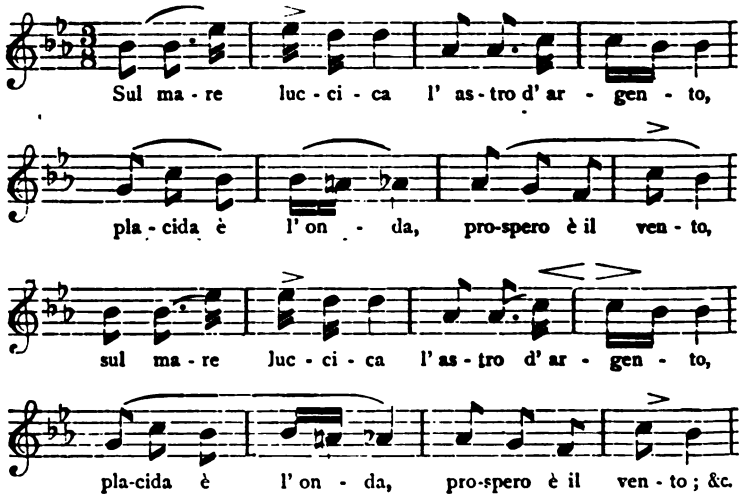
Fair art thou born, but love is not for me;
A sailor's calling sends me forth to sea.
I do desire to paint thee on my sail,
And o'er the briny deep I'd carry thee.
They ask what ensign when the boat they hail.
For woman's love I bear this effigy,
For woman's love, for love of maiden fair;
If her I may not love, I love forswear!

"Santa Lucia" may almost be said to be the national anthem of the Italian boatmen. It is so truly of the barcarolla type, and it seems to need the additional accompaniment of the swishing of the oars through the water:

Over the ocean
Night's star is beaming,
With every motion
Bright waves are gleaming.
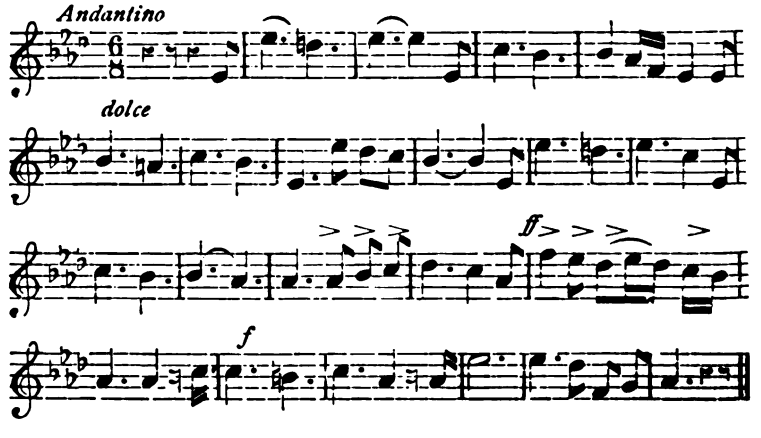
Over the ocean
Night's star is beaming,
With every motion
Bright waves are gleaming;
Sweet voices ringing
Gaily are singing,
"Santa Lucia!"
"Santa Lucia!"

SANTA LUCIA.
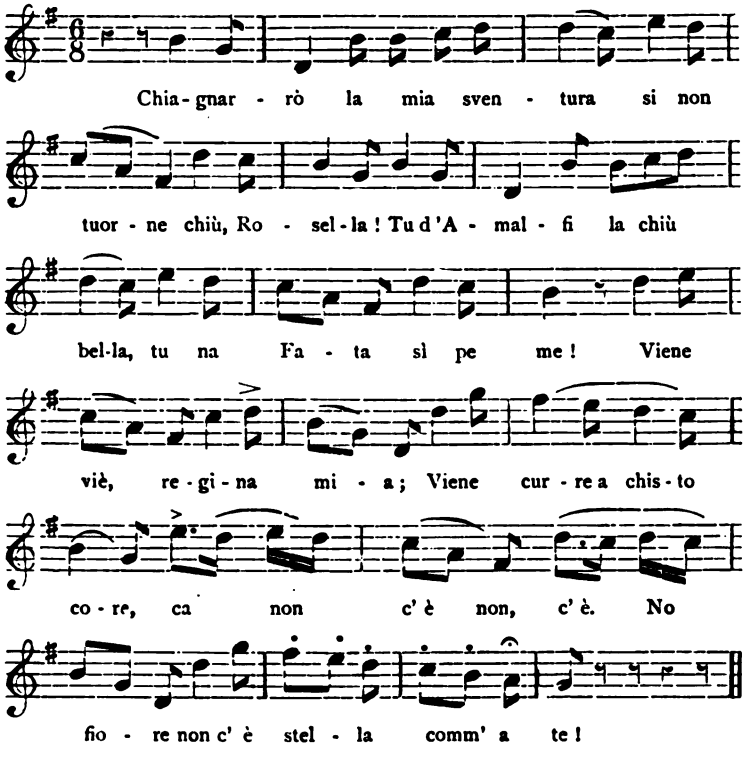


A favourite chorus of the gondoliers is as follows:

GONDOLIERS' CHORUS.



And so also is this pretty serenade, which owes its origin to the boatmen of Amalfi :

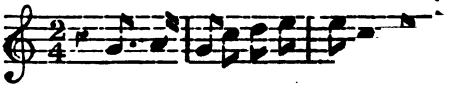
LA FATA DI AMALFI.
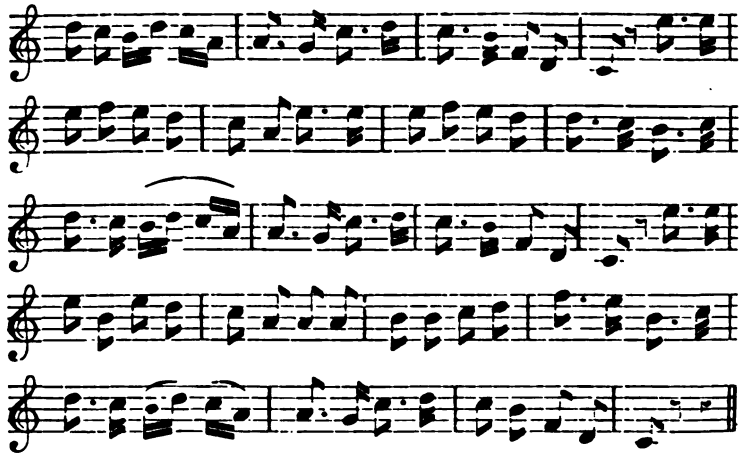


I'll bewail my misfortune
If thou returnest not, Rosella !
Thou, the fairest of Amalfi,
Art indeed a fairy to me.
Come, come, my queen,
Come, fly to this breast ;
There is no flower to compare with thee,
Nor a star like as thou art !

" La Carolina," although it is sung a good deal in Naples, is still heard very frequently on the gondolas :

LA CAROLINA.





The sentiment of the following verses will show how maudlin the song really is:

I a girl have seen,
Very pretty and very graceful,
All neatness, and oh! so kind:
A piece of sugar she is to my mind!
Oh, how sweet is that mouth!
Oh, how dear is that smile!
Thou wouldst think thyself in Paradise
Were she near thee but a while.

After all, take them as we may, look at them through what coloured spectacles we will, there is a charm about these bronzed sons of the Adriatic, we dare not deny, we cannot investigate. The people and the place are so united, they are always hovering as it were on the brink of the ocean. Venice itself so endears itself to the heart of all who spend even a short time in it that, to quote the words of one of her most poetical of lovers, "to leave her is a sure regret, to return a certain joy."

From morning to night there is a sense of delight in this fairest gem of the Adriatic; in the morning there is the charm of watching the arrival of the gondolas with their cargo of fresh flowers and fruit.

To-night their boats must seek the sea,
One night *his* boat will linger yet:
They bear a freight of wood, and he
A freight of rose and violet.

In the evening the clash and the clamour of the church bells, the splash of the oars, the myriad lights, the clear sunset glow, and

the strong odour of the sea—there is a unique and a lasting charm about all this which many a mightier city envies.

It may not be uninteresting to quote one of the strophes of Tasso, mentioned before as having been sung by the gondoliers. This is from Tasso's "Jerusalem," and it used to be sung alternately by the boatmen, and now and again we may come upon an elderly gondolier who was once familiar with it:

THE VENETIAN VERSION.

L' arme pietose de cantar glio vogia,
E de Goffredo la immortal braura.
Che al fin l' ha libera co strassia, e dogia.
Del nostro buon Gesù la Sepoltura
De mezo mondo unito, e de quel Bogia
Missier Pluton no l' ha ben mai paura;
Dio l' ha agiuta, e i compagni sparpagnai
Tutti 'l gli i ha messi insieme idi del Dai.

Long ago the boatmen on the Venetian canals used to while away the night by singing in turn. One gondolier would begin with a strophe of Ariosto's set to a melody from one of the operas, a comrade would take up the next verse, and so on. Many of their voices are very shrill, so much so that the effect is often far from pleasing; but then, is not the singer a gondolier, and are not the terms synonymous? At such times as the celebration of wedding festivities the gondoliers hold a regular festival of song. They essay quite complicated contrapuntal pieces, such as in our country we should term madrigals; and almost incessantly the refrain is, "Venezia, gemma Triatica, sposa del mar," while barcaroles, serenades, love-songs, and invitations to the waters are interwoven for relief. Sometimes the songs are very sad in motive. One, a very much beloved one too, repeats almost at every line, "Ohimé! mia madre morí," and another runs, "Perchè tradirmi, perchè lasciarmi? Prima d' amarmi non eri così." This latter, as may be imagined, is the love-lament of a woman.

Mr. J. A. Symonds, in writing of these Venetian boatmen, in a contemporary for 1882, says of them that they have a passionate love for operas, which they indulge to the utmost. "These operatic reminiscences have lost something of their theatrical formality, and assumed instead the serious gravity, the quaint movement, and the marked emphasis which belong to popular music in Northern and Central Italy. An antique character was communicated even to the recitative of Verdi by slight, almost indefinable changes of rhythm and accent."

The watermen of Venice are all born *improvisateurs*, and they will set a legend of the Virgin to a false movement or a love-ditty to a polonaise with the greatest facility. In a word, life means song, and song means life to these Adriatic ferrymen. And why? Because life in a gondola is a form of slow music.

> In one unbroken passage borne
> To closing night from opening morn,
> Uplift at whiles slow eyes to mark
> Some palace-front, some passing bark;
> Through windows catch the varying shore,
> And hear the softness of the oar!
> How light we move, how softly! Ah!
> Were life but as the gondola![1]

No wonder that such impressionable men as these gondoliers should be readily and strongly influenced by music. All natures at times prove responsive to this divinest of heaven's maidens, and most nations own her idyllic sway; the phlegmatic Englishman, the volatile French, the reckless Hungarian, the calculating Muscovite, all admit the charm of music. Nay, even

> For the tired slave song lifts the languid oar,
> And bids it aptly fall with chime
> That beautifies the fairest shore,
> And mitigates the harshest crime.

LAURA ALEX. SMITH.

[1] Clough.

THE GATEWAY OF A CONTINENT.

"THE rapid accumulation of wealth in New York," said the late Richard Grant White, writing in 1883, "is at last accompanied by the appearance of a few gifted architects, who promise within the next ten years to relieve modern Manhattan from the reproach of being at once one of the largest and richest and one of the ugliest cities in the world."[1]

More than seven of these years of promise have now passed, and the city, whose growth has always proceeded by a perpetual process of rending itself to pieces, has continued that radical mode of rejuvenation with an energy hitherto unparalleled. What thus far has been the result? Does it point to an early removal of the reproach of ugliness, or is that "blight" which commonly attends the modern art-efforts of the English race manifestly apparent in it? Of course, it is not to be supposed that a few "gifted architects" have been responsible for the whole course of the architectural renascence in New York, but, looking upon it as the outcome of many forces and motives, we may ask how far it has escaped the "Anglo-Saxon contagion," and whether another epoch of razing and rending will be necessary to make the city beautiful in the eyes of the nations.

The question is one of peculiar interest to Englishmen, from the fact that this "race infection" has long been actively operative here. Its wicked works multiply on every hand, nor is the American critic's lament for the lost city of his youth and college days any more sorrowful than Mr. Ruskin's for the defaced villages of his own early love—for Beddington and Carshalton, with "their sweet expression of human character and life" and their "divinely singing" waters. If I quote somewhat freely from Mr. White before attempting to answer the question I have propounded, it is because his testimony to the pleasant characteristics of "Old New York"—the "elegant domesticity" of its houses and the beauty of its environment—shows that the task laid upon the few gifted persons referred to was one of

[1] "Old New York and its Houses," R. G. White, *Century Magazine*, October 1883.

the nature of a restoration. His picture of the older city, before it was "swept out of existence by the great tidal wave of its own material prosperity," causes sharp regret that any such labour should be necessary.

"The Bay of New York," he says, and he is confirmed by ample evidence, "was once one of the famous natural objects of the world's admiration. It was the pride of those who dwelt upon its banks; and strangers who had seen the Bay of Naples and the Golden Horn did not stint their praises of the beauty surrounded by which New York sat, like a Western Venice, upon the waters." Grandeur, he admits, the scene did not possess—for the highest hills upon its shores do not exceed 400 feet; "but, this defect excepted, it does not seem that there could be in the world a more inspiring sight than the approach to New York formerly was, whether from sea, or sound, or river." The bay and most of the adjacent waters had then the great charm of natural shores and "verdure that came down to the water's edge"; its many islands "sat like little gems upon its bosom, roughly enamelled with bits of warlike masonry"; a few tide and wind mills varied the scene, and cows still fed upon the banks. Passing these refreshing pictures on any pleasant morning, the city at length came into view, the sharp southern end of Manhattan Island "piercing the waters like a huge wedge of masonry, Castle Garden with the great elms of the Battery at its point. The dark sharp spire of Trinity—old Trinity—shot up, and although only to a moderate height, yet with enough incisiveness and self-assertion to give character to the sky-line of the city," relieved still further by other steeples, cupolas, and towers; while both sides of the narrow island "bristled with masts that stood as close as the canes in some Brobdingnagian brake." This wedge of masonry was the New York of early Republican days—a little city pleasantly resting amid waters which were still pure and suburbs which were still picturesque: a city possessing what it does not possess now, a "distinctively American community," distinguished for "courtliness, culture, and character," and for "much courtesy if some stiffness," and a modest and appropriate style of architecture—houses which, though mostly very "simple in their exterior," had an air of "large and elegant domesticity" not to be found in Fifth Avenue, and looked, as they were, the houses of people of sense, taste, and refinement. Altogether the picture is one of an almost ideal metropolis in miniature—a microcosm having all the members and parts of the larger organism, except the buildings and institutions of a national seat of government; but unluckily a picture at the first glance perilously easy of effacement

by any sudden tide of business prosperity or growth of population, if not foredoomed to that fate. Nevertheless the effacement did not begin until 1835–40, for even then the Battery was a place of fashionable resort. About that time, however—as some people seem to be given over to the workings of a reprobate mind—the little city, for its sins, was delivered up to the blight of huge mercantile prosperity, "Philistinism," and Mammon worship: it was left, in other words, to the unresisted and almost unnoticed ravages of the "Anglo-Saxon malady," which ran its course like certain unpleasant fevers. "The beauty of the shores of New York," said Mr. White, writing in 1883, a few years after the zero point of degradation, "has been utterly and hopelessly destroyed. They have become thoroughly and basely vulgar—vulgar beyond the power of expression in language, . . . a miserable panorama of wharves and warehouses, factories, breweries, shops, and shanties!" The near suburbs were almost ruined, the changes (to take a single case only) which were made in the grassy and beautifully terraced slopes of Brooklyn heights being such as would have "shamed a community of Yahoos": while in the city itself, in place of the modestly proportioned houses of the old *régime*, he saw the beginnings of that strange crop of sky-scraping edifices which are the direct creation of the modern "lift"—that seemingly innocent invention which, by enabling people to dispense with their legs in getting upstairs, threatens to change the aspect of every commercial centre in the world.[1]

"For New York no hope of the air-dwelling beauty of spire and dome; even the new and higher steeple of Trinity is rivalled, almost dwarfed, by the huge formless structures that push their clumsiness up into the air, to affront heaven with man-made deformity"; and the whole city, once so fair and habitable, had become a "vast assemblage of engines of rapacity and architectural horrors."

Thus, not without sincere mourning on the part of one of its inhabitants at least, the little Anglo-Dutch world of Washington Irving and N. P. Willis—the beloved "Manahatta" of Diedrich Knickerbocker—faded from sight, slid into the Gargantuan maw of that devourer of all pleasant places, the modern, growing commercial city, and of a city honourably distinguished as being "one of the

[1] Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, in the *New Review* for May 1891, very truly says that "these lofty houses, if erected with any regard to proportion, add much to the architectural features of a city," and he cites the residential chambers at Albert Gate, Hyde Park, and the Whitehall Chambers, Thames Embankment, in illustration, contrasting them with the "monstrous erection" at Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster. Other "monstrous erections" London well.

largest, richest, and ugliest in the world." But cities, like men, "may rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things," or to larger and very different things; and as we enter the Bay of New York on a fine morning after the long Atlantic voyage, not having in our mind any picture of its former perfection with which to compare it, it seems to us, in the first joy of restored equilibrium, that the utmost efforts of Mammon have as yet but little marred its spacious beauty. The twin light-turrets on the green Navesink have welcomed us like a pair of friendly sentinels. The Jersey and Staten Island hills, though not so lofty as the heather-crowned peaks about Loch Foyle, nor so bold as the headlands of Cork harbour and the Welsh mountains, have at least had *trees*, which the others had not; and both sea and land have glittered under the bountiful American sunshine. As we steam up the wide and busy harbour, after passing the picturesque, if scarcely dangerous, fortifications on the Narrows, we have before us in growing perspective the now familiar picture of Manhattan Island—a city of warm brick-reddish colour, rising out of the very waters, on the left presided over by Bartholdi's famous statue, and on the right joined to Brooklyn by the gossamer threads of the bridge. Both of these important works, belonging to the renascence of the last ten years, may help towards an answer to the question whether its course thus far points to a removal of the reproach of ugliness. Either structure would have dwarfed into card-houses the buildings of the older city; but to the present city, which has shrunk all the proper features of its skyward aspect into nothingness, they stand in lieu of the legitimate forms of spire and dome, turret and tower. Neither the light-bearing statue, though soaring up to 300 feet, nor the massive abutments of the bridge, which rise nearly to the same height, give the sense of undue elevation, and hence they furnish a clue to the further enrichment of the harbour, whenever that patriotic but improbable service shall be seriously considered. Our steamer may now be supposed, though for no assignable reason except to give us a point of view, to have come to an anchor off the Battery. Brooklyn heights are now near at hand, their once green slopes ornamented with prosperous-looking warehouses. The more distant shore of New Jersey, a line of wharves, coal docks, and ferry slips, is on the left, and beyond are the clear blue line of the Orange hills, and the nearer heights of Weehawken and Hoboken; while a sharp earthward "dip" in the northern horizon marks the beginning of the Palisades. We are opposite the old forts on Governor's Island, and before us, where the East and Hudson rivers meet, is the "wedge of masonry," and the

scrubby looking little park, which once formed the fashionable quarter of Manhattan. It is also the historical quarter, for here stood the old Dutch fort, the old windmill, and the little Dutch-gabled houses of the long-forgotten New Amsterdam. Here also, until lately, stood the "modest" house which Washington occupied during his residence in New York, and the whole precinct is redolent of honourable memories and associations. For this reason, and because it is the ocean-ward point of the island—a Cape Horn which all vessels must pass or double—it seems as if it would always have been sacredly preserved ; but unluckily it is also the "business end," and tradition weighing little in a polyglot community, where the native part mostly does not know it had a history, and the foreign part does not care, the Battery long since fell into contempt.

From our convenient point of view the nearest objects are the Barge Office, a very tasteful structure of light stone ; the little park, better kept of late, but overshadowed and deafened by the clattering mid-air railway ; and the modestly proportioned Produce Exchange, of deep-red brick in some late and rich Italian style, its fine clock-tower thus far holding its own as a landmark. All about, however, stand the loftier palaces of trade. They rise before us into the clear sunlight, springing from the low mass of older buildings, singly or in groups and clusters, some portions of the city having grown up all at once into dense elevated table-lands. They are diverse in material, in form, in colour, and in style of ornamentation, and have no point in common except that which marked the tower of Babel. Chiefly they congregate on Broadway, and in the banking and insurance district ; but we perceive that they are rapidly spreading, and now flourish everywhere. In no other city in the world has the American "elevator" wrought such changes. Chicago was lifted up bodily on jacks and screws ; New York rises by piling storey upon storey. It is obvious that here the "heaven threatening" order is now established ; it must be accepted as perhaps inevitable, and judged by new standards. Modern New York is an entity not to be disposed of by calling it an "assemblage of architectural horrors." As we walk up Broadway (our steamer being a figment no longer necessary), though a little stunned by the noise—the hard rattle of streets and the perennial mason's hammer—and bewildered by the heat, glare, and exceeding newness, we cannot but be impressed by an appearance of things which for richness and variety verges close upon luxuriance, and here and there even promises grandeur. We
the deep and fearless undercutting, the boldness
and the common and effective wide-arch

high half-circle of stone or brick spanning the whole lower front, like the mouth of a cave. Also we are struck with the enormous solidity of the new order—the huge massiveness of foundations and walls. Many of the later structures seem designed to resist artillery, and suggest Luxor and Thebes. This very massiveness, however, has its serious side, viz. : its threat of permanence, for these tall houses of traffic have "come to stay," and should they not prove beautiful in the eyes of the world, nothing but an earthquake is now likely to remove them. They do not, it is true, discover that strict harmony of relation which, as Mrs. Van Rensselaer[1] says, can only flow from "a hundred artists working together without discord, and a thousand patrons harmoniously minded"; but as these conditions belong properly to Utopia and the Millennium, in a city like New York we must be satisfied with approximate results. Such results, due apparently to fortuitous circumstances, we now and then find. The narrow, highly decorated fronts, which the "lift" has so preposterously elongated, sometimes into mere strips of elaborate masonry, often form singularly rich vistas in the converging perspective of streets. This is especially true of lower Broadway, Wall Street and its neighbourhood, portions of Nassau Street, and the winding and involved thoroughfares of the picturesque "Old Merchants'" quarter.

Proceeding on our way, we note many structures of great individual merit, where the artist has evidently had opportunity and the will and courage to express himself. In others his freedom is not so apparent. The enlarged Equitable Building, though solid and well-proportioned, is a little hard and sharp in its lines, while the new Wall Street banks and insurance offices, with their polished or rough-cut door-posts and lintels—quarried whole in ponderous blocks—and their profuse and almost florid details, not seldom produce a grotesque effect from disparity of relative size, a small ornate structure, admirable in itself, being often sandwiched between two monumental edifices of more than twice its height. In this matter of altitude it is to be regretted that the newspapers were among the first offenders, as they are now among the chief. The *Tribune* led the van, its tall clock-tower long serving as a lighthouse to the community. Other journals followed—the *Times* with a high, wedge-shaped, but exceedingly rich edifice of light stone, which looms up over City Hall Park like the bow of a ship. The latest marvel, however, is the *World*, whose shining dome (typifying of course the western

[1] "Recent Architecture in America," M. G. Van Rensselaer, *Century Magazine*, February 1886.

hemisphere) caps a monolith of such prodigious tallness as to be now the chief phenomenon of the insular heavens. It renders quite insignificant the neighbouring hemisphere of the Post Office; and as that once prominent object at the present rate will soon disappear from view, it raises several questions as to what architectural liberties should be allowed to the average Philistine in the improved society of the future —whether, for example, an enterprising builder of "flats" should be permitted to erect a circle of those popular edifices around the more venerable dome of St. Paul's! I have said, however, that there are wide tracts not yet "elevated." These necessarily form the greater part of the city, and are, in general, sufficiently commonplace and dreary. Still there are many oases. The well-known Vanderbilt corner, of light grey limestone, near the Cathedral, and one of the earliest departures from the brown stone once dominant, will always satisfy the sense for lightness and elegance, if not for the "homely" quality; and the much-abused "old brown-stone" quarter itself, though a little sombre and monotonous, is comfortable and respectable. Many of the uptown squares, "places," and shady little parks have an air of quiet refinement which is doubtless their rightful inheritance; while the wide "avenues," with the streets, twenty to the mile, which cross them at clear right angles, like those of Philadelphia, have, in spite of the "iron railway on stilts," possibilities for stateliness not yet fully recognised. The older municipal buildings, of course, are well known. The City Hall has been praised for its modest and symmetrical proportions. The very expensive Court House of "Tweed ring" fame, though its whiteness was soon darkened by stains, would also be pleasing but for associations. Of the other public buildings, equally well known—theatres, colleges, museums, &c.—it is needless to say that many are striking and handsome. There are many beautiful churches, usually on the prescribed ecclesiastical lines, often ivy-clad and venerable. The Roman Catholic Cathedral, with its graceful twin spires, is impressive in its clear whiteness, and another cathedral is now in prospect; while Trinity and St. Paul's, with their grass-grown churchyards, are pleasant portions of the fair Old World transplanted, almost without change of feature, to the New.

Still, the total effect is not that which we expect, and almost feel as if we had a right to demand, in a city of American millionaires, and in a country where cities are built and rebuilt with such apparent ease. New York, by her unique and for
tion, is the gateway of a great continent. S
Venice, "a city in the sea," which should

yet be, "glorious." Much of her natural surroundings are still beautiful. The broad Hudson, with its mile on mile of Palisades, washes her shores as the Rhine washes Cologne; and on both its banks wide tracts of mountain and valley, largely covered with almost primeval forests, reach from the Catskills nearly to the city's doors. It is in the many country seats and pretty towns which have sprung up in this civilised wilderness—now intersected by a score of railways—that much of the pleasant domestic quality is to be found which was dislodged from the houses of Old New York when trade "burst among them like a shell."

But these garden spots are separated from Fifth and Madison Avenues by a Sahara of ugliness. The worthy architecture of New York is on the long central ridge, or backbone, of the island, and is scarcely visible from the harbour. The water fronts are discreditable; the docks and wharves are still largely of wood, with none of the appearance of solidity which marks an English seaport. Wood, indeed, has long been the bane of small towns and city suburbs in the United States, a fact for which the great American forests are doubtless in a measure responsible. Wood is cheap, and hence the sprawling outskirts of Brooklyn and Jersey City (which in reality form the outskirts of New York) are for the most part flimsy and highly combustible. In the city itself iron buildings at one time threatened to prevail, but, thanks to the lesson of the Chicago and Boston fires, the later renascence has been largely marked by a return to the time-honoured materials of brick and stone. Perhaps, however, the most successful of recent experiments is the use of yellow brick. The lofty façades of this material, often in the style of the Italian Renaissance, present a light and rich beauty of effect which is unique, and, it is to be hoped, may lead to its employment on a larger scale in the future.

Why should not the American railway king and the American merchant prince rule in a palace and live in a palace? As potentates of this kind are likely to be the only ones permitted in the future democracy of the world—though even their tenure is not assured—we are interested that they should build wisely and well. New York is, perhaps, a typical city of the new democracy. She is rich, powerful, and conservative. She has the quick intelligence of business, and in her own province "sees clear and thinks straight." In spite of foreign rule, and her German, Jewish, Chinese, and other colonies, she speaks English, and is still the other great centre of the English race—a potential London with a dash of Paris. As we walk her democratic streets and seek to define her one dominant trait, "magnificence" perhaps comes first to our lips; but, remembering

Thackeray's happy coinage, we say instead that it is "uncommon splendatiousness." She is not quite magnificent as yet, but is, nevertheless, uncommonly "splendatious"; though her splendour, like that of London, is qualified by the works of the "average individual" —by the houses which he has built and the advertisements with which he has covered them.

A. G. HYDE.

IMITATORS AND PLAGIARISTS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

ACCUSATIONS of plagiarism are more easily made than refuted. Intellectual coincidences will sometimes occur, similarities of expression, analogies of sentiment, exposing the victim to a charge which, plausible as it may appear, is nevertheless unfounded. For this unintentional plagiarism, which is not to be confounded with literary kleptomania, generous minds will make liberal allowance. Besides, when a great writer accidentally borrows, or deliberately "conveys," he passes the rough ore through his own mint, stamps the gold with his own die, and turns out the new piece as his own coin. It is folly in such cases to raise the cry of "Stop thief!" a cry so often raised in the world of letters by the hangers-on of literature, simply to gratify feelings of vindictiveness and spite; a cry which usually originates in the consciousness of inferiority, and is sustained by the malignancy of envy.

The most illustrious writers of antiquity were not exempt from the attacks of these literary mud-throwers. Porphyry mercifully withholds the name of the wretch who impudently accused Herodotus of having stolen whole passages from the description of Egypt by Hecatæus. Even if Herodotus had done so, what business was it of his? An Alexandrian "philosopher," so he called himself, or liked others to call him, ignorantly compiled a treatise on the pretended plagiarisms of Sophocles, as if the author of the "Œdipus Coloneus" needed to disguise himself in the rubbishy habiliments of meaner men! Then there was a grammarian—but one can credit anything of a grammarian!—named Latinus, who enlarged upon those of Menander. Æschines, according to Diogenes Laertius, attached his name to dialogues of which he was not the author. I do not believe that the rival of Demosthenes ever stooped to such a baseness. Then Salmasius, I know not on what authority, accuses Diodorus Siculus of having copied considerable portions of Agatharchides. As only fragments of the works of the latter remain, I do not see how he

could substantiate his charge, and for my part I am quite content with Diodorus Siculus. A similar imputation has been made against Euripides, Titus Livius, and Sallust ; but—they survive !

There is an obvious distinction between plagiarism and imitation, though the two things often approximate, and are confused by careless minds. Charles Nodier defines as imitation "any translation from a dead language introduced into a work of imagination, which is not itself a literal version of the writing from which it is taken, 'toute traduction d'une langue morte introduite dans un ouvrage d'imagination qui n'est pas elle-même la traduction exacte de l'écrit dont elle est tirée,'" or, in other words, a paraphrase or an adaptation.

Marini says, that to appropriate the wares of one's fellow-countryman is *larceny*, while to seize upon those of strangers is *conquest*—a convenient literary canon, perhaps, but scarcely in harmony with the moral law ! Sardou, in his preface to his "Alain," remarks that if he has borrowed from the Greeks and Latins, he has taken nothing from the Italians, the Spanish, or the French ; arguing that to borrow from the ancients is simply scholarship, whereas to borrow from the moderns is theft (*me semblant que ce qui est étude chez les anciens est volerie chez les modernes*). Lamothe le Vayer makes a similar distinction, which strikes me, however, as being hard upon the ancients ! Voltaire goes so far as to affirm that a good imitation is the most perfect originality ; and in our own literature, Pope, Gray, and Tennyson might be quoted to prove the truth of the maxim. They have touched nothing which they have not adorned. But I shall begin with some examples which M. Nodier has furnished from French authors, and afterwards take my illustrations from home-sources.

The well-known "curse" in the "Horaces" of Corneille seems to have been imitated from the "Sophonisba" of Mairet, an obscure French dramatist, whom Corneille honoured by this form of recognition. So, in the "Hippolyte, or Le Garçon Insensible," by Gabriel Gilbert (who died before 1680), occurs a passage which Racine has imitated. To show the difference between plagiarism and imitation, I quote a few lines from both authors :

Gilbert.	*Racine.*
Va chez les scélérats, les ennemis des cieux,	Va chercher des amis dont l'estime funeste
Chez ces monstres cruels, assassins de leurs mères ;	Honore l'adultère, applaudisse à l'inceste ;
Ceux qui se sont souillés d'incestes, d'adultères ;	Des traîtres, des ingrats, sans honneur et sans foi,
Ceux-là te recevront.	Dignes de protéger un méchant tel que toi.

A familiar line in Racine's "Athalie":

Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte (I fear God, and know no other fear),

seems an echo of the following in R. J. Nérée's "Triomphe de la Ligue" (1607):

Je ne crains que mon Dieu, lui tout seul je redoute.

The idea is obvious enough, and there would not be much room for a suspicion of imitation were it not that in another passage Racine travels over the same ground as Nérée. Thus, the latter writes:

Celui n'est délaissé qui a Dieu pour son père;
Il ouvre à tous la main, il nourrit les corbeaux,
Il donne la viande aux jeunes passereaux,
Tout vit de sa bonté.

And Racine puts into the mouth of Joas the following:

Dieu laissa-t-il jamais ses enfants au besoin?
Aux petits des oiseaux il donne leur pâture,
Et sa bonté s'étend sur toute la nature.

But even here it may be contended that the imitation is more apparent than real, and that both writers have been inspired by the words of our Lord as recorded in the Gospel.

Molière, like our own Shakespeare, exercised to the full that right of conquest which, as we have seen, Marini asserted. He cared not whence or how he got his materials, knowing what splendid use he could make of them. He laid hands upon the ancients, on the Italian dramatists, on the Spanish. Perhaps he carried his acquisitiveness too far when he "conveyed" from the "Pédant Joué" of Cyrano de Bergerac[1]—he who wrote the "Histoire Comique des États et Empires de la Lune," which suggested hints to Voltaire, Fontenelle, and Swift, to say nothing of a score of lesser men—one of the best scenes from the "Fourberies de Scapin."

In "Le Pédant Joué" (ii. 4), Granger, the pedant, learns from the valet of his son, that the latter has been captured by the Turks on the banks of the Seine. He exclaims: "Que diable aller faire dans la galère d'un Turc?" (What the devil had he to do in a Turkish galley?) He continues:

Granger. Faut-il être ruiné à l'âge où je suis? Va-t'en avec Pasquier, prends le reste du teston que je lui donnai pour la dépense, il n'y a que huit jours. (Aller sans dessein dans une galère!) Prends tout le reliquat de cette pièce. (Ah!

[1] Cyrano de Bergerac had himself borrowed from Giordano Bruno Nolano's *Candelaïo.*

malheureuse géniture, tu me coûtes plus d'or que tu n'es pesant !) Paye la rançon, et ce qui restera, emploie-le en œuvres pies. (Dans la galère d'un Turc !) Bien, va-t'en. (Mais, misérable, dis-moi, que diable allais-tu faire dans cette galère ?) Va prendre dans mes armoires ce pourpoint découpé que quitta feu mon père l'année du grand hiver.

Corbinelli. A quoi bon ces fariboles ? Vous n'y êtes pas. Il faut tout au moins cent pistoles pour la rançon.

Granger. Cent pistoles ! Ah ! mon fils, ne tient-il qu'à ma vie pour conserver la tienne ? Mais cent pistoles ! Corbinelli, va-t'en lui dire qu'il se laisse pendre sans dire mot. Cependant qu'il ne s'afflige point, car je les en ferai bien repentir. S'en aller dans la galère d'un Turc ! Eh ! que faire, de par tous les diables, dans cette galère ? O galère, galère, tu mets bien ma bourse aux galères.

[*Granger.* Am I to be ruined at my age ? Go with Pasquier ; take the change left out of the sovereign I gave you a week ago for expenses. (To go without any business into a galley !) Take all that remains of it. (Ah ! unhappy offspring, you cost me more than your weight in gold !) Pay the ransom, and spend the rest in pious works. (In the galley of a Turk !) Well, well, begone. (But, poor wretch, I repeat, what the devil hadst thou to do in that galley ?) Go, take from my wardrobe the slashed doublet which my late father threw off in the year of the great winter.

Corbinelli. What's the good of all this twadd'e ? You are not in it at all. It will take at least a hundred pistoles to buy him off.

Granger. A hundred pistoles ! Ah, my son, must I give my life to preserve thine ? But a hundred pistoles ! Corbinelli, go and tell him to let himself be hanged without saying a word ; yet not to grieve, for I'll make them repent it bitterly. . . . To go on board the galley of a Turk ! And why, by all the devils, on board *that* galley ? O galley, galley, thou throwest away my money in the galleys !]

Let us compare the corresponding scene in Molière (" Fourberies de Scapin," iii. 2) :

Scapin. It is for you, sir, to see at once to the rescue from slavery of a son whom you love so well.

Geronte. What the devil did he want to go on that galley for ?

Scapin. He had no idea of what would happen.

Geronte. Run, Scapin, and tell the Turk I shall send the police after him.

Scapin. The police in the open sea ! Are you jesting ?

Geronte. What the devil did he want to go in that galley for ?

Scapin. People are sometimes led astray by an evil destiny.

Geronte. Listen, Scapin, you must now play the part of a faithful servant. You must go to the Turk, tell him that he must send me back my son, and that you will take his place until I have got together the money he wants.

Scapin. Ah, sir, do you know what you are talking about ? Do you suppose the Turk will be such a fool as to take a poor wretch like me in your son's place ?

Geronte. What the devil did he want to go in that galley for ?

Scapin. He could not foresee his misadventure. However, sir, remember that the Turk has given me only two hours.

Geronte. You say that he wants. . . .

Scapin. Five hundred crowns.

Geronte. Five hundred crowns ! Has he no conscience ?

Scapin. Ha, ha ! conscience in a Turk !

Geronte. Does he know what five hundred crowns are ?

Scapin. Yes, sir, he knows that five hundred crowns are fifteen hundred francs.

Geronte. But what the devil did he want to go in that galley for ?

Molière not only borrowed phrases and ideas, but plots. "L'Avare" is taken from Plautus, sometimes bodily, as in the scene where Harpagon makes his son's valet, La Flèche, show him his hands and his pockets. In the "Aulularia," Euclio, the miser, tells the slave Strobilus, whom he suspects as a thief, to show him his hands :

Strobilus. Here they are.

Euclio. I see. Now, show me your third hand.

The miser's monologue, after he discovers his loss, and the scene between Maître-Jacques, Valère, and the miser, are also imitated from the "Aulularia."

Voltaire, by the right divine of genius, acted on the good old rule, the simple plan, "that they should take who have the power," and borrowed, or imitated, freely. Thus, "Brutus," a tragedy by Catherine Bernard, performed in 1690, contains the following passage :—

Brutus. N'achève pas . . dans l'horreur qui m'accable,
Laisse encore douter à mon esprit confus,
S'il me demeure un fils, ou si je n'en ai plus.
Titus. Non, vous n'en avez point.

Brutus. No more ! . . . in the horror which overwhelms me,
Let my mind confused still pause in doubt,
Either I've still a son, or I have none.
Titus. No, you have not.

In Voltaire's tragedy of the same name, we read :

Brutus. Arrête, téméraire !
De deux fils que j'aimai le ciel m'avait fait père :
J'ai perdu l'un, que dis-je ! ah, malheureux Titus,
Parle, ai-je encore un fils ?
Titus. Non, vous n'en avez plus.

Brutus. Stop, rash one !
Of two sons whom I loved Heaven made me father :
One I have lost—what say I? ah, unhappy Titus !
Speak, have I still a son ?
Titus. No, you have one no longer.

Now, if Voltaire borrowed, he improved. The following couplet from Catherine Bernard's dull tragedy was dexterously adapted and condensed by Voltaire :—

Et qu'un plomb, dans un tube entassé par des sots,
Peut casser d'un seul coup la tête du héros.

Voltaire more pithily says :—

Et qu'un peu de plomb peut casser
La plus belle tête du monde.

Let us put the same idea into English :

> A bullet by a zany sped
> May lodge within a hero's head.

Fréron accuses Voltaire of numerous plagiarisms, but most of them, if not all, are really legitimate imitations. This can hardly be said of the use he has made of "The Hermit" of an English poet, Parnell, which he has turned into a chapter in his romance of "Zadig." As Parnell seems to have been indebted to a French fabliau of the twelfth century, it has been suggested that Voltaire may have drawn from this source instead of from Parnell ; but this is impossible, since he follows out Parnell's treatment and even imitates his language.

Delille, the author of "Le Jardin," has imitated on every side : ancient authors, modern authors, French authors, and foreign authors, he has drawn all into his net. His happiest verses are generally imitations ; as, for example, the fine line in his poem on "The Imagination"—

> Il ne voit que la nuit, n'entend que le silence,
> [Night alone he sees, and nought but silence hears]

which belongs to Théophile Vian, who long before had written—

> On n'oit que le silence, on ne voit rien que l'ombre.

Protesting against the stigma which some critics reserve for imitators, Voltaire, in the 27th of his "Lettres Philosophiques," remarks : "Nearly everything is imitation. Boiardo has imitated Pulci, Ariosto has imitated Boiardo. The most original minds borrow from one another. Metastasio took most of his operas from French tragedies. Many English authors have copied us and said nothing about it. It is with books as with the fire on our own hearths ; one goes to one's neighbour for it, and kindles it on one's own hearth, one passes it on to others, and it belongs to all."

Not less forcible is the argument, or apology, of Marmontel. Denyer said, before Voltaire, that the secrets of the Fates do not lie concealed within the entrails of the victims. Théophile, in his "Pyrame," in describing jealousy, had employed the same turn of phrase and the same images as the great Corneille in the ballet of "Psyche" : but does the merit of invention, genius, and taste lie in the vagueness of those rudimentary ideas ? And if the poets who first employed them have degraded them, either by weakness, meanness, or warmness of expression ; or if, by an impure mixture
destroyed their charm, shall it be for ever forl
them to their purity and natural beauty ?

made a reproach against genius that it has changed copper into gold?

Let us now turn our attention to some cases of imitation which approach, it must be confessed, very near the confines of plagiarism.

Macrobius, in the sixth book of his "Saturnalia," traces the obligations of Virgil to his predecessors. His first chapter has quite a "Stop thief!" heading: "Quos vel ex dimidio sui, vel solidos etiam versus ab antiquis Latinis poetis sit mutuatus Vergilius!" "Mutuatus," by the way, is a blessed word—almost as good as Pistol's "convey" ("convey the wise it call")!

In this chapter the Latin grammarian has collected the verses which Virgil has borrowed, either verbatim or with modification, from Ennius, Furius, Pacuvius, Suevius, Nævius, and Accius; but as none of the writings (or only fragments of them) have descended to us, our conscience need not be troubled by the lax morality of the immortal author of the "Æneid." Here, however, are specimens of his method of treating Ennius, and the reader will see that he generally improved what he seized upon:

Ennius. Cum superum lumen nox intempesta tenebat.
Virgil. Et lunam in nimbo nox intempesta tenebat.

Ennius. Teque, pater Tiberine, tuo cum flumine sancto.
Virgil. Tuque, O Tibri, tuo, genitor, cum flumine sancto.

Ennius. Vertitur interea cælum cum ingentibus signis.
Virgil. Vertitur interea cælum, et ruit oceano nox.

In the following line, observe how by the substitution of two words Virgil converted a commonplace collocation of syllables into a fine onomatopœia:—

Ennius. Consequitur, summo sonitu quatit ungula terram.
Virgil. Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula terram.

I can fancy that Ennius when he first caught sight of Virgil in the shades would raise after him a lusty cry of "Stop thief!" and would be only half mollified when Virgil pleaded that he had done him an honour in thinking his verse worth pilfering from!

But Virgil borrowed from Lucretius, as well as from these elder and ruder poets. Here be proofs undeniable:

Lucretius. Cum primum aurora respergit lumine terras.
Virgil. Et jam prima novo spargebat lumine terras.

Lucretius. Nunc hinc, nunc illinc, abruptis nubibus ignes.
Virgil. Ingeminant abruptis nubibus ignes.

I have given examples of imitation from Racine; but, like Virgil, he too occasionally "borrowed." Voltaire, in this direction, is,

however, a much greater offender; and his adaptation of Maynard's sonnet to a Court favourite is really flagrant. I place the opening lines side by side:

Maynard.	*Voltaire.*
Par vos humeurs l'état est gouverné;	Par votre humeur le monde est gouverné;
Vos seuls avis font le calme et l'orage,	Vos volontés font le calme et l'orage,
Et vous riez de me voir confiné,	Vous vous riez de me voir confiné,
Loin de la cour, dans mon petit village.	Loin de la cour, au fond de mon village.

In this instance, the thief has made scarcely any attempt to conceal his theft. He has not, like Sheridan's gipsy woman, disguised the child he has stolen.

When Delille, of whom I have already spoken, ceased to imitate, he borrowed. Neither woof nor warp could he weave with his own thread. As Nodier points out, whether in his translations from Virgil or in his other poetical works, he has inserted no end of verses which are not his own, and often with no more modification than was necessary to spoil them. Now, this always seems to me a criminal offence. To rob is wrong; but to injure or destroy the wares you have stolen is surely an unpardonable crime. In the tragedy of "Blanche et Guiscard," by Saurin, occurs the line:

> Qu'une nuit paraît longue à la douleur qui veille!
> [How long one night appears to watching grief!]

Delille has marred the meaning by the change of an article:

> Que la nuit paraît longue à la douleur qui veille!
> [How long the night appears to watching grief!]

Delille's example has been followed by other French translators. Saint-Ange, into his version of Ovid, imports about fifteen hundred lines from Thomas Corneille. Aignan, the translator of Homer, has taken fully twelve hundred out of Rochefort. I am not aware of any such gross misdemeanour having been committed by our English translators. They are most of them dull, but the dulness is their own.

In coming across such audacious cases of theft, we are reminded of the venerable jest, sometimes fathered upon Voltaire and sometimes upon Piron, but really belonging to the Abbé Voisenon, who when a wretched versifier named Ximénès was one day reading to him a tragedy of his own manufacture, repeatedly rose and made a profound reverence. At length the irritated poet, who had observed with ill-concealed vexation the Abbé's displays of courtesy, burst out, "What the deuce mean you, M. l'Abbé, by all your bows?" "Oh, sir," replied the Abbé, "one must be polite when one's old acquaintances!" In a good deal of

continually favoured with glimpses of "old acquaintances." At every line the familiar faces smile upon us; and though we are introduced by name to Jones or Robinson, we are sure to find Tennyson or Browning close behind him.

Dr. Hooke, one of the founders of the Royal Society, and a mathematician of credit and renown, throws out a fanciful calculation on the number of ideas of which the human mind, in the aggregate, is capable; he arrives at a total of 3,655,760,000. We should suppose that so respectable a figure is not yet exhausted; and though a time must come when nothing new will be left under the sun, we may still hope (some of us) to catch a floating idea or two, of a practical kind, for current use.

In the way of literary ideas, what an advantage had the Greek and Roman writers over their unfortunate successors! Everything in that golden age was comparatively fresh and new. Men were not compelled to work up with hidebound brains a jaded thought or worn-out image. Fancy had liberal course; and the poet was under no necessity of pulling himself up ever and anon to consider curiously whether he was unconsciously poaching on the preserve of some lucky predecessor. It is the sore tribulation of a literary man nowadays that all his best ideas have been anticipated. What he would have written! how he would have witched the world with wondrous conceptions! what graces he would have displayed! but for those pestilent "forbears" who ploughed the field and garnered in the golden grain before him! And, alas, poor fellow! he cannot get rid of his difficulty so easily as Mr. Puff does in "The Critic."

As early as the fourth century, however, this difficulty began to be felt. The celebrated grammarian, Donat, whose Latin primers were at one time held in high repute, broke out into fits of violent indignation when he discovered in the works of previous writers what he had fondly believed to be his own thunder! "Pereant illi," he said, "qui, ante nos, nostra dixerunt." (May they perish who said our good things before us!) A French author of the seventeenth century took the matter more easily, and in a couple or so of epigrams relieved his soul of its discontent.

	Imitated
Dis-je quelque chose assez belle?	Whene'er I utter something neat,
L'antiquité tout en cervelle	Antiquity with vast conceit
Prétend l'avoir dite avant moi.	Pretends she said it in her day!
C'est une plaisante donzelle!	Oh, come, my jesting damsel, say,
Que ne venait-elle après moi?	Why did you not come after me?
J'aurais dit la chose avant elle.	Then *I* the original should be!

And again:

Je n'ai pas fait une épigramme
Que l'antiquité la réclame
Et me dit d'une fière voix,
"Mon ami, c'est la vieille gamme;
Pour celle-là, tu me la dois.
Elle a menti, la bonne femme;
Ce n'est pas la première fois."

To every epigram I make
Hoary Antiquity lays claim:
"My friend, this is an old affair,"
You hear her haughtily exclaim;
"You owe it me!" Ah, what a fib,
Nor is't thy first, my worthy dame!

I cannot help thinking that Antiquity would be in no hurry to claim M. d'Aceilly's epigrams.

Of curious coincidences in the matter of ideas, take an illustration from the anecdotal stores of Ménage:

I have often heard it said that Chapelain and d'Andilly had each written this same line,

D'arbitres de la paix, de foudres de la guerre,

without knowing that it was originally Malherbe's. And at the moment that I make this remark, I learn from M. Furetière that a similar thing has happened to him. I have also heard it frequently said of Corneille, that he had composed in his "Polyeucte," on the subject of Fortune, those celebrated lines:

Et comme elle a l'éclat du verre,
Elle en a la fragilité.

And as she has the splendour of glass,
So has she its fragility,

without knowing that they belonged to Godeau. Yet they were originally his, for he had introduced them into his ode to Cardinal Richelieu fifteen years before Corneille wrote his "Polyeucte." It is common enough to recognise one's self in this way, in the thought and expression of others. Porphyry, in a fragment of his book "De la Philologie," quoted by Eusebius in the third chapter of the tenth book of his "Gospel Preparation," mentions a certain Aretades who had written an entire treatise on this kind of rencontres.

It is, I repeat, common enough, this coincidence of thought and expression; and more particularly when one has previously seen this same thought and same expression, as d'Andilly, Chapelain, and Furetière had unquestionably seen the verse by Malherbe, and Corneille the two lines by Godeau; for it often happens that a phrase or sentence lingers in one's memory when the author of it has been forgotten. But an incident in which M. de Racan figures is very extraordinary. In the year 1608, he, a youth of nineteen, in garrison at Calais, composed this quatrain:

Estime qui voudra la mort épouvantable,
Et la fasse l'horreur de tous les animaux;
Quant à moi, je la tiens pour le point désirable,
Où commencent nos biens et finissent nos maux.

Let them who will think death an evil,
And make it of all animals the dread;
For me 'tis but the goal desired, where all
Our trials end and happiness begins.

Some time afterwards, being at Paris, and reciting the lines as his own composition to a friend, that friend told him he must be labouring under a delusion, for they were Matthieu's, and were the initial lines of his book entitled "Les Tablettes de la Vie et de la Mort." M. de Racan, who had never read [illegible] long and strenuously contended that Matthieu co[illegible] and yielded only when his friend made hi[illegible]

ment, in Matthieu's book. I do not doubt this story, being persuaded that M. de Racan, who has often repeated it to me, is a man of truth. But I am hard of belief when Leonardo Salviati says that a poet of his time, who had never seen Cardinal Bembo's sonnets, had composed some exactly similar.

Elsewhere Ménage tells us that he himself one day experienced the annoyance of finding in the poems of Marot, which he had never read, a Latin epigram which he had composed several years previously. But this assertion, like that of M. de Racan, seems very suspicious.[1] As Matthieu's "Tablettes" were put into the hands of any child, it seems clear that Racan must have heard or read the quatrain, and had afterwards, as often happens, lost for a while all recollection of it. As for Ménage, his memory (says Lalanne) was prodigious. If he wrote out a Latin poem only once, he never forgot it, and it is quite certain that his epigram was a reminiscence.

"It is only rhetoric," says Cousin, "which can ever suppose that the plan of a great work belongs to him who executes it." This is a true and a profound thought. All those great men whom we see at various epochs dominating over their age are bound to their generation and to the preceding generations, not by threads invisible, but by powerful ties which become perceptible as soon as we care to look for them. A great idea is of slow growth, nor does it attain to its full development until it has passed through many minds. Then, at last, it finds the necessary expression, and is made over to the ages as the general possession of mankind. It was so with Newton's theory of gravitation; it was so with Watt's condensing steam-engine. And it is by a similar process that moral principles and intellectual ideas are perfected.

Let us take, for example, the genesis of Dante's immortal work. Antiquity, it is true, seems to have contributed little towards the formation of the embryo. Dante's inspiration was essentially from Christian sources; but he seems to have known the vision of Er the Armenian, as told by Plato, that of Thespesius the Cilician, as recorded by Plutarch, and the "Somnium Scipionis" of Cicero.

From the sixth century onward, the legends in which the mysteries of Hell are revealed to the living rapidly increased in number. The most remarkable were those of "The Soldier," of St. Gregory the Great, of "The three Oriental Monks" (Theophilus, Scrynio, and Hyginus), of Fursey and Dritholm (as told by Bede), of St. Wittin ("Visio S. Wittine,") *apud* Mabillon (which Ampère describes as

[1] "Cette rencontre," says Nodier, "est si bizarre, qu'elle en paroît incroyable."

an important step towards Dante in its introduction of political matter and its personal allusions), St. Brendan, Alberico (which was certainly known to Dante), and the Irishman Owen or O'En. The last named, known as "The Purgatory of St. Patrick," dates, according to the Bollandists, from the twelfth century. At all events, it is related by Matthew Paris under the date of the year 1155, and here is a brief summary of it :

A knight named Owen finds his way into the cavern which, in the sixth century, St. Patrick had opened up, near Donegal. It led him into the nether world, where he arrived upon a spacious plain, the full length of which outstripped the range of human sight—a place dark with grief and wretchedness. There, crowds of the unhappy, of both sexes and of all ages, were lying with their bellies on the ground, naked. Their limbs and bodies, fixed to the earth by red-hot nails, were horribly tortured. From time to time, in their throes of agony, they bit the earth—they cried—they howled, "Pardon, pardon ! Pity, pity !" But there were none who had compassion upon them. Moreover, the demons jumped on the backs of these unfortunates, and lashed them with great thongs. . . . Thereafter the knight was conducted to another plain, where the victims were stretched upon their backs. Fiery dragons couched on their breasts, and thrust into them their fangs of fire ; others were twined round neck, arm, and body with fiery serpents, which pierced into their hearts the fiery tongues that leapt from their incandescent jaws. On the chests of others squatted enormous hideous frogs, burrowing with misshapen jaws into the flesh to get at the heart within.

"Then the demons led the knight into another place of punishment, where he saw so great a multitude of men and women of all ages, that it seemed to outnumber all the living. There the damned were suspended by red-hot hooks in the midst of sulphurous flames, or bound to fiery wheels, or to immense spits, and incessantly larded with molten metals." Afterwards the infernal spirits conducted him to the summit of an elevated mountain, and showed him a countless throng of unfortunates, who, entirely naked, and bent so that their heads touched their feet, kept themselves turned towards the north, pale with fright, and expecting death. Suddenly arose a tremendous whirlwind, which seized upon all of them, and upon the knight, and launched them beyond the mountain into an ice-cold, stinking river, into which they fell, weeping and vociferating. The ch
invoking the name of God, found himself imme
bank ; then the demons carried him southw

black flame issuing from a well, and exhaling a suffocating odour of sulphur. This flame hurled up into the air naked men, who resembled sparks of fire, and when it sank, the condemned fell back anew into the burning well. The demons dashed headlong into it, dragging Owen with them. The further he descended into the abyss, the more it went on enlarging, and the punishment increased in ferocity. But at length he called upon the name of Jesus Christ, and immediately the fury of the flames hurled him into the air; he fell on the ground, and remained for some time in a swoon.

As to Paradise, or the region of the blessed, Owen saw it only from the top of a high mountain; after which he returned to earth, purified from his sins.

Labitte, an able French commentator on the "Divina Commedia," is probably correct in assuming that Dante was acquainted with this remarkable and eerie legend. Recollections of it crop up at several places in his poem. But we may go further, and consider whether he has not drawn his subject directly from the old romance of "Guerino il Meschino," the date and origin of which are uncertain; it, however, contains in a quite simple form the principal details of "The Purgatory of St. Patrick."

In this romance Hell takes the concentric shape with which Dante has made us familiar; and Satan, as in the poem ("Inferno," canto 34), occupies the bottom of the abyss. Thus, with each succeeding century, the legendary cycle to which Dante's epic belongs, extends and diversifies. We can follow it through its various stages, until at last the poet takes it up—purifies, ennobles, elevates it—and converts it into a great moral lesson for the benefit of humanity.

But there is another legend, more striking and more detailed even than that we have just considered, which, whether it was or was not known to the great Florentine, is of profound interest, as showing the direction in which the thoughts of men were tending two centuries before he wrote. It is related by Ordericus Vitalis in the eighth book of his "History of the Dukes of Normandy":

In a village called Bonneval lived a priest named Gauchelin. Early in January, in the year of our Lord 1092, he set out one night to visit a sick person. Returning alone, when at a distance from all human habitations, he suddenly heard a great noise, like that of a large army. He was on the point of withdrawing towards four medlar trees which he espied in a field, but a man of immense stature, armed with a huge club, stood in his way, and raising his arm over his head, cried: "Halt! not another step!" Benumbed with terror, the priest stopped, and leaning on a stick which he carried, remained motionless. The man with the club stood at his side, and without molesting him, waited for the army to march past.

And soon came in sight a body of foot-soldiers, carrying on their backs and slung round their necks, according to the custom of brigands, sheep and clothing, articles of furniture, and utensils of every description. And as they went they heaved loud sighs, and urged and encouraged each other to increase their speed. Among them the priest recognised several of his neighbours who had died recently, and he could hear them bewail the cruel punishments of which, on account of their crimes, they endured the torments.

Next followed a troop of coffin-men, whom the giant I have spoken of immediately joined. They carried about half a hundred coffins, each being supported by a couple of bearers.

To these succeeded what seemed to the priest an innumerable multitude of women. They were mounted on horseback, upon saddles in which were inserted red-hot nails. The wind frequently raised them two or three feet high, and then they fell back immediately on those red-hot nails. Horribly tormented by wounds and burns, they cursed loudly, and revealed the sins for which they were punished.

In this troop the priest recognised some dames of noble birth, and saw the palfreys and mules of many women who were still living.

Soon afterwards he perceived a numerous procession of clerks and monks, their judges and their superiors, bishops and abbots carrying the pastoral cross. The clerks and bishops wore black capes; the monks and abbots hoods of the same colour. All groaned and lamented; some addressed Gauchelin by name, and implored him on the ground of their ancient friendship to pray for them. This priest related that he had seen there many personages of great consideration, whom the common opinion supposed to be resting in Heaven among the saints.

At this awful spectacle, trembling, and supported by his stick, he looked for spectacles still more awful. And soon he saw a great host advance; he could not detect among them any colour except black, and sparks as of fire. Those composing it were mounted on gigantic horses; they were clad in complete armour as if for battle, and carried black standards.

After seeing this long train of horsemen pass by, Gauchelin began to reflect. . . . "I have heard said that some persons have seen these sights before; but, incredulous, I laughed at such reports, because I had never met with any proofs of their truth. Now I see with my own eyes the manes of the dead. Nevertheless no one will believe me when I describe what I have seen; I will seize, therefore, one of those few horses which follow the troop, will mount it immediately, ride it home, and show it to my neighbours to convince them of the truth of my story."

As he spoke he seized a black horse by its bridle; but he vigorously released himself from the hand laid upon him, and galloped away towards the black host. The priest placed himself again in the middle of the highway, and, a horse approaching him, stretched forth his hand. The animal halted, and blowing through his nostrils, raised in front of him a great cloud like a very tall oak. Then Gauchelin put his left foot into the stirrup, seized the reins, and rested his hand on the saddle; but at the same time he felt beneath his feet a heat like that of fire, while through the hand which held the bridle an indescribable cold pierced even to his entrails.

Suddenly four horrible horsemen rushed forward, and with dreadful cries demanded, "Why do you seize upon our horses? You will come with us. None of us have done you harm, and yet you dare to deprive us of ours!" The priest, excessively frightened, loosed his hold

of the devils refusing to serve him, he fourth exclaimed: "Let him go, and give me a converse with him." He was anxious to entrust Gauchelin with various messages for his wife and children: and when the priest refused, he asked from him an exact description of the trust. The unfortunate man was rescued through the intervention of another chevalier, who proved to be his brother-in-law, and in the course of a long conversation, spoke to him in touching terms of their children.

While they were thus conversing, Lucheiin noticed on the heel of the damned a small round-hole, across like a man's head. Astonished, he inquired the meaning of it. "It is an abode, my dear," replied his brother, "and it seems to me sweeter than if I served Lord St. Michel." . . . The chevalier then fled terror-stricken. For a week the priest remained seriously ill; but he lived for fifteen years afterwards a good youth.

"It was from his own mouth," adds Ordericus Vitalis, "that I learned what I have here written: we, and many other things which I have forgotten. I also saw it as well be seen with my own eyes by the church of the beautiful chevalier."

But not only in the chronicles and the biographies of the saints was continually exhibited this insatiable desire to discuss the mysteries of the Other World, this anxiety to speculate about the future life. Paradise, Hell, Purgatory, were the favourite subjects of the painters and sculptors, as you may see in the churches of that period. Then came the scenes of the theatre—the Mysteries, in which Death, Satan, and Hell played such important parts. Take, for an example, the festival given at Florence in 1304, some years before the publication of Dante's poem.

Sans William

The people of the town of San Friano sent a herald through the streets to announce that whoever wished for news of the Other World, must repair, on May 1, to the bridge of La Carraia on the banks of the Arno. They had moored in the stream some barks, on which were erected platforms and scaffolding, so arranged as to represent Hell, with its fires, punishments, and victims. Men were there, disguised as demons, most horrible to see! Others, entirely naked, seemed like souls exposed to various torments, in the midst of horrible yells, whistlings, and tempests. The whole formed a fateful and fearsome sight! The novelty of it, however, attracted such a multitude of the townsfolk, that the bridge, which was of timber, gave way beneath the burthen: numbers were killed in the fall or drowned in the river, others wounded by the falling beams, and so what had been announced as a fiction became a reality, and many went to learn the mysteries of the Other World.

To such sources as these, and not to the commonplace "Tesoretto" of Brunetto Latini, his tutor, must we trace the suggestions which Dante worked upon in his noble poem.

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

(*To be concluded.*)

PROPER DIET FOR HOT WEATHER.

THE Englishman is very conservative in his ideas and averse to change in his mode of life, at all events so far as his diet is concerned, and it would not be going too far to say that he is averse to change even where the change is for his good in this respect. The manners and customs of generations gone by with regard to eating and drinking, are the manners and customs of the present age, with this exception, that, of course, the refinements of cookery have brought into requisition many delicacies in the way of dishes unknown to our forefathers. The Maid of Honour in these days does not drink, or have allowed her, a gallon of ale, as did those of the time of "Good Queen Bess," for her breakfast—(it is to be hoped she did not consume it)—for she now drinks tea or coffee, then unknown. But though her appetite may be the same as in those days, and doubtless even in Maids of Honour is, custom has altered its constituents. The exigencies of season compel the individual to dress differently winter and summer, so as to equalise the warmth of the body; and to a certain extent most people do this, but it is very apparent that it is the discomfort of feeling the cold that induces them to put on in winter a different kind of dress to that worn in summer. A man would look very absurd if during the summer and the hot months he was seen out wrapped in furs and thick clothing; but though, as I have pointed out in one or two former papers on diet, the heat of the body is better and more perfectly equalised by the food that is taken than by its external covering in the way of clothes, few people adapt their diet to any particular season of the year or its temperature. The ordinary individual eats the same breakfast, lunch, and dinner in spring, summer, autumn, and winter—the same routine of bread, meat, puddings—and the majority of the more wealthy classes consume almost identically the same food, only, perhaps, more delicately manipulated in our time by culinary art. It does not seem to enter into the calculations
cook, or the aristocratic chef, that
physiology of dietetics. His ai

or delicate meal, pleasant to the palate, utterly regardless of the dietetic value of its constituents, and whether they are more particularly adapted to hot or cold weather. Eating is considered by many, whose intellectual attainments ought to teach them better, almost a religious duty, an irksome one, it is true, as some would say, but one that necessity compels them to perform. My own opinion is that the physiology of food should be taught the rising generation as an important item of school life. If this were so, what a vast difference it would make in the comfort, the health, and the well-being of the individual; and with what a reserve of strength he would, if properly nourished in early life, commence his struggle with the world, whether that struggle involved physical or mental work.

In the first place, his frame would be properly developed, his brain nourished, his digestive powers in perfect condition, and he would not have in his daily work, literary or otherwise, or when old age advances, to fall back upon stimulants to give him the necessary appetite for his mid-day or evening dinner. Cicero says: "To live long, it is necessary to live slowly." When I say that the physiology of food should form a part of every man's, and, I may add, more particularly of every woman's education, I mean that they should know what particular use each food is applied to in the economy, and what particular food is suited for intellectual work in contradistinction to muscular work; and further, what particular food, is best suited to the requirements of the system in the different seasons of the year. Fewer wives would be widows and children orphans if the mistress of a household adapted, or ordered her husband's food, to meet his requirements, and made it, or saw that it was made, tempting and palatable. But what obtains now in most middle-class households? The husband comes home to dinner weary and hungry to find warmed-up meat, or a washy stew, awaiting him, or, worse still, an underdone joint and half-cooked vegetables. Perhaps this goes on day after day and year after year, until some day or other an illness occurs, and his constitution, exhausted for the want of proper food to nourish his complex organism, succumbs to it.

In the houses of the very wealthy this state of things seldom occurs—perhaps it would be better if it occasionally did, for a life of indolence and ease would be lengthened by occasional starvation. Half the illness that occurs at one season I think I can safely say is due to improper dieting taken at another. We hear of people feeling weak in the spring, or suffering from those different ailments due to malnutrition, such as boils, skin diseases, obesity, or debility. Now this would not be so if the person adapted his diet to his requirements and

to the season. No sensible person would think of keeping a large fire burning in his room in the summer. If he did, he would undoubtedly soon feel the effect of it; but many a man who would feel himself insulted if he were not thought a sensible person, will eat in the summer to repletion foods, the particular action of which is to supply heat in excess. Perhaps I cannot do better here than explain that the foods that are converted into heat—that is, keep up the heat of the body—are starches, sugar, and fat; and those that more particularly nourish the nervous and muscular system are the albumen and salts; and a perusal of, or reference to, the following table will show what these are, and also the amounts of the different constituents they contain. At a glance the reader will see that the largest proportion of summer food should consist of green vegetables, cooked or as salads; white or lean meats, such as chicken, game, rabbits, venison, fish, and fruits.

Table showing the percentage composition of various articles of food:

—	Water	Albumen	Starch	Sugar	Fat	Salts
Bread	37	8·1	47·4	3·6	1·6	2·3
Biscuit	8	15·6	73·4	73·4	1·3	1·7
Wheat Flour	15	10·8	66·3	4·2	2·0	1·7
Barley Meal	15	6·3	69·4	4·9	2·4	2·0
Oatmeal	15	12·6	58·4	5·4	5·6	3·0
Rice	13	6·3	79·1	0·4	0·7	0·5
Peas	15	23·0	55·4	2·0	2·1	2·5
Arrowroot	18	...	82·0	...	...	...
Potatoes	75	2·1	18·8	3·2	0·2	0·7
Carrots	83	1·3	8·4	6·1	0·2	1·0
Parsnips	82	1·1	9·6	5·8	0·5	1·0
Turnips	91	1·2	5·1	2·1	...	0·6
Cabbage	91	2·0	5·8	5·8	0·5	0·7
Sugar	5	...	...	77·0	...	...
Treacle	23	...	...	5·2	...	...
New Milk	86	4·1	...	2·8	3·9	0·8
Cream	66	2·7	...	5·4	26·7	1·8
Skim Milk	88	4·0	...	6·4	1·8	0·8
Buttermilk	88	4·1	...	...	0·7	0·8
Cheese	36·8	33·5	...	...	24·3	5·4
Cheddar Cheese	36	28·4	...	...	31·1	4·5
Skim Cheese	44	44·8	...	...	6·3	4·9
Lean Beef	72	19·3	...	...	3·6	5·1
Fat Beef	51	14·8	...	...	29·8	4·4
Lean Mutton	72	18·3	...	...	4·9	4·8
Fat Mutton	53	12·4	...	...	31·1	3·5
Veal	63	16·5	...		·8	4·7
Fat Pork	39	0·				
Green Bacon	24					
Dried Bacon						
Ox Liver						

—	Water	Albumen	Starch	Sugar	Fat	Salts
Tripe	68	13·2	...	...	16·4	2·4
Cooked Meat, Roast, no Dripping being lost; boiled assumed to be the same . .	54	27·6	...	...	15·45	2·95
Poultry	74	21·0	...	...	3·8	1·2
White Fish	78	18·1	...	...	2·9	1·0
Eels	75	9·9	...	...	13·8	1·3
Salmon	77	16·1	...	...	5·5	1·4
Entire Egg	74	14·0	...	...	10·5	1·5
White of Egg	78	20·4	...	...	...	1·6
Yolk of Egg	52	16·0	...	...	30·7	1·3
Butter and Fats	15	...	...	...	83·0	2·0
Beer and Porter	91	0·1	...	8·7	...	0·2

I know that I am warring with many established opinions, and I know that the ideas I am promulgating in regard to diet are a little contrary to those generally received; but I think I shall succeed in convincing those who will go carefully into the matter with me that many preconceived conceptions on the subject of diet will not bear investigation. Perhaps the particular condition of the system that I am called upon to treat—obesity—gives me a greater insight into the exact effect of diet than falls to the lot of the ordinary physician or specialist. To begin with, I will assail a time-honoured belief, viz., that meat is a *heating* food—that is, in the sense of giving warmth and raising the heat of the body; and that *farinaceous* foods are the *reverse*. People believe that the less meat they eat in the summer the better, "because it tends to heat the system." Now, it is a curious thing that in dieting people for the reduction of fat by dietetic means only—and this I have to do at all seasons of the year—I am in the habit of cutting off farinaceous foods, sugar, and fat, and giving large quantities of meat, green vegetables, stewed fruit, and other non-fattening substances, in quantity regulated according to the height, weight, and physical or mental work of the individual, male or female, as the case may be; with the result that in the colder months of the year people tell me that they do not feel too warm, clothe as they will. To so great an extent does this sometimes occur, that I am obliged to supplement the non-fattening diet by giving a little heat-forming food, such as cream, or a slightly-increased amount of bread, or a small quantity of fat. The result is at once apparent. The body warmth becomes more comfortable. Now, what does this show? It shows that the foods that supply heat are more particularly farinaceous foods, sugar, and fat;[1] and this is admitted by

[1] The Esquimaux eats twelve pounds of fat a day.

all dieticians now. If this is so—and it undoubtedly is—it naturally stands to reason that when the external temperature performs this duty, the individual cannot require so much food that will, by its chemical decomposition in the body maintain a high temperature, and, if taken, as is usually the case, in excess, become an encumbrance by being stored as fat. It must be distinctly understood that the argument which I have used, where the heat-forming food is cut off by me, is where the surplus fat in the body is in excess—that is, in corpulency—and when it is desirable to get rid by dietetic means of the accumulated fat in the system. In this case the fat is the store-house from which the system draws to sustain its warmth, as long as the stored fat is in excess.

A fat animal will live without food months longer than a thin one. A pig buried by the fall of a cliff at Dover was dug out alive one hundred and sixty days after. When it was buried by the fall it weighed about one hundred and sixty pounds, when dug out it weighed *only forty*.

Now, with regard to the proper diet for hot weather. In the first place, we must take into consideration the occupation of the individual. A man doing sedentary work or intellectual work would not require the same diet as a person doing laborious muscular work; but this article, in nine cases out of ten, would appeal to the ordinary individual earning his living by the sweat of his brow, or, if I may so say, by the sweat of his brain. If a man earns his living by the sweat of his brain he must, if he wishes to live long, maintain his health by the sweat of his brow, that is, he must, in some form or other, take muscular exercise. He may do it by brisk walking, tennis, bicycling, shooting, hunting, or the thousand and one pursuits that the average Englishman indulges in, so that, as I said before, the diet that I should lay down as suitable for summer will, under these conditions, almost universally apply.

Nature apparently knows what is good for us, and Nature furnishes for the different seasons suitable substances in the way of food. But, of course, Nature assumes that man, being a reasonable being, should study and apply them as he ought to do; but Nature in this case credits man with attributes that in this matter he seldom possesses, or, at all events, does not care to use if he does possess them. Men do not study Nature as much as they should, at least the majority do not. If they did, they would see that in the warm weather fruit should form a considerable portion of the daily food. The most suitable articles for
fish, such kinds of meat a

and fruit. Farinaceous food, that is, starches, should be taken in the very smallest quantity only. Sufficient sugar would be found in the different fruits that the season of the year produces, and, therefore, should not be supplemented.

In a former article on "The Proper Diet for Cold Weather," I illustrated what I meant by giving one or two samples of a day's dietary for an ordinary individual, and I will here do the same. Of course, in an article of this kind it would be perfectly impossible to distinctly draw a dietary suitable to each individual. This can only be done by taking into consideration the mode of life, the idiosyncrasies, the intellectual work, the peculiarities of constitution of a particular person; but in the case of the ordinary healthy person, of course, these distinctions are not necessary. If a man is too fat he would require certain modifications; if he is gouty or biliously inclined, slight change would be necessary; but, as I said before, to go into this would be unnecessary and out of place, and every intelligent person must alter and adapt the dietary to his means and to his special requirements. Pope says, "the proper study of mankind is man," and, undoubtedly, if long life and comfort are to be attained, many would do well to lay his aphorism to heart. In the case of a man of ordinary size doing ordinary physical or mental work, this would represent an ordinary day's food for hot weather as far as quantity and constituents are concerned:

BREAKFAST, 8.30 to 9 A.M.—Two cups of tea or coffee, sweetened with saccharine, one or two teaspoonfuls of cream in each, 1 oz. of dry toast, thinly buttered; 4 ozs. of grilled or boiled fish, such as plaice, sole, whiting, haddock, cod, or trout, or 4 ozs. of cold chicken, cold tongue, or of grilled steak or chop.

LUNCH, 1.30 P.M.—2 or 3 ozs. of cold mutton, beef, or lamb; 3 or 4 ozs. of green vegetables, plainly boiled, plenty of green salad, made with vinegar, but without oil; 4 or 5 ozs. of stewed fruit; water, or two or three glasses of pure dry Moselles or other Rhine wines.[1]

AFTERNOON TEA, 4.30, IF DESIRED.—Two cups of tea as at breakfast, nothing to eat.

DINNER, 7 to 8.—Julienne, or clear vegetable soup; 3 or 4 ozs. of fish; 3 or 4 ozs. of any *red meat*, or of chicken, rabbit, game, or venison; 6 ozs. of any green vegetable, with gravy from the meat only; 4 ozs. of stewed fruit or of raw fruit; a little stale or pulled bread and a small piece of cheese.

This diet may be varied as to hour; but three meals only should be taken daily, and only sufficient at each meal to satisfy appetite. Fruit

[1] Pure dry Moselles, specially imported and free from sugar, may be had from A. Aldous, 66 Hatton Garden, London, W.C. These wines are peculiarly suited for corpulent, gouty, and dyspeptic people. They have the Moselle grape flavour.

may be taken at other times, and any quantity of fluid, so long as it does not contain sugar; any number of pleasant alcoholic and other beverages suitable for the hot weather, and particularly suitable for those who should not take quantities of sugar, will be found in a book I wrote two or three years ago.[1]

Fruit is only beneficial in moderate quantity. If taken in excess, and out of proportion to other food, it is apt to derange the bowels and cause diarrhœa; more particularly is this the case if it is eaten under-ripe or over-ripe—in the former case, from its undue acidity; and in the latter, from its strong tendency to ferment and decompose in the digestive tract. Fruit diminishes the acidity of the secretion of the kidneys, and by virtue of this is advantageous in gout.

It goes without saying that more fluid is necessary in hot weather than in cold. Indeed, so long as it is a harmless fluid, I question whether too much can be taken. Fluid in this way is to the kidneys what fresh air is to the lungs, and the waste of meat not used in the system is carried off by its aid.

A meat diet is healthy and life-prolonging if supplemented with plenty of fluid to carry off its waste. That fluid should be taken in large quantities in the summer is a wise provision of Nature, as the skin carries off a large amount of waste from the system, and therefore its activity should be stimulated in every way, and it is most desirable by frequent baths to keep the pores open. The perspiration drying on the skin leaves a deposit of its salts and other waste constituents, and these should be washed off as a matter of health. A very useful appliance for this purpose is the "Massage Rubber," lately patented by Mr. Crutchloe, of Albert Chambers, Victoria Street, Westminster. This consists of a serrated india-rubber surface, and when used it cleans the skin of all scurf as a Turkish bath does, rapidly brings the blood to the surface, and has the conditioning effect that grooming has on a horse. The india-rubber seems to act on the skin much as it does in erasing lead-pencil marks from paper, and acts in a way that no towel or brush can equal. All the old loose scurf of the skin is cleared off, and a soft and smooth surface results. After the brisk use of this *dry* rubber, a tepid bath is a great adjunct to health in hot weather, to say nothing of its cooling and refreshing results. I see a well-known man in the *Hospital Gazette* says the massage rubber acts like a charm in rheumatism.

It would be no use advising those who take stimulants for the sake of their stimulating quali[illegible] certain

[1] *Foods for the Fat*: the [illegible] Windus, 214 Piccadilly.

wines, are too heating in the summer; and that, however suitable port, sherry, spirits, and beer may be in the colder months of the year, the most suitable beverages containing alcohol, for this reason, are those known as the light, dry Moselle wines. Even claret and Burgundy contain a large quantity of tannin, and taken in excess are therefore apt to disagree and derange the stomach. Where a nice dry Moselle is drunk in fairly moderate quantity no harm can accrue. Of course, the quantity that would apply to one person does not apply to another, and a free drinker would certainly not be satisfied with less than two bottles.

The man who lives to eat, drinks after his soup a glass of pale sherry; after his fish, Rhine wine; with his joint, Burgundy and champagne; with the *entrées*, Bordeaux or Burgundy; with the ice, champagne or liqueur, and with his dessert probably some old crusted port. But the man who eats to live would be satisfied with one pint of dry and delicate white wine, such as I have previously indicated, to cover the whole of this *menu*.

It is a well-known physiological fact that the system cannot assimilate more alcohol than is contained in a pint of dry Moselle or claret, or in a half pint of sherry or 3½ pints of table beer, supposing it to be in that form; or, if taken in the form of whisky, about a wineglassful of pure whisky per day. I do not mean to say that an excess of any of these quantities would be absolutely injurious to health, and many might and do exceed them considerably for very many years with impunity; but still, in ordinary individuals, this is the quantity that can be taken with no harm whatever. In some houses people seem to take stimulants at all hours, and only the other day a nobleman told me that, visiting a certain house, his valet came into his bed-room at ten in the morning bringing a pint of champagne. On his telling him he did not want it, his valet said, "If your lordship does not drink it, they will think you are ill!" "His lordship" did not drink it, but the champagne did *not* go down to frighten his host. I imagine gout must be a permanent institution in that household, and that the family vault must be as well stocked as the wine cellar.

In the summer acidulated drinks are the most grateful to the palate, and in the August number of this Journal last year I gave a number of these in an article called "Beverages for Hot Weather." There can be no doubt that the most refreshing beverage in summer, and certainly the most harmless, is the properly-made cup of tea; but, alas, how seldom does the ordinary English household in England get a properly-made cup of tea or coffee? The first cup may be by

chance drinkable, or it may have infused half an hour, and therefore contain all the tannin and other disagreeable and injurious products of the leaf. Now, whilst on the subject of tea, I should like to give a rational and sensible mode of making it for breakfast or other meal with which it may be taken. Any one walking up or down Shaftesbury Avenue, W., if they notice No. 76, the Agra Ceylon Tea Association, will see in the window half a dozen cups that they might reasonably imagine had been bequeathed the establishment by Goliath of Gath. These tea-cups are called magnums, and they hold exactly a pint, and one of them is sufficient, therefore, or more than sufficient, for a breakfast. The firm I indicate import only Ceylon teas pure and simple, and the Ceylon teas, parenthetically I may remark, are the most wholesome and delicately flavoured of all, and of all teas undoubtedly most free from tannin. To secure a delicious cup of tea, the proper quantity should be put into the teapot according to the number of people requiring a supply, and when it has infused nine or ten minutes—not longer—the magnum, as it is called, should be filled. This being sufficient, and equal to two large breakfast cups, is of uniform strength and flavour throughout. Its contents will please the most fastidious taste and suit the most delicate stomach. In the summer time it should be sweetened with saccharine instead of sugar, and flavoured with a little cream. Some prefer tea with a squeeze of lemon juice in it, and in this way it is possibly more wholesome and suitable as a cooling beverage.

It would occupy too great a space in a short article like this to give the most suitable fruits and vegetables for the summer months to the different conditions of the system. In a dietetic work I wrote some two years ago this subject was fully discussed,[1] more particularly in relation to those of corpulent, gouty, and rheumatic habit of body.

Three-quarters of the ailments that humanity is subject to undoubtedly arise from errors in dieting, that is, in the quantities of food taken, in its not being adapted to the constitutional requirements and environment of the individual, in its not being properly estimated in its constituents, or applicability to the season of the year; and if, as I said at the commencement of this article, people would take as much trouble in adapting the food to suit their needs as they do in so many other things of minor importance, they would enjoy life more, and see more of it. It is astonishing what a complete change in diet will do. Change in diet

[1] *Foods for the Fat.* Fourth

is a potent factor in the treatment of those conditions that indicate exhaustion of the nervous system, and, as a corollary, general collapse. Man is something like a steam-engine, and he requires fuel according to the work that he has to do. The driver of an express train does not have his engine fed as the driver of a slow train does, and so it is with the human engine. The fuel in this case should be to a certain extent adjusted as to whether it is to be utilised for intellectual or muscular work; and if this is done, a large amount of intellectual or physical work may be accomplished without strain. But if these facts are ignored, the complex mechanism on which the happiness and well being of perhaps even a nation may depend, will collapse like a house of cards.

When the diet is properly regulated for the different seasons of the year in regard to its constituents, there is seldom any necessity to take what some people are so fond of doing, that is, purgative medicines in the spring and in autumn. A little alkaline aperient, such as the "Franz Josef" mineral water, may be taken at any season with benefit by people who live well and who are of sedentary habits, but beyond this, it is a mistake to take irritating and powerful purgatives during the early spring and summer, as they are sure to set up diarrhœa that may go on for some time, especially if unreasonable quantities of fruit be indulged in. Fruit in itself is laxative in its effects, and though beneficial, as before borne out, if not taken in excess, will with some people, when more is taken than should be, set up persistent and troublesome irritation throughout the digestive tract. This was one of the evils attending the "grape cure," so much in vogue a few years ago.

In every well-appointed household, dinner is unquestionably the most important meal of the day, and a fashion in regard to this has lately crept into use, which is neither physiologically correct nor conducive to its enjoyment. I refer to the custom now prevalent of commencing dinner with some anchovy toast, caviare, or sardines on bread and butter, or some other savoury of a like nature. The proper commencement of dinner should be the old-fashioned dish of good soup, and for this reason: that it is necessary that the first food taken at dinner should be quickly absorbed, so as to stimulate the nervous system and give tone to the stomach. In this way the appetite is stimulated and the sense of taste made more keen. Nothing acts so beneficially for this purpose as a small quantity of good soup. The more important adjuncts are, of course, pleasant surroundings and cheerful companionship.

Contrast the exhilarating effect, say, of a dinner at the "Grand,"

at Brighton, under the superintendence of its accomplished and obliging manager—with the open sea, and ever varying kaleidoscope of life to gaze at—with the same dinner in a dull country hotel. Addison says, "Health and cheerfulness mutually beget each other." They undoubtedly do.

To maintain life at its highest standard and for the longest period should be the aim of every individual, and this can only be done by adapting our food to the requirements of the system and the time of the year. If the body is properly nourished, disease will not attack it; and if it does, will get no foothold. It is like an impregnable fortress, it may be assaulted, but it cannot be taken.

But to get the economy into this state of perfection, it must be remembered that no more food should be taken than will be consumed in the operations of life, and no more stimulant than the amount previously indicated, so that no surplus of either shall remain in the body in the shape of excess of fat, or as waste, in the form of gout poison or acidity.

"Gluttony," says an old writer, "kills more than the sword." On the other hand, there is no reason why food should not be made as palatable as possible—in fact, the more palatable it is, the better. It is not excess in variety of food that is injurious, but excess in quantity.

N. E. YORKE DAVIES.

PAGES ON PLAYS.

The Foresters.

THE event of the month has been not an acted play but a published play, Lord Tennyson's "The Foresters." "The Foresters" cannot, so far as we are concerned, be called an acted play. It was brought out with great success at Daly's Theatre, with Miss Agnes Rehan in the principal part; but Daly's Theatre is some three thousand miles away, and we have not arrived at that degree of international sympathy when a play produced in New York will seem the same to us as a play produced in London. On the day of the American production there was, it is true, a weird performance of "The Foresters" given on the stage of the Lyceum Theatre, given in obedience to a somewhat eccentric law to secure Lord Tennyson's dramatic copyright in this country. But a scratch performance such as that, however it might serve technically to be called a performance of Lord Tennyson's play, could not seriously be considered as either a public or an artistic performance. Now, however, we have the text of Lord Tennyson's pastoral before us, and everyone interested in English poetic drama will be sure to read it, curious to learn if indeed our poetic drama has been enriched by a new masterpiece.

For myself, I can only say that I have found "The Foresters" deeply disappointing. All who speak the English speech owe so much to Lord Tennyson for the splendid gifts he has given to English literature that it seems almost ungracious to take this latest gift otherwise than with enthusiasm, or if enthusiasm be impossible, then, at least, in respectful silence. But if enthusiasm is impossible silence would scarcely be honest. Lord Tennyson has chosen to take a great English legend and make it the subject of his play; he has chosen to give his play to the world, both on the stage in another continent and in book form in his own country, and the event is of too much magnitude to be received in decorous silence by those who are unable to swell the chorus of praise, the chorus of praise

that has been pitched so very high. The world has been told again and again that "The Foresters" is a pastoral worthy to be named in the same breath with our ideal English pastoral, with—"As You Like It." Flattery of a great poet never went further or fared worse. Were "The Foresters" a far finer play than it is it would still lie wide apart from the almost perfect beauty of Shakespeare's woodland comedy. It is not by comparison with such ideal standards that we shall arrive at a fair estimate of the value of the Laureate's latest contribution to dramatic literature. More modest comparisons will serve the turn.

The legend of Robin Hood has naturally been a tempting legend to many poets, to many writers of romance. The exquisite body of ballads which enshrine his deeds, and the deeds of his doughty following, have fired writer after writer with the desire of making Robin Hood live in fiction or on the stage. We know from one of the most delightful confessions in the delightful "Memories and Portraits" of Mr. Louis Stevenson that he was spurred in his youth with the ambition to make Robin Hood the hero of an epic poem to be composed after the wedded models of Mr. William Morris and John Keats. One would like to be allowed to glance at that epic; but it is, doubtless, long since committed to the flames, vanished into air along with those *Voces Fidelium* which were at another time the dream of the author of "Prince Otto." I think Pierce Egan wrote a book about Robin Hood, a book which used to appear from time to time in weekly numbers, to the infinite delight of the buyer of penny dreadfuls. I know that in the list, the lengthy list, of romances that carry the colours of Dumas the elder, there is one which deals with the doings of Robin Hood and the outlaws of Sherwood Forest. It is not one of the great man's masterpieces; it ranks rather with the "Vicaire d'Ashburnham" than with the books of the Valois or the revolutionary cycle. It does not breathe the balsamic odour of the greenwood; it is not noisy with the singing of the small birds.

What is true of Dumas's romance is true of Lord Tennyson's play. In point of fact the figures in "The Foresters" are wooden figures, and move their joints with a woeful creaking. If some of the lyrics are graceful they are said to date from old days; and there is no lyric from first to last as faultlessly beautiful as one of Ben Jonson's in the "Sad Shepherd," that which begins—

> Though I am young and cannot tell
> Either what death or love

There are some fine moments

the brave old Tennysonian manner; but here again comparison with the two Elizabethan plays on Robin Hood are to the harm of the latter-day singer. No love passage between the Laureate's Robin and Marian can compare for fresh, sweet passion with those in which Jonson's woodman woos his huntress love. Nor can the statelier passages overcrow that glowing speech of Leicester's in Chettle and Munday's "Downfall of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon":

> I swear he wan rich Cyprus with his sword,
> And thence, more glorious than the guide of Greece,
> That brought us so huge a fleet to Tenedos,
> He sailed along the Mediterranean Sea,
> Where on a sun-bright morning he did meet
> The warlike Soldan's well-prepared fleet.
> Oh, still, methinks, I see King Richard stand,
> In his gilt armour, stained with pagans' blood,
> Upon a galley's prow like war's fierce god,
> And on his crest a crucifix of gold.
> Oh, that day's honour can be never told!

There is a splendid quality of strength in these lines, the strength of that May morning of English dramatic poetry which is not to be found in "The Foresters." But its worst, its weakest part is in its humour, in the talk of Friar Tuck, of Little John, of all the merry men whose names are so dear, and who seem so unfamiliar, and even so foolish, in this most unpastoral pastoral. The Laureate's outlaws will not stand for a second by the side of Peacock's outlaws, still less by the side of Scott's outlaws. Gratitude to Tennyson for the rare gifts he has given with royal generosity for two generations is not increased by any sense of gratitude for "The Foresters."

The Lyrics in "The Foresters."

UNDOUBTEDLY the best things in the book are its lyrics. Whatever period of the poet's life they belong to they have fine stuff in them, and a delightful little anthology might be gathered from them. Take, for instance, the swing of the foresters' song:

> I.
> There is no land like England,
> Whate'er the light of day be;
> There are no hearts like English hearts,
> Such hearts of oak as they be;
> There is no land like England,
> Whate'er the light of day be;
> There are no men like Englishmen,
> So tall and bold as they be!

And these will strike for England,
And man and maid be free
To foil and spoil the tryant
Beneath the greenwood tree.

II.

There is no land like England,
Whate'er the light of day be;
There are no wives like English wives,
So fair and chaste as they be;
There is no land like England,
Whate'er the light of day be;
There are no maids like English maids,
So beautiful as they be.
And those shall wed with freemen,
And all their sons be free
To sing the songs of England
Beneath the greenwood tree.

There is the exquisite lullaby which Little John sings to Robin :

To sleep! to sleep! The long bright day is done,
And darkness rises from the fallen sun.
To sleep! to sleep!
Whate'er thy joys, they vanish with the day;
Whate'er thy griefs, in sleep they fade away.
To sleep! to sleep!
Sleep, mournful heart, and let the past be past!
Sleep, happy soul! all life will sleep at last.
To sleep! to sleep!

Maid Marian's song in the first act is delicately humorous, daintily pathetic :

Love flew in at the window
As Wealth walk'd in at the door.
"You have come, for you saw Wealth coming," said I.
But he fluttered his wings with a sweet little cry,
"I'll cleave to you rich or poor."

Wealth dropped out of the window,
Poverty crept through the door,
"Well, now you would fain follow Wealth," said I.
But Love flutter'd his wings as he gave me the lie!
"I cling to you all the more."

Very charming too is the song of Scarlet, and the other outlaws in Act III. :

By all the deer that spring
Through wood and lawn and ling,
When all the leaves are green;

We care not much for a queen,
For a queen, for a queen o' the woods.

By all the leaves of spring,
And all the birds that sing:
When all the crows are green:
By snows and ice below zero,
We care as much for a king
That we would die for a queen,
For a queen, for a queen o' the woods.

Marian has a song in the fourth act, which expresses a quaint conceit quaintly:

The bee hum'd by in the heat.
"I am hunt for your honey, my sweet."
The flower said, "Take it, my dear,
For now is the spring of the year.
So come, come!"
"Hum."
And the bee hummed down from the heat.

And the bee hum'd by in the cold,
When the flower was withered and old.
"Have you still any honey, my dear?"
She said. "It's the fall of the year,
But come, come?"
"Hum!"
And the bee hummed off in the cold.

But one of the best of all the lyrics is that sung by Titania over the sleeping Robin at the end of the second act:

Up with you, out of the forest and over the hills and away,
And over this Robin Hood's bay!
Up through the light of the seas, by the moon's long silvery ray,
To a land where the gay,
Not an eye to survey,
In the night, in the day,
Can have frolic and play.
Up with you, all of you, out of it, hear and obey!

Man lying here alone,
Moody creature,
Of a nature
Stronger, subtler than my own,
Were I human, were I human,
I could love you like a woman.
Man, man,
You shall wed your Marian!
She is true and you are true,
And you love her and she loves you.
Both be happy, and adieu!
For ever and for evermore adieu!

An American Critic.

IF one did but possess the flying trunk of Hans Andersen's story or the flying carpet of the Arabian tale, how delightful it would have been to flutter across the Atlantic and be present at the first night of "The Foresters" at Daly's Theatre. To all of us who know and love that company of players Mr. William Winter's account of the acting will be an interesting document.

The characters in this comedy were creatures of flesh and blood to the author, and they come out boldly, therefore, on the stage. Martin Lea is a woman of the Rosalind order—handsome, noble, magnanimous, unconventional, passionate in nature, but sufficient unto herself, humorous, playful, and radiant with animal spirits. Ada Rehan embodied her according to that ideal. The chief exaction of the part is simplicity—which yet must not be allowed to degenerate into tameness. The sweet affection of a daughter for her father, the coyness yet the allurement of a girl for her lover, the refinement of high birth, the lithe bearing and free demeanour of a child of the woods, and the predominant dignity of purity and honour—these are the salient attributes of the part. Miss Rehan struck the true note at the outset—the note of buoyant health and ready frolic and sprightly adventure—and she sustained it evenly and firmly to the last. Every eye must have been pleased with the frank, careless, cheerful beauty of her presence, and every ear must have been soothed and charmed with her fluent and expressive delivery of the verse. In this, as in all of the important representations that Miss Rehan has given, the delightful woman-quality is conspicuously present. She can readily impersonate a boy. No actress since Adelaide Neilson has done that so well. But the crowning excellence of her art is its expression of essential womanhood. Her acting is never trivial, and yet it never obtrudes the tedious element of dry intellect. It refreshes, and the spectator is happier for having seen her. Many pleasant thoughts were scattered in many minds by her performance of Maid Marian, and no one who sees it will ever part with the remembrance of it.

The success of the comedy is largely dependent upon the enchantment that is diffused by Marian; yet the burden of the acting is laid upon Robin. Mr. Drew exerted his fine powers with convincing effect. The character is a crystal of manliness, chivalry, and sentiment. Robin is brave, bluff, impetuous, humorous, ardent in his feelings, yet not inapt to muse and moralise, devoted to liberty, human, affectionate, a faithful friend, and a fearless foe. Mr. Drew would naturally make him handsome and picturesque in person. His acting charmed by its incessant animation and grace and by its remarkable variety. The performance disclosed rich reserves of heart and of imagination, and all along its course it was marked by a right purpose clearly seen, steadfastly pursued, and fulfilled with a refreshing audience of physical vigour and of happy spirits.

Indeed, the bright tone of the whole presentment—for which Mr. Daly has provided scenes of rare loveliness and dresses of charming device and colour—is not the least of its triumphant merits. There is not a dark trait in it, and not a hint of evil, save what is requisite in a play as in everything else, to compel good. The performance seldom flagged. The cast already given in this journal is entirely competent. George Clarke [illegible] ersion of that monarch as he lives in to

bluff humour, iron will, and redoubtable prowess—and plainly denoted that he has not read Sir Walter Scott in vain; from whom, and from nobody else, King Richard Cœur de Lion will always be derived. Charles Wheatleigh imparted reality, such as no actor could find it an easy matter to diffuse through such a part, to the feeble old knight Sir Richard Lea, with his vacillation between pride and love and cupidity and dejection. The piquant Kate fell to Miss Kitty Cheatham, who can easily be demure or tantalising, and who always pleases in song. The Sheriff of Nottingham was made pompous and comic by Mr. Leclercq, and Tuck, and Much and Scarlet were expertly presented by Mr. Eugene Jepson, Mr. Tyrone Power, and Mr. Hobart Bosworth. Mr. Gresham was particularly happy in prim person of the amiable, unlucky Little John; and Mr. Craig was adequately offensive as the evil-minded Prince John. No character was slighted. The composition of the Fairy Picture is exceedingly beautiful, and Mr. Widmer handled with exquisite skill an orchestra of twenty-eight performers and a chorus of forty voices. Such a dramatic exposition has seldom been seen on any stage, whether abroad or at home, and whoever misses the sight of it will lose a present pleasure and a lasting benefit.

As we read these lines those of us who know the Daly company by heart almost feel as if we had been present on that memorable evening.

Other Plays.

IN other plays the month has been lamentably poor. In "The Breadwinner" at the Avenue Mr. Calmour endeavoured with amazing ill-success to present a serious study of English life of to-day. It was performed for the most part, on the first night, amidst the uncontrollable laughter of an audience too much amused to be either courteous or generous. In "Chris," which ran for some five *matinées* at the Vaudeville, Mr. Louis N. Parker showed that he has made no advance in the art that he has adopted since the production of "A Bohemian." Yet the performance was interesting for the exceedingly clever acting of Mr. Sant Matthews and the painfully powerful acting of Mr. Herbert Waring. The worst play of a month's record of bad plays was "The Maelström," at the Shaftesbury Theatre. "The Maelström" is a serious play, by a Mr. Mark Melford, who has written some funny farces. But no farce could be much funnier than "The Maelström." It has been Miss Olga Brandon's misfortune to squander her fine talent upon plays which, intended to be powerful and impressive, only succeed in moving the spectator to mirth. The author of the "Maelström" acted in his own piece, and proved to be as unintentionally humorous in the capacity of actor as in the capacity of author. It was a trying entertainment, for it is always trying to be forced to smile at work which was honestly meant to be serious; but it was unhappily laughable, and unhappily it was little else.

JUSTIN HUNTLY McC

TABLE TALK.

Maturin the Dramatist.

If ever there was a man of whom it might have been held in the words of the negro song, that "when he died he died all over," I should have supposed it to have been the Rev. Charles Robert Maturin. He shone for a while with reflected brightness in the skies of London and of Dublin, was caressed, courted, and extravagantly eulogised, and then he fell, I should have supposed "like Lucifer, never to rise again." Introduced by Sir Walter Scott, recommended to the committee of Drury Lane by Byron, and acted by Kean, his "Bertram, or the Castle of St. Aldrobrand," after being refused in Dublin, was given at Drury Lane 9th May, 1816, and acted twenty-two times, a run then regarded as considerable. It brought its author a thousand pounds, was published at the extravagant price, for a play, of four shillings and sixpence, and went in the first year through seven editions. Maturin, an Irishman by birth, and of Huguenot extraction, came to London to look after its interests. For a while he was the lion of the literary coteries, and received honorary recognition from men of highest intellectual position. He could not, however, maintain his place in the empyrean. "Fridolfo," another tragedy, grimmer, if possible, and more terrible than "Bertram," followed at Covent Garden 12th May, 1819, and was damned. It will convey an idea of the language of Maturin, then held to overflow with imagination, to quote a couple of lines. Addressing his mistress, Fridolfo says:—

> Let us lie down on beds of fire together,
> And *wallow in fierce ease.*

No better fate had attended "Manuel," a third tragedy, produced at Drury Lane 8th March, 1817, although Kean had played the hero. Maturin accordingly retired to Dublin, and his career as a dramatist closed. One other tragedy, "Osmyn," was in the hands of Kean, who however refused to produce it.

Maturin the Novelist.

A SOLITARY triumph not less brilliant than that of "Bertram," attended Maturin as a novelist. It was in this line that his literary career began. Under the pseudonym of Dennis Jasper Murphy, he wrote three prose fictions, "Montorio," the "Wild Irish Boy," and the "Milesian Chief." For the last named he was paid eighty pounds by Colburn. After the failure of his dramatic efforts he wrote "Melmoth the Wanderer," and found himself once more famous. Once more also his reputation faded out, and the author subsided into poverty and almost into obscurity. To "Melmoth," however, has been awarded a distinction denied to "Bertram," seeing that it has been dragged to light and reprinted in three volumes for the delectation of the modern novel reader.[1] What this highly pampered and sophisticated being will think of the new meat set before him I cannot conjecture. Personally, I own to a sense of defeat and disappointment upon reading a work to which was once assigned a high position, and which was said to rival "Ossian" in one respect and the "Mysteries of Udolpho" in another. That its gloom and terrors, which appalled fair readers of the time of George IV., would lose some of their grimness I expected, but I was not prepared to find the book so uncouth. In construction it is intolerable, and the way in which, as in the "Arabian Nights," one story grows out of another, and one set of characters in which you have begun to feel some interest disappears, is as inartistic as it can be. Worst fault of all, thanks perhaps to the influence of the Huguenot strain in his blood, Maturin has made his book polemical, and his object in depicting scenes in the Inquisition seems to be as much to attack papistry as to amuse his readers.

"Melmoth the Wanderer."

"MELMOTH" is a story resembling "Faust," but with this difference, that Mephistopheles is relegated into the background. So cynical and implacable is the new purchaser of satanic gifts that he is well able to dispense with the appearances of his great leader. Never, surely, was a worse bargain made by any experimenter in unblessed occupations. He obtains a Wandering Jew sort of length of life, he can bridge distances and slip through stone walls, and he is the possessor of burning and baleful eyes. What other gain

[1] R. Bentley & Son.

accrues from his sacrifice of his soul is hard to see. As a new Faust he has a Gretchen whom he espouses under most mysterious conditions, and the "Faust" story is followed in many respects, even to the slaughter of Valentine. The narrative, however, neither pleases nor greatly impresses, and I doubt whether any human being will again wince at its terrors or find his slumbers broken by nightmare visions due to its record of atrocities. Its highest quality is a sort of lurid and extravagant imagination. Some descriptive scenes are gruesomely fine in their way. Balzac or Hood, describing a haunted house, might have taken something from Maturin's picture of the miser's house and garden. There is a scene in Spain through the grandiloquence of which penetrates genuine power. "The magnificent remains of two dynasties passed away, the ruins of Roman palaces and of Moorish fortresses, were around and above him; the dark and heavy thunder-clouds that advanced slowly seemed like the shrouds of these spectres of departed greatness; they approached, but did not yet overwhelm or conceal them, as if nature herself was for once awed by the power of man; and far below, the lovely valley of Valencia blushed and burned in all the glory of sunset, like a bride receiving the last glowing kiss of the bridegroom before the approach of night."

An Ariosto of Crime.

NEVER, surely, was a man so over-praised and so over-celebrated as Maturin. A picture of him in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is very striking. My translation of this is somewhat free. "A volume might be written on the eccentricities of Maturin. A fine dancer, and a lugubrious romancist working *à traits de plume* his extraordinary imaginings, dying of hunger, and frequenting ball-rooms, man of the world, and haunter of theatre lobbies (*homme de coulisses*), vainglorious, proud, fond of quadrilles, gambling, and fishing, the parson has been seen by us in October, by the side of a lake, armed with an immense rod and line, and clad like a fashionable dancer of London or Dublin in dancing-pumps and silk open-work stockings." Allowing for some exaggeration, the picture is probably true. Gustave Planché dwells upon the accentuation of life and tricks of style that won him in his day the preposterous names of the Ariosto of Crime and the Dante of romancers. Among those, r[illegible] has been collected by the editor, figu[illegible]setti.

The blood-curdling romance of Maturin, "Melmoth the Wanderer," was, Mr. W. M. Rossetti tells, at one time his brother's "supreme delight." Balzac classes Melmoth with the "Don Juan" of Molière, the "Faust" of Goethe, and the "Manfred" of Byron, as grand images traced by the greatest geniuses of Europe, and Baudelaire speaks of the *grand création satanique du révérend* Maturin. How much pains were taken by Scott, Byron, and others with the irregular and disorderly genius who bids for an aftermath of popularity, readers of the biographies of the poets well know. A poem, "The Universe," which bore the name of Maturin, is said to have been written for him by Mr. Wills, father of Mr. W. G. Wills, the dramatist. *Choses d'Irlande!*

Margaret of Navarre.

IT is pleasant to have in a readable and an attractive shape the "Memoirs of Margaret of Navarre."[1] No long time after this interesting apology saw the light in Paris in 1628, it was translated into English by R(obert) C(odrington). The tragic events of which it supplies the best and most vivacious chronicle were then sufficiently near at hand to stir interest, and the translation went through numerous editions. Since then it has slept, and the version just issued by Violet Fane, dedicated to the Duc d'Aumale, is only the second that has been seen. The last surviving princess of the house of Valois, Marguerite, is a profoundly interesting if not wholly satisfying personage, and her book is in the full sense a masterpiece. As there were, near the same time, three Marguerites de Valois, two of whom became Marguerites de Navarre, and all of whom were conspicuous, confusion is not easily avoided. Marguerite, sister of Francis I., married first the Duc d'Alençon, and then Henri d'Albret, King of Navarre. She is the renowned authoress of the "Heptameron" and the "Marguerite de la Marguerite des princesses," was the great-aunt of the author of the Memoirs, and died in 1549. A second Marguerite de Valois, the second daughter of Francis I., married Emanuel Philibert, Duc de Savoie, and died in 1574. At her nuptial festivities the King of France was mortally wounded in a tournament by Gabriel Montgomery, Comte de Lorges. Lastly comes Marguerite de Valois, the writer of these memoirs, the daughter of Henri II. and Catherine de' Medici, the sister of Francis II., Charles IX., and Henri III., and of the Duc d'Alençon, who was a suitor to

[1] Nimmo.

our Queen Elizabeth. Her marriage was more tragic and sorrowful than that even of the second Marguerite, since her espousal of Henri de Navarre, afterwards Henri IV., was the means of attracting to the court the Huguenot noblemen who were sacrificed in the massacre of St. Bartholomew. How completely mixed have been these Marguerites is shown by the new translator, who points out that Dibdin even, in his "Library Companion," assigns to the author or compiler of the Heptameron, the memoirs of the last Princess of Valois.

Her Memoirs.

SO far as regards the light they cast upon domestic life, the memoirs are inferior to those of a later date, especially to the memoirs by the Duchess of Newcastle of herself and her husband, works which in simple pathos and beauty are not easily surpassed. As a revelation of royal proceedings and the dangers that surround those near to a throne, they are unequalled. A royal journal to-day of residence in the Highlands or elsewhere gives no such insight into the behind scenes of state existence. Concerning her own escapades and her all but unprecedented number of lovers, Marguerite is discreetly silent. No one would judge from the volume that she had allowed her favours to any, still less that at the moment when she espoused Henri de Navarre, she was the mistress of the Duc de Guise. That she was herself strongly opposed to what she calls *Huguenoterie*, she is at no pains to hide. It seems probable, indeed, that her own quietly exercised influence did as much by weaning away from Protestantism distinguished supporters, as did the more open and murderous proceedings of her mother and her brothers. The Duc d'Anjou, afterwards Henri III., used to throw into the fire her Book of Hours, and substitute Huguenot hymns. It may be added that Marguerite is credited by Brantôme and others with the possession of marvellous beauty, that she retained her lovers until late in life, and that though the scandal of the day taxed her with assassination as well as with more pardonable offences, she died in the odour of popularity, if not in that of sanctity.

An Incident of Saint Bartholomew.

A PICTURE of the massacre of St. Bartholomew from an observer will be welcome to my readers. The introduction of the King of Navarre, arriving with "eight hundred gentlemen [illegible] in black," strikes a sufficiently ominous note of prer

projected murders Marguerite declares that she had no knowledge, though something said by her sister inspired her with vague terror. At length she fell asleep, when "there came a man thumping with his hands and feet at the door and screaming 'Navarre! Navarre!' My nurse thinking that it was the king, my husband, ran quickly to the door. It turned out to be a gentleman called Monsieur de Tejan, who had a sword-cut on the elbow and a halberd wound in the arm, and who was still pursued by four archers, who all rushed into my room after him. He, seeking to save himself, threw himself on my bed. I, feeling that the man had hold of me, flung myself out of it, and he after me, still clasping me round the body. This man was a total stranger to me, and I did not know whether he came there to insult me, or whether the archers were against him or against me. We were both of us screaming, and one was just as much alarmed as the other. At last God willed that Monsieur de Nançay, captain of the guards, should come upon the scene, who, perceiving me in this plight, could not refrain from laughing in spite of the compassion he felt for me. He was very angry with the archers for their indiscretion, packed them off and granted me the life of the poor man who was clinging to me, and whom I caused to be put to bed and to have his wounds dressed in my closet, where he remained until he was quite recovered." How startlingly vivid and true is all this. The memoirs of Marguerite abound with similar pictures.

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A LITERARY WIFE.

BY EMILY CONSTANCE COOK.

MR. BUNGLE had been married for some months before he discovered that his wife had literary tendencies. Theirs had been a short engagement, and perhaps Camilla had felt a natural shyness of submitting her writings to her future husband, who was himself a full-fledged critic and journalist. Nevertheless, Mrs. Bungle, perhaps as a result of being christened Camilla, had always, from her childhood, indulged a habit of secret scribbling, and she had no intention of leaving it off because of so trivial an occurrence as matrimony. Like the charming Petrea of Frederika Bremer's romance, "The Neighbours," she had written cantos of immeasurable length,—till the lines, indeed, grew too big for any sheet of paper to hold them. She had sent poem after poem, sonnet after sonnet, to magazines and newspaper editors,—alas! without success. But Mr. Bungle, though she knew he was an editor (perhaps this fact had first attracted her to him), had never been favoured with any communication of this kind. Camilla had, as we said, all along instinctively felt that she could not bear to be criticised by him. So, after the honeymoon, when they had settled down in their quiet little suburban villa, all this came quite as a surprise to him.

It began in this way. Mr. and Mrs. Bungle, notwithstanding the editorship (which, after all, is a somewhat comprehensive term), were poor and struggling, as it is good and wholesome for all young couples to be. Camilla had a limited amount doled out to her every week to kee[illegible] and Tom, who supervised the accounts, noticed [illegible]m on stamps. Then he caught [illegible] handwritings,

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directed to Mrs. Bungle; and finally he surprised her in the very act of sending off a sonnet to an editor. Seeing, therefore, that she had no alternative, Camilla confessed, and produced with pride two diminutive printed proofs, as well as a cupboard full of MSS. in various stages of dust and decay, and all bearing signs of postal wear and tear.

Tom was interested, and rashly hazarded the remark that the things showed some signs of promise. Camilla was delighted, and forthwith made Tom into her literary adviser—a post which he was soon to find anything but a sinecure.

The Bungles' ménage was humble: the remaining members of the household were, Jane, the housemaid, who had formerly been Camilla's maid; Amelia, the cook; and last, but not least, Miss Martha Skeggs, Mr. Bungle's aunt, who had considerately come to "board" with the young couple for the six months following their marriage. Jane was a clever girl and decidedly original. In her secret heart she venerated Camilla as a genius of the first water, but it would never have done to let her mistress know this. So she kept her well in order, and never omitted to scold her whenever she was more unpractical than usual. Camilla took the scoldings meekly, for she thought with the celebrated Mrs. Tulliver, that it was better to be scolded by a servant who "took an interest" in her, than to be treated with the most servile adulation by one who didn't. On the whole, too, Camilla found it less trouble to let Jane manage her, than to manage Jane. As for Aunt Martha, she, though kind in the main, was a lady of the "old school," and didn't approve of literary wives, holding Camilla's taste in that line in contempt. "If you had half a dozen children to sew for, you couldn't scribble all day," she remarked sternly one morning.

"But I can't *begin* with six children!" Camilla replied plaintively: "and besides, I should be very sorry"—severely—"ever to have so many! And I *hate* sewing!"

"It is a more feminine accomplishment than writing," continued Aunt Martha, ignoring her niece's remark; "and you would be much better occupied in mending yours and Tom's clothes, or doing a little pretty fancy-work."

Aunt Martha would have doubtless agreed with George Eliot's old maids, that what a husband really needs is someone who can "soothe his cares with crochet, and respond to all his most cherished ideas with beaded urn-rugs and chair-covers in German wool!"

Literature for literature's sake is one thing, but literature which is lucrative is another; and it was a long time before Camilla struck

a lucky vein with her writings. At last, however, she succeeded in getting a paper accepted by one of the magazines. Instead of attempting any more cantos and imaginary tales, she had begun to write of real things, and she soon found that, for publishing purposes, an ounce of experience is worth a pound of invention. And when the article was at length printed and paid for, words fail to describe Camilla's pride! She would have liked the cheque framed, and quite grudged Tom's sending it to the bank,—even treasuring the Editor's letter of acceptance. Tom laughed at her, but in reality he was as much pleased as she. Jane pronounced it "glorious," and even Aunt Martha had to give a grudging approval on seeing the cheque.

Camilla spent that money—the first of her earning—many times over in imagination. Indeed, I should be sorry to say how many small extravagances it was made to cover! Despite Aunt Martha, Milly now devoted herself more than ever to writing. She was full of energy, and after the success of her first paper, began writing on at least eight subjects at once. Her little blue note-book, in which all her straying ideas were to be recorded, accompanied her everywhere; and Jane was instructed to bring it up to her mistress's bedside every morning with her early cup of tea. Already in the future she saw herself famous.

But many rebuffs were yet in store for her. For some weeks, for instance, she diligently wrote for a lady's paper; but after contributing a column per week of notes, dress gossip, &c., which were duly printed, she received no pay. She wrote a plaintive little note to the office of the said journal, modestly suggesting that she should receive some emolument. The journal "didn't recollect" Mrs. Bungle's contributions; would she kindly find and send them? Camilla, by dint of some trouble and research, sent about half a pound of "clippings," and was rewarded by a postal order for the modest sum of four-and-sixpence!

Then Mrs. Bungle tried again the higher class of magazines, but here, too, trouble awaited her. She soon became familiar with every form of polite refusal, from the printed circular to the elaborately worded note. Some of the editors sent her MSS. back with a rapidity that spoke well for the postal arrangements of the suburb; some wrote complimentary notes declining them after the space of a few months. The manuscripts in these cases were very dirty from being so long "pigeon-holed" and forgotten; but the editor or publisher made things pleasant by calling the story or article "bright and taking," or by [illegible]-market" prevented his "availir

Camilla believed it all and was delighted. She uncomplainingly copied out the dirty first and last pages again, before sending the things again on their travels. "That editor is a man of discernment," she said proudly; "he can tell rising talent." "It doesn't mean anything, it's a mere form," Tom grunted; but Camilla wasn't listening, for, with a look of intense abstraction, she was drawing lines with red ink down elaborate margins.

Mr. Bungle soon found that it was no light matter to be the husband of an "L. L." as Dickens called his literary ladies. No manuscript was ever sent off without his opinion and criticism being first asked, and generally, with some grumbling, obtained. And when Camilla wrote notes to publishers (she was one of those people who think that a great deal depends on the wording of the note), Tom was always consulted. Indeed, in the evening his wife sometimes insisted on his dictating the publishers' letters to her. Now Tom, after a hard day's work, liked a quiet nap after dinner, and these perpetual interruptions sometimes made him cross.

"Nonsense, Milly! you're not a fool," he would say impatiently. "Write it yourself!"

"Your letters sound so much more masculine," Milly would reply. It was the pride of her heart to be supposed to be a man, and have her letters addressed, C. Bungle, Esq. It took away half the sting of rejection.

Then, after the letter was written, it had to be directed. "Tom! look out the address for me," cried Milly.

Poor Tom only groaned at this second appeal—he was sinking into the sweetest of slumbers again.

"Very well, since you're so cross, I won't speak again," said Mrs. Bungle. "I'll go on with the end of that other paper I began last week on 'The Garden in May.' I shan't wake you up till it's done."

So Camilla scribbled away diligently all the evening at "The Garden in May." Aunt Martha went off to bed, and Jane came in with the coffee, but Milly was much too abstracted to take any count of mundane matters. As the clock struck eleven, she wrote the last word of her article—and with a triumphant flourish of her pen she cried, "I've done it! Tom, I've done it!"

Tom woke up with a start and pulled himself together. He felt all the crossness of the newly awakened. "You're just like a barn-door fowl cackling over its egg," he said; then with a resigned sigh continued, "Bring it here!'

Camilla plumped the MS. down before him. And now a new woe arose. Tom insisted on cutting down most of Camilla's

favourite passages and quotations. (Camilla had, it must be remarked, a perfect mania for dragging in quotations, so to speak, "by the ears"; especially if they happened to be from Emerson). She insisted that they should be retained.

"Very well," said Tom, who was rapidly becoming waspish; "then why do you consult me about the thing at all, if you don't want my advice? The article, as it stands, is very trite; yes, your style certainly wants tinkering up a bit."

"It's very hard, Tom," pouted Camilla, "that you don't seem to think as much of my abilities as the Editor of 'Emancipated Woman' does."

Now the Editor of "Emancipated Woman" was the same who had called Camilla's paper "bright and taking." Milly thought she had barbed her shaft. But Tom merely said, unkindly:

"And did he take it?"

Mrs. Bungle didn't heed this gibe. "You never *do*," she went on, "seem to have much opinion of my things till they appear in print, and then, why you're ready to say *anything* nice about them. Now, Kadijah, the wife of Mahomet, believed in him when no one else did—and *you*——"

Camilla wept.

"Oh, hang it all!" said Tom wearily, "don't go into heroics! Bother Kadijah! I only wanted to help you. Here, take the thing."

Then Camilla, who, after all, was not unreasonable, noticed how jaded he looked, and was sorry. So the quarrel was made up, and Tom attained his object, which was, we regret to say, that of finishing his nap undisturbed.

But this was not the only "breeze" that Camilla's literary aspirations caused between her and Tom during the first year of their life together. Mr. Bungle was, on the whole, an amiable helpmate; but even amiable people will sometimes be tired and hot; and the next domestic discord happened on a close evening, when the poor man had only just returned from a long and fatiguing day of work. On this occasion only, and for perhaps one brief moment, he may have wished that the wife of his bosom were simply domestic—in order that she might hang up his dusty overcoat, and placing him in a cosy armchair, pour out for him a freshly-made cup of tea. Instead of this, he found his Camilla seated in the one comfortable armchair herself, note-book and pencil in hand, and with her forehead puckered into a thousand wrinkles.

"Tom!" she cried, "I

"Vernal," suggested Tom.

"Oh, bother, of course I've thought of 'vernal,' but that's so commonplace."

"Infernal!" then said Tom, with just a shade of crossness. "I say, Camilla, the room's infernally hot, at any rate! How *can* you stand it? And the tea and the muffins are stone-cold."

"Well, you shouldn't be an hour late," remarked Camilla, rising and putting away the beloved note-book with a sigh.

Camilla did not read very much, but she made the best and the most of what she did read. With her, a little knowledge was made to go a very long way. People who knew her very slightly were apt to think her quite a mine of learning. She was fond of bringing in allusions in her writings to Herbert Spencer, Rousseau, Voltaire, and more particularly, as we said, to Emerson. Now, if there was one author whom the practical Tom hated more than any other, it was Emerson. And unfortunately, Camilla, for reasons best known to herself, often put on, so to speak, the Emersonian mood at dinner time, with her black lace evening dress. The worst of it was, that Emerson seemed to have something to say about everything—even the domestic leg of mutton was not exempt from an Emersonian tag; and on more than one occasion Mr. Bungle might have been heard to mutter something uncomplimentary about the great man. And Martha, who knew nothing about Emerson, used at these times to sit at table in silence: she was usually reflecting how much happier dear Tom would have been, if he had only taken her advice, and married a comfortable little "domestic" wife, after the type of Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Robinson; a wife who would have kept to her own domain, have worshipped her husband from a respectful distance, and kept his socks nicely mended.

Camilla, not content with prose, now tried her hand at poetry again; and great was her surprise when at last a sonnet was accepted—the same that needed once a rhyme to "eternal"—and the sum of one guinea paid for it by the "Ladies' Companion." Then Mrs. Bungle became really proud. That sonnet had already cost her 10*s*., for she was so engrossed while writing it that she had lost that amount while paying the weekly bills, in consequence of the rhymes which were perpetually flitting through her head. It is hard to expect a poet to be practical! Tom, when appealed to for consolation, had unsympathetically remarked, "that the sonnet when printed would never fetch 10*s*.," and now Camilla had got a whole guinea, so it was a decided "score" for her when Jane brought her up the fateful letter with her matutinal tea. "Oh! Jane," cried

Camilla, tearing open the note with trembling fingers, "my poem's accepted! And only think," she went on, burning for sympathy, "they'll give me a guinea for it!"

Jane knew about as much of poetry as a Hottentot. "Was it the letter you asked me to post to the City last week?" she inquired, sympathetically; "because if that was it, then all I can say is, you've won your money easy; it didn't weigh hardly nothing!"

"Oh! but it was poetry, you see," said Camilla, rather nonplussed at this reckoning of literary value by weight.

But this didn't seem to alter Jane's opinion.

"It's such a comfort too, to have it off my mind," pursued Mrs. Bungle. "I wonder what I'd better write for next?"

"The 'Family Herald's' a nice paper, 'm," suggested Jane. "Why don't you try sending to that? I could bring you up a number to see, for I take it in. There's quite nice pieces in it, and none of those tales that are so long you forget the beginning before you get to the hend."

Camilla thanked her, but, on the whole, reserved herself for a more ambitious undertaking. The Editor of "Emancipated Woman" had written encouragingly to her. She would devote her best energies to writing an article for him, to be called "The Mother of the Future." It should strike a higher flight, she was resolved, than any of her previous performances. She said nothing to Tom about it till it was finished; but she wrote at it hard every day for a fortnight, till Aunt Martha really thought her niece had at last taken leave of her senses. Camilla was deeply engrossed; not being herself even a "Mother of the Present," she did not know anything at all about her subject; but perhaps this was just as well, as she could approach it with an entirely open mind. She devoted particular pains to the peroration, which ran thus:—

"The mind of the Mother of the Future must progress after marriage, instead of deteriorating as it often does at present. She will have to prepare herself for giving advice and help to her children when they most need it. She will not do this by becoming a vegetable, or by leading for many years the life of a cow. Mellin's food and Jäger's clothes do not fulfil all the requirements of children. There are canaries—we have kept them ourselves"— (Camilla was proud of using the editorial "we")—"that succeeded very well with eggs, but when these were hatched, succeeded equally well in smothering their chicks. So also the Mother of the Present——"

Camilla had got as far in this effusion as "The Mother of the Prese[illegible] theme, when the study door

opened and a smutty face appeared—Amelia, the cook's. If anything will drive away the muse, it is housekeeping details.

"Well, what is it?" cried poor Camilla, disturbed in her transcendental flight. It *was* hard! "Oh! the dinner! Do think of something yourself."

"This is the wust-managed 'ouse as ever *I* see," said Jane to Amelia that night, in the solitude of the kitchen. "Things ain't done in no sort of order, and as to Miss Skeggs, she's the last straw. That poor young thing" (Jane meant her mistress) "one can't but pity her: she'd never go out fit to be seen if I didn't see to her clothes, and put her straight fust. She ain't one of the sort as cares for dress. She's all for writing, like 'im; they're one as bad as the other!"

And when the wonderful article was finished, many were the trial letters that Camilla wrote to the Editor before she could fix on one that suited her. She tried all styles. For once she thought she would do this on her own account, without plaguing Tom. But she had to have recourse to his decision in the end. She read him the two best aloud. The first began thus:

"Dear Sir,"—("or is that too affectionate?" asked Camilla). "I send you a paper, which I think you will find, deals efficiently with a not-sufficiently-recognised problem of the present day." ("I thought it was to do with the future?" said Tom. "Oh! how dreadfully consistent you are," cried Camilla.) "Several members of my family" (it is to be feared that Camilla here told a white lie, unless she referred to Jane or the cat Jimmy), "several members of my family have expressed favourable views concerning it. I need hardly inform you that I am a contributor to the *best* magazines"—("Won't that hurt his feelings?" inquired Tom; "he'll perhaps think you don't include his among the number")—"and I have the honour to remain

"Your obedient servant,
"C. BUNGLE."

"There! perhaps he'll think that I'm a man!" cried Milly triumphantly; "that's the best of not writing in the third person."

"But how can a man know anything about the 'Mother of the Future'? Tom asked. "You'd better change it into the 'Father.'"

"Oh! I forgot," said Camilla. "Well, I can easily alter that by signing my full name. Now for the other."

"The other" was written in the third person.

"Mrs. Bungle presents her compliments to t

'Emancipated Woman,' and begs to submit to him the enclosed manuscript, which, being on a matter of special import at the present time, she thinks may interest the readers of your very high-class magazine."

"Isn't it in quite a literary style?" asked Camilla, pleased with herself.

"H'm, I don't know whether the Editor will think your style very literary," said the unkind censor; "you've only come to your third line, and you've lost your third person."

"Oh! bother," said Camilla, and sat down to correct her note.

"There! that'll do," said Tom; "the second's the best, if you'll only leave out 'high-class.' That's spreading the butter almost too thick. But send it off, for heaven's sake, and get it out of the way!"

"Well!" said Camilla to herself next day, as she entrusted her beloved parcel to the post-office, "if this gets printed, it won't be even the money I shall care about so much as the honour and glory of the thing!"

And the paper was accepted!

But the "honour and glory of the thing" were a long time coming. When at length a proof of "The Garden in May" arrived, it was already December; and by the time that "The Mother of the Future" was printed, poor Camilla's ideas and theories had been completely revolutionised—with the result that she is now ready to talk, or even write, about Mellin's food, or any food, as much as and even more than the ladies she held up to ridicule in that memorable paper.

Her theories are still far in advance of her practice, for she has lately written for the "Mother's Chronicle" a very stirring and successful article anent the Ruskinian mode of education, advocating that a child should have only a bunch of keys and a box of wooden bricks to play with; although we have reason to believe that Master Tommy's nursery is in reality very well stocked. It is even reported that his mother pays by her writings for his requirements in that line.

This, Mr. Bungle does not entirely approve of; he fears lest some taint of their origin may adhere to the toys, and his little daughter Camilla catch the *cacoethes scribendi*, for he considers that in one family it is enough to have a "literary wife."

ABOUT A PORTRAIT AT WINDSOR.

IN Windsor Castle, in the Vandyke Room, there is a portrait which has puzzled a good many visitors. It is an undoubted Vandyke; it shows a pretty face—a trifle sensual, perhaps—but who the lady may have been whose features it immortalises nobody seems to know. "Somebody"—"Somebody connected with Charles II."—"Some French lady or other"—are guesses rather than information offered. "Murray" used to call the lady by her right name. But lately, for some reason or other, she has in his description become transformed into "Madame de St. Croix," which probably sounds "safer." Formerly she figured as "Beatrix de Cusance, Princesse de Cantecroix," which was correct—unless the more illustrious title be given her which for a few brief hours she legitimately bore, though never actually crowned, that of "Duchess of Lorraine."

There is a good deal of history graven in those smiling features—curious, changeful history of her own life—and history, more important, of nations, on which she exercised a decisive influence. It was thinking of her, not least, that Richelieu penned those truthfully reproachful words: "Les plus grandes et les plus importantes menées qui se fassent en ce royaume sont ordinairement commencées et conduites par des femmes." Without her and Madame de Chevreuse—perhaps, it would be too much to say that France might still be without that Lorraine of which she felt it so great a hardship to lose a portion in 1871; but certainly the tide of events during the past three centuries would have taken a very different course from that which it actually did—different, probably, for the better.

Beatrix was "somebody connected with our Charles II."—it is quite true. Without that link with our own Court her portrait would scarcely have found a place in Windsor Castle, and the sorry poet Flecknoe—Dryden's "MacFlecknoe"—would certainly not have rhymed upon her beauty and "vertue" in most halting and unmelodious lines, now long forgotten even by students of literatur
her connection with our "gay monarch" was of the briefes
sly nibbling at forbidden fruit while the real good-man

closely watched by Spanish guards in the dark tower of Toledo—that same martial and romantic duke to whom our Charles I. addressed urgent prayers to become his saviour, and on whom he conferred the proud title of "Protector of Ireland." It seems odd now—to us, with our modern notions of Lorraine, as a small and very helpless province of France—to think, that on the wayward ruler of that petty duchy, himself at the time an exile, should our Charles have built up hopes of his own preservation in the storms of the Great Rebellion. There can be, however, no doubt about the fact. In June 1651[1] Viscount Taaffe, Sir Nicholas Plunket, and Geffrey Browne, by order of the Marquis of Clanricarde, King Charles's deputy, formally waited upon Duke Charles IV. of Lorraine at Brussels, "to solicit his aid in favour of the (then) unhappy kingdom of Ireland." The mission was considered of such pressing importance that Lord Taaffe, in order not to delay it, put off the call which in duty he owed to the Duke of York, then residing at Antwerp. Charles IV. rather rashly undertook the office pressed upon him, formally accepted the style and title of "Protector of Ireland," fitted out—though not owning an inch of seaboard—a man-of-war, which he christened "Espérance de Lorraine"—and there the matter ended.

With this adventurous Charles IV. was the life of the beautiful Beatrix bound up from girlhood to death. It was a romantic affair—in some of its episodes a little sadly comical—and since we have constituted ourselves guardians of her effigy, her story may be worth telling.

The Cusances were an old, distinguished, and very wealthy family in the Franche Comté, when the Comté was a province, not of France, but of the Empire. At the present time the "Almanach de Gotha" knows them no more, nor any French or German "Peerage." But in their own day they ranked among the best of bloods, the strains of the Hapsburghs and the Granvelles mingling in their veins. "Gentillesse de Cusance" had in whilom Burgundy become a proverbial saying. The family owned a wide tract of territory in the mountainous country through which flows the Doubs, and among those hills, forming part of the Jura, stood, twenty miles from Besançon, their Castle Belvoir. Of this proud family Beatrix was, with two sisters—one of whom was a nun, while the other had married a cousin on the mother's side, a Count de Berghes, of the Low Countries—left the last offspring. There was no male to perpetuate the name. At twenty she was known as "la personne la plus belle et la plus accomplie de la province." People raved about her. Abbé Hugo,

[1] See the *Memoirs of* ...

the Lorrain Duke's father-confessor, in his MS. history (which has never been published, for fear of giving offence to the French), describes her as "of a little more than middle height, and exquisitely proportioned." "She possessed," he said, "just sufficient *embonpoint* to impart to her *une mine haute et un port majestueux.*" Her face, something between oval and round, was marked by a particularly clear complexion and an animated expression. Her eyes were blue and well-placed; her hair was of a light ash colour; her mouth small, and of a brilliant red; her teeth were of pearly whiteness, and well-ranged; neck, arms, hands were all "beautifully delicate, white, and admirably shaped"; in fact, you could not desire a more perfect specimen of feminine humanity.

With this beauty it was the happy, or unhappy, lot of the no less handsome Charles IV. to become acquainted at the impressionable age of thirty, when to the eye, at any rate, he represented all that was manly and chivalrous. He was then the beau-ideal of the sex, unequalled in all accomplishments peculiar to the privileged Man of the tip-top strata, a brilliant horseman, fencer, tilter, and love-maker in the bargain—a veritable "Don Juan, alike in love and in politics," as his own historian, my friend M. des Robert, has aptly styled him.

The two were for the first time brought together in 1634. Charles was then for the moment—a pretty extended moment—a lackland prince. Counting a little too confidingly upon the help of that "Empire" which was always ready to claim and never ready to protect, and moreover upon equally treacherous Spain, he had defied France—with the result of being by her turned out of his dominions. We, too, have something to answer for in the matter. For, as in the days of Edward I.—when we actually paved the way for the French conquest of Lorraine, and helped to make Bar a French province—we had once more sent the Lorraine force into Champagne with the same disastrous result. But if Charles was driven from his duchy, he had carried his brilliant little army with him—there was no better in Europe. Though he had not yet crowned his head with the immortal laurels of Nördlingen, he had gained a high reputation as a dashing general, and a tactician of ready, and indeed perfectly amazing, resource. The French feared him, in spite of their superior numbers. The Austrians and Spaniards were eager for his alliance, and willing to pay him his own price. He was stationed, in command of his own troops and some Spaniards, at Besançon, where life was then made gay indeed to the military visitors. Very butterfly that he was—forgetting altogether his homely Duchess Nicole, who was far away—Charles fluttered about merrily from flower to flower,

almost thankful to Providence for having by her otherwise harsh judgment driven him to such captivating "pastures new" for the cult of Cupid. He was told, of course, of the bewitching beauty of Belvoir. Sated already with objects of admiration, he, however, at first scarcely paid heed to the praises of her charms. But once he met her, the hearts of both were in a twinkling all aflame. Charles could think of no one else, and gave himself up entirely to the worship of Beatrix. He did not at the time enjoy the best of reputations among respectable folk. He had dabbled a little too freely in illicit loves. Accordingly old Madame de Cusance observed the young people's mutual passion with very reasonable alarm, and to prevent its being carried to a dangerous length, she packed Beatrix off in hot haste to lonely Belvoir. To a lover of Charles's mettle, however, twenty miles was a stimulant rather than an obstacle to love-making. Every day saw him galloping out to pursue his courting. There were French spies and scouts all round, watching for the cavalier, eager to carry him off, as their comrades had not long before carried off our ambassador, Montagu, to Coiffy. By narrow breakneck paths, which are shown to the present day, Charles threaded his way adventurously through the forest, where it seems a marvel that he did not again and again come to grief. No feat, however, was too hazardous, no risk too great for him to encounter in the pursuit of his romantic passion. Accordingly the old lady, like a prudent, motherly Dutch matron that she was, saw nothing for it but to carry her daughter very much further away, to Brussels, where she still had her family mansion, the Hotel Berghes. There Charles could not at once follow, for he had his army to look after; and, moreover, the French stood in the way like a massive wall. No sooner, however, had he gathered his fresh bays on the field of Nördlingen, and brought the campaign of 1635 to a more or less satisfactory conclusion, than, still homeless and landless, he hurried likewise to Brussels, which was then the recognised gathering-place of all the poor victims of Richelieu's grasping policy. However, in one way he had been forestalled. In the interval the old countess, thinking in her innocence that nothing could so effectually put a stop to undesirable love-making as an actual marriage with another party, had compelled her beautiful daughter to marry Leopold D'Oiselet, Prince de Cantecroix, a great personage both in the Franche Comté and in Germany. That ought to have made all things sure. In truth, it did nothing of the kind. Beatrix and Charles remained as infatuatedly in love as before, and pursued their amour seemingly with all the gr-

there was now a legal hindrance. The husband, as it happened, was not the only difficulty in the way. All the Lorraine princes and princesses expelled, like Charles, from their own country, and assembled in the capital of the Austrian Netherlands—set their faces dead against the lady, and positively refused to have anything to do with her. Beatrix did not care. She could afford to snap her fingers at Nicole, Nicolas-François, Claude, Henriette, and the rest of them so long as Charles remained devoted to her: and soon we find her the lawful wife of Prince Canteccroix, openly avowing herself "the fiancée" of the Lorrain Duke, who was himself lawfully married. The situation gave rise to not a little intriguing. There was the Duchess Nicole, of course, altogether opposed to the *liaison*. She was a most worthy princess, an exemplary wife, but a little heavy and humdrum. Her match with Charles was a pure *mariage de convenance*. She was the last preceding duke's eldest daughter, and to her by right the crown should have descended. That is why Henri IV. of France, shortly after Louis XIII. was born, had insisted upon his being engaged to her, as a baby. Nicole's own choice would have been the illegitimate son of her uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine, Baron d'Ancerville, an exceedingly gifted young man, to whom Nicole's father was ardently attached, and whom he had got created sovereign Prince of Phalsbourg. But there was that ugly bar-sinister, which it would not have done to connect directly with the crown. Moreover, there was also a constitutional doubt respecting the law of succession. René II. had made a testament which no one had seen, but which was said to bar devise on the female side. All things considered, it seemed safer to wed Nicole, the female heiress, with Charles, who stood next in the male succession—although the two could not endure one another—and to marry d'Ancerville to Charles's sister, Henriette, who in her turn could not abide the bastard. Henriette—subsequently the Princess of Phalsbourg—was herself a little so-so in matters of love. All the time that she was married to the first of her four successive husbands, she carried on a most curious amour with M. de Puylaurens, who, partly to please her, induced his master, the Duke of Orleans, to marry on the sly her sister Marguerite—which gave rise to the war between France and Lorraine, which again gave rise to all sorts of untoward developments. Under such circumstances, perhaps Henriette had no very clear right to be severe on her brother when he kicked a little over the traces. But she set all her batteries playing against Beatrix—even going the length of circulating a forged letter purporting to come from Charles. Beatrix was for a

moment just a little staggered. She had followed Charles in spirit throughout his brilliant campaign, had kept spies about him, to inform her of all his doings, more particularly of his daily changing little amours. When the canonesses of Remiremont, who, as Montaigne tells us, took *nulle obligation de virginité*, kept him an honoured visitor in their house, and made a prodigious deal of him, she grew most unmistakably jealous. So this letter fell like seed on fairly prepared ground. But all was set right when Charles himself appeared at Brussels, as ardent a lover as ever he had been, waiting on Beatrix's every look, and giving up all to obtain her smiles. There was the old countess of course again to reckon with; the husband does not seem to have counted for much. But the old lady, foiled once more in her precautions, once more packed her daughter off out of harm's way, this time back to Besançon. As a matter quite of course Charles hereupon proposed to the crowned heads with whom he was in league, that the next campaign must necessarily be carried on in the Franche Comté, where, indeed, the French had somewhat alarmingly gained the upper hand, and were at that time rather embarrassingly (for the Spaniards) investing Dôle. As if to support him in his pleading, a deputation of Comtois magnates arrived at Brussels, headed, for irony, by the Prince de Cantecroix himself, begging the victor of Nördlingen, with all the urgency which they were masters of, to come to their rescue. Charles did not keep them waiting long. He promptly led his army back to their old quarters at Besançon, where he scarcely repaid Cantecroix in a Christian spirit. For his father-confessor informs us that, being a devout "Catholic," and believing implicitly in the efficacy of masses, he caused no less than three thousand such to be said, to obtain from Heaven his rival's death. He drove the French away from Dôle, but after that he would do nothing more. Fighting was all very well, but there was metal more attractive at Besançon. The old countess had given in at last to the inexorable ruling of fate. It was of no use transporting Beatrix backwards and forwards, while Charles followed so persistently after, and her own husband was so blind, or else so helpless. Things must be allowed to take their course.

Charles's masses had the desired effect. In February 1637 the Prince de Cantecroix died. In his testament he provided liberally for "ma bien aimée femme"—which *femme* loyally lost no time in transferring herself from his house to one belonging to the duke.

M. de Cantecroix being out of the way, the [illegible] was to remove the no less inconv[illegible]

right to the throne Charles had already ousted her by a really grotesque farce enacted in concert with his father, to whom he had resigned the crown, as if it descended only in the male line, to receive it back a few days after by his father's abdication, after just long enough time to procure the payment of all the elder duke's debts out of the State Exchequer. Charles does not appear to have had masses said for Nicole's death, but he very assiduously consulted the learned of Church and State concerning the possibility of obtaining a legal declaration of nullity of marriage. This was an easier process in those days than it is now; for, for want of any other plea, there was then always the charge of witchcraft to fall back upon, should the first plea, that of want of consent and undue influence, fail. In the case of Charles and Nicole there certainly was gross incompatibility of temper, and the marriage had begun, and continued, in mutual dislike, which might lend a colour of plausibility to the assertion of constraint. There had been a great to-do to get the two to consent at all. Charles's mother at first could not be brought personally to attend the wedding. And it is on record that when early next morning she somewhat indiscreetly drew the curtains of the bridal bed, she found the two wedded ones lying back-to-back, Nicole bathed in tears, and both declaring that they had not exchanged a word with one another. But still that plea only went a certain length, and was sure to be coldly looked upon by the Church. The allegation of witchcraft seemed a much safer card to play, because it would range the orthodox on the right side. There was a priest, Melchior de la Vallée, a great protégé of the late duke, who had baptized Nicole. Not only was he now accused of having "thrown charms into Charles's bed," thereby producing an effect which certainly must have been very prejudicial, but, moreover, to make all things sure, he was alleged to have been a sorcerer before he performed the rite of baptism. *Ergo*, he was incompetent lawfully to baptize; *ergo*, Nicole was not properly baptized; *ergo*, she was not a Christian; *ergo*, the whole marriage must be void. Witnesses were, of course, produced in sufficient numbers to prove what was asserted, and poor Melchior, having been duly condemned, was orthodoxly burnt at Custines. His property, too, was declared forfeited to the Crown—to be eventually employed by Charles, in a fit of remorse, to endow, by way of pious compensation, the great Chartreuse of Bosserville, in which Charles's remains have found a last resting-place. That part of the business had been easily accomplished. It remained to obtain an authoritative opinion in support of nullity of marriage. The first person whom Charles decided to have recourse to was the

sainted P. Fourier of Mattaincourt, known as the "S. Vincent de Paul" of Lorraine, whose name would undoubtedly carry decisive weight. He, however, shook his head disapprovingly at the trumped-up charge, and would have nothing to do with the matter. The duke's chancellor, Le Moleur—who had previously written complimentary verses on the marriage with Nicole—turned out more accommodating. There certainly were good grounds, he declared for pronouncing the marriage null and void. That was all that Charles wanted. While despatching Le Moleur and his father-confessor Cheminot to Rome, to obtain confirmation of this "opinion," he with the help of the latter, succeeded in silencing the last remaining doubts of Beatrix, and just nine days after Cantecroix's death the two lovers put their signatures to the marriage contract which was to make them man and wife. Less than five weeks later the marriage was formally celebrated. Fourier tried to hurry up from Mattaincourt in time to forbid it, but arrived too late. As questionable deeds should be, the marriage was performed as a hole-and-corner affair, but up to a certain point it bore all the marks of regularity. On the evening of April 2, 1637, the duke's physician Forget brought the *vicaire* (curate) of the parish of S. Pierre in Besançon a written authority from his *curé* (rector) to celebrate Sacraments wherever he might be called upon to do so. That done, Forget leads the *vicaire* by a roundabout way into Charles's house, where he finds a sumptuous supper awaiting him. The food and liquor despatched, the unsuspecting curate is, in a temper which disposes him to comply with almost any demand made upon him, taken up into Charles's own chamber, where the duke bluntly informs him: "Tu es ici pour bénir notre mariage." Even in spite of the supper, the curate is a little taken aback. But the duke will stand no parleying. The ceremony is gone through. The young couple, to place themselves entirely in order, comply with the customs of the diocese to the very tittle, embrace, break a loaf of bread between them, drink out of the same glass, and the thing is done. The curate receives twenty doubloons for his pains, and is, like everybody else present, pledged to silence.

Secrecy was, however, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, absolutely out of the question, probably not even seriously desired for long. Soon we find the duke publicly owning Beatrix as his wife, and giving orders that she shall be treated as duchess and addressed "Altesse." She lives with Charles, rides with him, shows herself by his side to his soldiers, who conceive a violent fa for her. Nicole and the Lorrain princes and princesses

But they are far away, and can do no hurt. The old countess brought to acquiesce in and recognise the marriage, and all seem to go as merrily as could be wished. Beatrix's sister, the nun of Gra confesses to pious scruples, and implores her sister not to do what wicked, but is silenced with a simple, "Vous n'êtes qu'une enfant Father Fourier's refusal to recognise her as duchess was thought more serious matter; for both Charles and Beatrix prided then selves on being exemplary "Catholics." But against this was to b set that it suited Mazarin and the French Government to humou Charles in his supposed marriage, and encourage Beatrix with hop of procuring for it Papal recognition—inasmuch as they wanted th lady to act as the convenient string by which to pull Charles like puppet, and obtain his consent to a peace particularly advantageou to France, in all of which they proved successful. Under D Hallier's finessing and Beatrix's coaxing the duke put his signatu to the humiliating "Petite Paix." The peace signed, Beatrix an her husband religiously undertook, side by side, a pilgrimage t Bonsecours, where they prayed for Heaven's blessing upon the union, and afterwards they held their formal entry into Nancy, to th bewilderment of her husband's loyal subjects, who, not knowin what to make of the double wedlock, cried out lustily at last, "Qu Dieu protège et bénisse le bon Duc Charles et ses deux femmes!"

But there was mischief brewing. Nicole and her belonging would have been less than human if they had not set heaven an earth in motion to upset the new irregular union. When Chemin and Le Moleur arrived at Rome—none too speedily—to bespeak th Pope's approval, they found the Prince Nicolas-François alread there, actively counterworking their game, on which even withou such opposing influence the Vatican could scarcely have been ex pected to smile. In the place of approval, they received for answe nothing but black looks and a severe rebuke, coupled with a stric injunction to the Lady Beatrix not on any account to pretend to th title of "Duchess." The sunshine of the wedding had been quickl quenched in the gloom of a cloud of portentous blackness. Tha cloud, it is true, did not actually break till June 1642, when the tw bigamists found themselves sojourning on special business at Malines Of course Charles's "Petite Paix" had lasted only a few weeks, bein speedily broken, like all his treaty engagements. Instead of leadin his troops into the French camp as supports, he had taken them straight to the Spanish head-quarters, with the inevitable result o being once more turned out of his country, and finding himself a exile at large. These misfortunes, however, sat lightly upon the gay

hearted monarch. With the lovely Beatrix by his side, he starred it at the Courts of Worms, Luxemburg, and Brussels, insisting everywhere upon Beatrix being treated as duchess. He had given her her own body-guard, her own establishment of maids of honour, allowed her to hold her courts and drawing-rooms, just like a reigning princess.

Meanwhile, concurrently with the Pope's judgment, another matter was slowly ripening. All this marrying and re-marrying had, as a matter of course, led to litigation. Prince Cantecroix had left a goodly fortune, for the possession of which his mother, the Marquise d'Autriche, and his cousin, M. de Saint Amour, were then fighting fiercely. The question to decide was this: Was there a son of the prince's living? At the time when he died it was admitted that there was none. Now, had there been one born since? If there had not, according to the will, the property must go to Saint Amour. If there had, then, pending that son's minority, it must be vested in the marquise. Beatrix, it will be seen, had no direct interest in the question, and therefore—it is to be presumed—she had raised no objection when Saint Amour, to avoid delay and uncertainty, had caused her to be medically examined, before her marriage with Charles, with the result that she had been pronounced not *enceinte*. On production of a certificate to that effect, the Court had allowed him to take possession. But about eight months later Beatrix was confined of a boy—just about seven months after her marriage with Charles. Now, was this the prince's child? Saint Amour maintained that it could not be, and Beatrix and Charles alleged at any rate that it was not, Charles at once owning it as his own. The child was exceptionally delicate, which was held to support the theory that it had been prematurely born. Madame d'Autriche, on the other hand, contended that the baby must be her grandson, and forthwith began a suit for recovery of the estate. Things were further complicated when, only a fortnight after its birth, the child suddenly disappeared under somewhat suspicious circumstances. Not to be troubled with the boy on their campaigns, Charles and Beatrix had sent him home to near Belvoir, to a village called Belleherbe, where he was to be brought up. To carry him there, the nurse disguised herself as a trooper, putting on a military cloak and helmet; and, packing the boy for warmth between two cushions, she trotted off to Belleherbe, where not many days after he was reported to have died. There was no evidence in proof of his death, except hearsay. However, Charles had sent his physician to superintend the embalming, and to see the body properly deposited in the family vault of the Cusances. All this, the marquise woul-

shine; the child had been spirited into some place of concealment, to get him out of the way. It was Cantecroix's child, and the property must be surrendered to her. The case was argued at length, and with a great display of legal erudition, before the Parliament of Dôle, which could make neither head nor tail of it, and therefore referred it to the superior court, the Grand Council of Malines. There was fresh pleading and counterpleading, producing and challenging of evidence, and, moreover, very gratuitous torturing of witnesses, more particularly of one poor woman of Ghent, who was alleged to be keeping the real boy in concealment. All this led to no result. There was no child to be traced, and in the end the marquise's suit had to be dismissed.

While Charles and Beatrix were attending as important witnesses in this case, what should unexpectedly arrive at Malines but a brief from the Pope, directing the archbishop to proclaim, with full publicity, the judgment pronounced on that half-forgotten application of Le Moleur's and Cheminot's! It had taken His Holiness some years to come to a decision even on the preliminary point, that of the marriage with Beatrix; on the main question, the validity of Charles's marriage with Nicole, the judgment was still silent. But Charles's marriage with Beatrix it declared entirely illegal and invalid, formally threatening both parties concerned with major excommunication if they did not at once separate and thereafter continue apart, and moreover, within a given time, purge themselves by a public and humiliating penance. Both were particularly cautioned against styling themselves husband and wife, and Beatrix more especially against pretending to the title of "Duchess." To Beatrix this judgment came as a crushing blow. Even now she still flattered herself with hopes, deliberately fostered by the French Court (with which Charles was, in his rapidly changing policy, once more in secret negotiation), of an eventual reversal, involving recognition, or else of lawful renewal of her marriage; and she had certainly expected that the pain of censure and separation would be spared her. However, she yielded prompt obedience, removing at once to the distant Hombourg Haut, near Saint-Avold.

Charles evidently cared very much less about the separation, however little he might relish the idea of a penance. It looked very much as if he had already grown a little tired of the lovely Beatrix. She was still very beautiful, and had any amount of love-making left in her. Her little amour with Charles II. was still to come, and that portrait to be seen at Windsor, which so much enamoured Flecknoe, actually shows her as she was a little later. However, the *toujours perdrix* of one

particular beauty had evidently begun to pall upon Charles's exacting taste. He managed very soon to find some cheering consolation for his loss, to the infinite entertainment of the gay Court of Brussels, which delighted in scandal, and was constantly on the look out for some fresh amusement. As it happened, the amorous Lorrain Court was at the time providing more than its ordinary quota of that commodity. There was Charles's sister Henriette at Brussels as well—"La belle Henriette"—luckily rid of her first attentive but uncongenial husband, the Prince de Phalsbourg. To match herself with a more congenial spouse she had persuaded the Spanish General Marquis de Sallerio to marry her in a rather extraordinary fashion, which set all the town a-tittering, and caused her swain to be cashiered. On the top of that came a quite unexpected amour of Charles, which was certainly not wanting in originality, but so unconventional that at first nobody would credit it. It turned out, however, to be sober earnest. Charles was over head and ears in love with the very *bourgeoise* daughter of the Burgomaster of Brussels. He pressed his heart and hand upon her again and again. No effort was too great for him to make in prosecution of his suit, nor was any expense too lavish. The girl found herself serenaded, *fêted*, asked to all sorts of festivities—tournaments, concerts, balls—all held specifically in her honour. She found jewellery showered upon her. And, to secure her good will, the proud Carlovingian Duke even condescended to compete with the humble burghers, at the popular *kermesse*, in the cross-bow shooting at the "papegay," which, crack marksman that he was, he brought down in brilliant style, thereby constituting himself "papegay-king" for the year. That dignity imposed upon him the obligation of treating all the burghers and their young women to a flow of liquor—which liquor he did not stint—and, moreover, of holding a triumphal progress through the town—which he magnified into a sort of Lord Mayor's procession, himself appearing in the character of his own ancestor, Godfrey de Bouillon, encased in costly armour, with all his rich jewellery hung upon his person, and seated, high and lofty, upon a magnificent car. The buxom Flamande found all this mightily pretty, but scarcely knew what to make of it so long as her mother strictly forbade her to give the devoted Charles any encouragement, nor dare so much as to meet him in private. Once only was she prevailed upon to permit a *tête-à-tête* for just as long as Charles could manage to hold a live coal in his palm. To extend the time, Charles extinguished the fire by heroically crushing the coal in his hand. It
him much. All this tomfoolery amused

people were just a little astounded when Charles carried his devotion so far as to refuse to treat with the Spanish plenipotentiaries for a renewal of his treaty, unless their Excellencies would first secure the approval and recommendation of his Flemish Dulcinea. The Spaniards needed the Lorrain troops badly, and so submitted for the time—but they had their revenge.

Of course the news of all this love-making brought Beatrix back pretty promptly to the Low Countries. As an excuse she alleged a burning desire to be reconciled to the Church, whose censure her sensitive conscience could no longer endure. Charles was by no means equally impatient. However, late in 1645, he too at length consented, and, accordingly, the two attended together to hear the Church's commination, prostrate themselves at full length before the altar, play the abject penitents throughout, confess their guilt, and receive episcopal absolution—all in the presence of a very large assemblage, which made the proceeding none the more pleasant for the principal actors.

That done, Beatrix settled down again, perhaps all the better pleased at finding that by his new treaty obligations Charles had bound himself to proceed immediately to the battlefields in France. Whether she had had a right to be severe upon Charles's little amatory escapades may appear a trifle doubtful by the light of her own conduct now that he was away. At Ghent she took a leaf out of his own book. The duke soon heard of her being in a close *liaison* with a Polish magnate, Prince Radzivill, *jeune et bien fait, poli et galant.* And not long after arrived the further intelligence that one of her most conspicuous and most successful admirers was our "gay monarch," Charles Stuart, subsequently Charles II., who was then a refugee in the Netherlands. There is no reason to believe that these misfeasances were in any way belittled to Charles's ear, seeing that it was Princess Marguerite, the Duchess of Orleans, who played the principal tale-bearer, a lady who, like all the Lorrain princesses, had a direct interest in bringing Charles's connection with Beatrix to a close. Charles took the bait. He was furious with the Princess de Cantecroix. He would repudiate her for good. He would be reconciled on the spot with Nicole. All seemed to herald a happy and creditable ending to the misunderstanding of years, when, all of a sudden, Beatrix announced herself *enceinte*, and by that announcement upset the whole carefully reared-up house of cards. Nicole had borne the duke no son. Here was the prospect of one. Throwing the Pope's warning to the winds, forgetting and forgiving all about Beatrix's wrong-doings, Charles rushed to join her, and was overjoyed to be able to be present at the birth of what

was destined to be his only son, Charles, subsequently the gifted and distinguished Prince de Vaudémont, our William III.'s confidant and adviser, and the elder Pretender's potent patron and ally. The Papal Nuncio and the Archbishop of Malines were horror-struck at this barefaced breaking of a solemn oath. But no serious harm came of it after all. Only, it was a little provoking to find that when the confinement was over, and Charles's back was once more turned, Beatrix calmly resumed her illicit flirtations, of which the Lorrain princesses, more particularly the Princess Marguerite, were not slow to advise the duke.

Charles's patience was now completely worn out. As soon as he could manage it, he posted back to the Low Countries, resolved, as he declared, to "mettre deux folles à la raison." One *folle*, of course, was Beatrix—whom Charles protested that nothing would induce him ever to take into favour again; and the other was his sister Henriette, who had (Sallerio being dead) once more distinguished herself by a very unconventional match indeed, between herself, aged fifty, and the youthful Italian banker, Grimaldi, aged twenty-seven. There were some utilitarian arguments to excuse the marriage; for Henriette had spent her last *écu*, had sold every bit of property of hers that was at all saleable, and was deep in debt to boot; and Grimaldi had money. But nothing would justify the extraordinary proceeding which these two lovers, driven into a corner, resorted to, of, so to speak, "springing themselves" upon the unsuspecting Archbishop of Malines, and simultaneously declaring their intention to be man and wife, before he could so much as utter a word of protest. That constituted, the archbishop had himself previously explained, a legal marriage according to canon law.

Beatrix Charles found at Antwerp. He at once seized her house in all legal form, fretting and fuming with rage, and refusing to listen to a word which she might say in explanation. He had everything put under lock and key, sentries placed before the door, and, overhauling all the furniture with his own hands, he claimed back all the property which the lady held from him; above all, that very valuable collection of jewellery for which the Lorrain Court was noted. To his dismay he found that a portion of it was gone. That made matters ten times worse. The missing pieces must necessarily have been given to Beatrix's *galants*.

The Lorrain princes and princesses were delighted to see a fresh rupture, and spared no pains to fan the flame. As it happened, at this very time, in 1654, the Papal Tribunal of the "
last made up its mind how to adjudica

raised in 1637, and formally laid before the Pope in 1642—the question of the validity of Charles's marriage with Nicole. The "Rota" ruled the whole suit to be frivolous. The marriage had been "freely contracted," was therefore binding, and, not to be troubled again with anything of the sort, the Court imposed upon Beatrix "perpetual silence." Charles accepted the judgment readily; indeed, he was so earnestly bent upon reconciliation with Nicole, that he seriously talked of having her excommunicated, should she withhold her consent. All seemed once more coming right, in spite of itself, when Europe was surprised by an outrage against law and good faith such as had rarely been perpetrated, namely, the high-handed seizure by the Spanish governor, Fuensaldaña, of the Duke of Lorraine, and his removal, as a prisoner, to the distant Castle of Toledo. Six long years was the duke destined to pine in that unwholesome, dark, barred tower, a prey to vermin and to all discomforts, and a victim to ever freshly-raised, ever surely-disappointed hopes. The very Spaniards around him pitied him. The ladies of Toledo conspired to liberate the interesting captive, who, in spite of his fifty years, was still handsome, nimble, full of courtesy and full of life. His own subjects braved tortures, galleys, death, everything, to effect his rescue. Never was ruler more beloved, rarely did he less deserve it. Nicole loyally forgot all past grievances, appealed to Mazarin, appealed to King Louis, appealed to the Pope. Beatrix likewise did her best—more especially after Nicole's death, in 1657—though roughly rated all the time by her wrathful and impatient late lover, who never for a day together knew his own mind. At one time he asked indignantly: Why did she not come to share his prison? At another he bade her stay where she was, since there she could be of greater use. A third time he would have nothing whatever to say to her. When she sent her *intendant* Pelletier to Spain, to exert himself in the cause of the duke's liberation, Charles brought up the old charges of unfaithfulness and misappropriation of his jewellery. But he was delighted to receive at Pelletier's hands the two newly-painted portraits of his children Anne and Charles, to whom, as a partially redeeming feature in his character, he continued devoted to his dying day.

In 1660 Spain found that she could carry on war no longer. The result was the Treaty of the Pyrenees, which was rather dictated by Mazarin than negotiated between France and Spain, and which, among other things, provided that Charles should be set free. Purchasing the glory of a princely escort from the needy noblemen of Spain by a distribution of the full sum of compensation just received at Madrid,

the duke hurried to Saint Jean de Luz in State, and there, with his habitual impetuosity, nearly got himself back into prison. It is not indeed likely that the wily Mazarin would really have tolerated his re-arrest, though he said nothing to the contrary. To him the sight of his old foe coming as a protégé of France to the meeting place, and making Don Louis de Haro most visibly uncomfortable by his free-spoken reproaches, was far too much of a delightful comedy to make him care to interfere. However, Don Louis, badgered beyond endurance—very justly though it was—seriously threatened to have the duke carried back to Toledo. This brought our rather romantic Stuart exile to the front, whom nobody then supposed to be so near becoming Charles II. of England. Indeed, Mazarin held him in such small estimation, that he would not even admit him to his presence. But on Don Louis, if he ever seriously intended fresh violence, this bold manœuvre had the desired effect. He promptly desisted from further threats. The Lorrain Charles, touched by the chivalrous conduct of his namesake, in a burst of gratitude generously offered him the free use of his purse—an offer which must have been peculiarly welcome to the ever impecunious Stuart—and frankly forgave him his rivalry in the matter of Beatrix, which looks, indeed, as if between him and her he now intended all to be over.

In truth, he did not leave the lady very long in doubt upon that point; for, finding her at Bar-le-Duc, when, on his way home from Paris, he passed through that town, he flatly declined to see her. She was staying with her daughter, whom in Paris Charles had got married to the Prince de Lillebonne, the governor of the Barrois. He was quite willing that she should be treated *en duchesse*, but at this time of day it surely was not to be expected that he would once more embroil himself with the Pope by breaking his oath. Just only for a few minutes did he at length consent to meet her, at the urgent supplication of both his children, outside Bar, in a little village; and then he was chillingly cold.

Otherwise, he had still fire enough left in him when occasion required—as he showed when that hare-brained business of the Treaty of Montmartre took him to Paris once more. Beatrix was Lorraine enough, by adoption, to feel intensely humiliated by the mad transaction which, without rhyme or reason, for the utterly illusory prize of a very remote reversionary right to the throne of France, handed over all Lorraine and Bar, with only some personal reservations in behalf of the reigning duke, to the Bourbon king. One of those religious stage-plays to which the Jesuits were always so partial, was

just about to be performed in their house at Bar, when one of the fathers handed Beatrix the summary of that ruinous treaty. "Retournez, mon père," said the lady; "la tragédie est jouée à Paris." But that melancholy tragedy was not without a broadly humorous farce at the end of it. Of all persons, Charles became, while at Paris, madly enamoured of Marianne Pajot, the daughter of his brother-in-law's (the Duke of Orleans) apothecary. "You would have had to take a 'squirt' for your armorial device if you had married her," said Louis XIV. mockingly. "Yes," replied Charles, alluding to the treaty just concluded, "with the royal *fleur-de-lys* at the nozzle." The marriage did not come off. Everything was ready, in spite of protests from all sides. The priest was waiting, the wedding-guests were in attendance, actually eating the wedding-supper, and drinking the young couple's health—for at midnight the ceremony was to be performed—when Du Tellier marched into the room with a guard, and at Louis XIV.'s order carried off Marianne to the convent of Ville l'Evêque.

This was by no means Charles's last amour. Indeed, after various wildish escapades nearly leading to matrimony he, four years later, when arrived at the ripe age of sixty, actually took to wife a girl of thirteen, and settled down a tolerably staid and respectable husband at last. But this adventure with Marianne Pajot warned Beatrix, whose health was beginning seriously to fail, that if she wanted to become Charles's wife at all, she must be quick about it. Accordingly, when the two once more found themselves in close proximity, unwilling neighbours at Bar-le-Duc—she up in the castle, he in the lower town, to be out of her way—she took the liberty of reminding him of his repeated promises to obtain a dispensation from the Pope and get the marriage renewed. Charles was not at all prepared for such an appeal, which accordingly made him not a little cross. "Not yet," he pleaded, "il n'est pas encore temps de songer à notre mariage"—not when he was fifty-six and she nearly forty-six! Would he not consent at any rate to see her? God forbid; how could he, a devout "Catholic," presume to infringe the Pope's explicit command? Indeed, these repeated croppings-up of Beatrix, when she was not wanted, were becoming wearisome to him. She must keep out of the way in the future. Let her go back to Besançon! He was duke and could command. But Beatrix, loth to fly from that which alone could cure her heart-ache, pleaded, like Lot, for a shorter journey. Might she not stay at Remiremont? Charles acquiesced. In small Lorrain towns she spent the next year or so. Life was getting hard for her, in vi

progressively failing health—harder under the painful sense of injustice and unfaithfulness. She gave herself up to religious devotions. At Mattaincourt it was, while she was burning candles and offering prayers to the shade of P. Fourier—the same who had so boldly reproved Charles for his bigamy, now "le bienheureux" Fourier in Heaven—that the startling news reached her of a fresh amour into which Charles had thrown himself with all the zest and all the ardour of a young man of twenty, an amour with the beautiful Isabelle de Ludres ("Matame te Lutre," as Madame de Sévigné called her, ridiculing the rough Lorrain accent), a most delicately-formed, symmetrically-shaped *brunette*, a very tit-bit of womanhood, destined to shine in after-time for a brief period in the changing firmament of *Le Roi Soleil* at Versailles, as an ephemeral favourite star. She was a canoness of Poussay—*Lavandières* they were called in the popular slang—looking probably all the prettier in her semi-religious garb, because its wear involved no religious obligations of any kind. The abbess had obligingly allowed Charles free access to the "nun," and there they were, acknowledged *fiancé* and *fiancée*, talking of the time when the marriage was to take place. To be near Isabelle, Charles had moved his court to Mirecourt, which is just about halfway between Poussay and Mattaincourt, utterly unconscious probably of the proximity of Beatrix. There were daily *fêtes*, dances, tourneys, the whole bit of country seemed transformed into a "Garden of Love." It was like a ghost rising from the earth when Beatrix—pale, worn, haggard, but still erect and dignified in bearing—appeared on the scene, her marriage contract in her hand, to bid the young canoness beware, and remind her lover of his promises and broken vows. What right had she to be there? asked Charles in a pet. Had he not bidden her go back to Besançon? Let her be off at once and not trouble him any more! Alas! in her state of health, travelling to Besançon was out of the question. She got as far as Mattaincourt, sending fresh precatory letters to faithless Charles. He would give them no heed; but she left him no peace. By a severe effort she got to Besançon at last. "She may disinherit your children," urged Charles's lawyers. "She may stop your marriage," chimed in the Churchmen. "Remember, she has but at longest a few weeks to live," added the doctors. "Really?" asked Charles with visible relief. "She cannot possibly live longer." Not a moment did he cease from his amatory merrymaking preparatory to a contemplated new marriage. But, as there was time to celebrate a p[illegible] interval, for his children's sake he consented

[illegible] Pope to demand a dispensation,

which arrived in time for the marriage with Beatrix to be solemnised just while breath was still in her body. "Me voilà, bien honoré," whispered the dying woman, "à la fin de mes jours!" Scarcely had the priest left her bedside, when he was called in once more to celebrate another sacrament. "Ah! quelle union," gasped Beatrix, du sacrement de mariage et de l'extrême onction"!

Thus ended, on June 5, 1663, the changeful life of that "excellent peace as Nature ever made," as wrote Richard Flecknoe in contemplation of her portrait at Windsor, full of "colour" and "freshness," and with eyes whose very lids were "than other eyes more admirably fair," the lady who on the canvas in our royal castle looks so happy and serene, but who in real life tasted far more of the bitterness than of the sweet of man's fleeting love—not, certainly, without much fault on her own part, yet, in respect of her relations with Charles, surely more sinned against than sinning.

The news of her death found the feasting at Mirecourt at its merriest. Trumpets were sounding, flags were flying, drums were beating, all the jingle of the masquerade of court life was at its noisiest. The widower scarcely stopped in his amusements to order a brief formal mourning, which altered but the hue, not the spirit of the feast. For all that his labour was thrown away. Beatrix had, in self-defence, despatched a protest against the marriage to the Vicar-general of Toul, who, as a French bishop, stood in no sort of dependence upon the Duke of Lorraine—rather delighted, in fact, in crossing him. Besides, Isabelle's mother, shocked at what she saw and heard, peremptorily forbade the marriage, and packed her daughter off in haste to the solitude of Richardménil.

When Beatrix's will was opened, it was found that she had not forgotten "her very dear husband." "As a token of respect and submission," she had "taken the liberty" of bequeathing to him—that very diamond ring with which he had wedded her, then the worship of all, twenty-six years before, when his own affection was still fresh and young, and his whole being seemed bound up in the life and possession of the fervently-loved young widow. At her death, certainly, she had this to boast of, that of all the beauties who had riveted Charles's affection, none had for so long a time and with equal power held sway over his fickle heart. If she was neglected, it is some satisfaction to think that her children were honoured and cherished. On the Prince de Vaudémont Charles heaped what benefits he had to bestow. But the stain of his birth clung to him to his death. At one time Charles had hoped to seat him on the throne of the Carlovingians. When in 1723 he died, th



Courts found that no princely honours could be paid to his body. Quietly, without pomp and show, were his bones laid beside the bones of his father, in the Chartreuse of Bosserville, sad memorial that it remains of the duke's faithlessness to his first wife. Neither of Charles nor of Beatrix has any offspring survived. Of Charles even later Dukes of Lorraine have scarcely ever spoken without a protest. Beatrix lies buried at Besançon, and, after all, considering what evil she unwittingly brought upon her adopted country, the portrait which alone remains to recall what she was finds, perhaps, a more fitting place on the walls of Royal Windsor than could have been given to it in the historic hall of the more than half destroyed palace of Nancy.

HENRY W. WOLFF.

THE ABORIGINES OF EUROPE'S PLAYGROUND.

AT the museums of the chief Swiss towns there are usually to be seen relics of the lake-dwelling epoch, for scientific research has been rewarded by the detection of these remains in most of the larger, and several of the smaller, lakes of Switzerland. But the principal discoveries appear to have been made in the vicinity of Zurich, and it is at a museum in that prosperous town where we have by far the completest collection of these eminently attractive antiquities. There we see before us the weapons, the tools, the household utensils, the clothing, and even the food, of a pre-historic race. The domestic character of these objects, perhaps, causes the Swiss lake-dwellers to assume a distinct individuality in our mind's eye, so that they seem less intangible than some equally shadowy, though more gifted races, as, for instance, the builders of Baalbec's colossal edifices.

However, before referring to the contents of the Zurich Museum, it may be well to briefly state the incident, probably familiar to many readers, which revealed that a race had inhabited Switzerland of whom tradition and history are both entirely silent.

In the winter the Swiss lakes, unfed, as in spring and summer, by the melting snows, of necessity fall to a lower level; and during the winter of 1853–4 the Lake of Zurich sank lower than usual. The thrifty Swiss mind here saw an opportunity for increasing the area of cultivable land. To effect this purpose, the people of Meilen, a village on the northern shores of the lake, dredged mud from the shallower portions of the water to place upon the ground that they wished to reclaim. In their operations the dredgers found several wooden piles, and various objects, which a resident at Meilen fortunately recognised as being the work of mankind. The event, as the result of this conclusion, was brought under the notice of Dr. Keller a distinguished Swiss archæologist. Dr. Keller exhaustively the subject, and hence our knowledge of his aboriginal cou

It is commonly known that scientists have named the ages of pre-historic man from the materials—stone, bronze, and iron—from which he successively manufactured his weapons and tools. It is also well known that the Stone Age has been subdivided into the Palæolithic (Old Stone Age) and the Neolithic (New Stone Age); and that the principal implements, called celts, from the Latin word *celtis* (a chisel), consisted of roughly-chipped flints, in the earlier epoch; and in the later period, of rubbed, or ground, or polished stones.

After the discoveries at Meilen, it became customary to explore the Swiss lakes in quest of relics. It was then found that some of the lakes contained implements of wood, bone, horn, and stone only; whilst in other lakes these implements were commingled with articles fabricated from bronze; and, again, several villages appear to have belonged exclusively to the Bronze Age. The presence, however, here and there, of iron instruments amongst the bronze, implies that a few of the lake-dwellings may have lingered on into the first division of the Iron Age. The newer settlements are said to have been located in western and central Switzerland, and those of the earliest times in the more eastern lakes.

As we should expect, in the Zurich Museum there is a vast variety of flint and bronze knives, arrow-heads and spear-heads, and stone celts, which have doubtless been used in war, the chase, or domestic life, as axes, hatchets, and hammers. These objects are of differing degrees of merit, with regard to design and workmanship, and many of them evidence having been subjected to considerable wear and tear. Some of the lake-dwellers, we find, were acquainted with the adhesive properties of Val de Travers cement, and by its aid they fixed their celts into stag's horn or wooden hafts. The celt, in other instances, has been perforated with a round hole, in which a handle has been inserted. Occasionally the worker seems to have been troubled through the handle turning in the circular aperture, and he has remedied the defect by ingeniously drilling two adjoining holes, thus making an *oval* opening. How were these perforations made, we ask ourselves, whilst the artificers were ignorant of the use of metals? The problem is satisfactorily solved at the Zurich Museum. It has been proved that a pointed stick, worked with sand, will bore a hole through stone; and a bow-drilling machine at the museum demonstrates the fact for us. This machine is of a kind which it is thought possible the lake-dwellers may have employed in their boring operations. Portions of stone, also, are to be seen in the museum that were found partly sawn asunder; and a like stone is shown in

which a groove has recently been produced by the agency of sand and a sharpened piece of wood.

Flax was grown by the lake-dwellers, and from it they manufactured such articles as nets (with a small mesh for fishing, and a larger mesh for snaring birds); and a platted or woven cloth, evidently used for apparel. Coarse and canvas-like in texture, this material looks singularly unlovely, yet it may have been worn with the grace of an Empress Josephine by the *belles* of the aquatic villages. Some fragments of rope are believed to be made from the fibrous bark of a tree, warranting the opinion that this substance was utilised at times in the stead of flax. The skins of animals, it is presumed, supplied clothing in the colder seasons; their sinews would furnish thread wherewith to sew the garments; and we look upon the bone needles which were held in fingers that so long ago became dust.

Severely practical as the people of this epoch must have been, they were not indifferent to personal adornment. Hairpins, necklaces, &c., are collected at the Zurich Museum; and it certainly did seem that there is indeed nothing new under the sun when one noticed a fibula, or brooch, closely resembling the well-known safety-pin; and also a button precisely similar to the common stud of our own day. One object, it is thought, judging from its form, may have been an amulet, endowed, in its owner's imagination, with mystic influences. Another object, that appeared to be a bracelet, is considered to be a purse for ring-money. It was like the wrist ornaments, termed bangles, which have no clasp, the ends being simply overlapped and easily displaced. But the pecuniary nature of this article seems a questionable hypothesis; although, as we shall presently see, it may be confidently inferred that the lake-dwellers were engaged in important business transactions, implying the use of some recognised medium of exchange. Possibly the exhibit most possessing the "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin" is a hollow clay ball enclosing small pebbles, supposed to be a rattle made for a little lad or lass who lived in one of these watery Swiss homes.

We are prepared to find that the memorials of artistic culture belonging to the newer Stone Age will compare favourably with those belonging to the older age. However, such is not the case. On the contrary, in this respect the later period manifests a distinct decadence, its art being of the absolutely rudimentary type, because it is decorative and not representative. In our own and foreign museums there are to be seen, either the originals or facsimiles of, incised drawings and sculptured images of animals—the work of

Palæolithic man, and evincing marked potential capabilities. But no like discovery appears to lead to the conclusion that Neolithic man, of any country, was endowed with artistic faculties at all approaching in power his predecessors' accomplishments. Human and animal figures, or forms symbolising abstract ideas, are completely absent upon the rough unglazed pottery manufactured by the Swiss lake-dwellers. The best specimens are ornamented solely with conventionalised arrangements of dots, and straight, inclined, and curved lines. Yet a few of the designs are noticeably excellent, showing but sufficient irregularity to please the eye that detests the exasperating exactitude of machine workmanship.

Plentifully scattered through the relic-beds of Switzerland's lakes are fragmentary remnants of its ancient people's food. We learn that they were not cannibals, for, amidst a profusion of animal bones, very few of the human species have been detected. The deposits of the earliest settlements prove that the inhabitants were ardent hunters, and then largely fed on the spoils of the chase. But in after ages, when farming occupations were followed to a greater extent, the flesh of tamed animals was chiefly eaten. The bones have mostly been split open, doubtless for the purpose of extracting the marrow.

Amongst the animals domesticated by the lake-dwellers were the ox, the sheep, and the goat. Their stalls, like their masters' dwellings, were upon the water ; and quantities of the litter provided for them have been found in the mud of the lakes. Moss, which has also been largely discovered, is thought to have formed the sleeping couches of the household. Numerous wild fruits, such as apples, pears, plums, raspberries, blackberries, and nuts, were included in the vegetable diet of these Swiss aborigines ; and the detection of apple parings testifies to a certain nicety in their *cuisine*. They cultivated the common cereals, wheat, and barley ; and flat round cakes have been disinterred, and also several stones between which the grain was ground.

A number of the relics, without doubt, were dropped into the lake accidentally, or were unwillingly thrown away with refuse into aquatic dustbins ; but large masses of charred wood, mingled with the *débris*, tell us that we owe their presence principally to the fact that, again and again, the villages must have perished by fire. Their unconsumed contents, as a consequence, fell into the waters. Carbonisation has tended to arrest the decomposition of many of the memorials. Peat, also, has highly preservative qualities, and peat-mosses have filled some of the lakes on which dwellings were ere

With uncivilised tribes the production of fire is no eas

The lake-dwellers probably generated it, at different periods, in eac of the ways known to savage races, viz., by striking together flint an iron pyrites, or by the friction of wood, either moved by the hand or by some simple mechanical contrivance resembling a bow-drillin machine. A supposition exists that fire was always kept burning i these water-encompassed abodes, and thus conflagrations may hav originated. But, not improbably, the fiery missiles of foes occa sioned the disasters. There can be little question that the immens labour of lake pile-driving and hut-building was undertaken in th hopes of ensuring safety from the ravages of wild animals and pre datory enemies. In all likelihood there were roving races wit nothing to lose in attacking their provident fellow-creatures, and al to gain by wresting from them some of their possessions.

Mankind, it is true, cannot surpass in beauty and utility th domiciles that are built by many animals. Therefore his abandon ment of trees and caves for constructed dwellings does not evinc such a vast stride in the progress of civilisation as does the manufac ture of the rudest implement—an achievement which is one of the abysmal unbridged gulfs separating the human from the brute crea tion. Yet much skill, as well as strenuous labour, was required to erect the lake-dwellings, and their builders' attainments, with the meagre assistance yielded by their inadequate tools, is indeed remark able. The trees they felled must occasionally have been of huge dimensions, for a canoe, found in the Lake of Bienne, hollowed ou of a single trunk, was fifty feet long and three and a half wide. Several of the piles also seemed to have measured half this length, it being computed that they were driven five or six feet into the beds of the lakes, were at times in fifteen feet of water, and projected from four to six feet above the surface. There are traces showing that fire was employed in sharpening the lower ends of the piles, and in felling trees. To strengthen the foundations now and then, heaps of stones were placed around the piles. The above-mentioned canoe was laden with these supports, and had apparently capsized through being overweighted. Platforms of cross timbers and logs were fixed upon the heads of the piles, and the interstices were filled by over spreading layers of mud covered with small pebbles. Portions of burnt clay are surmised to prove by their rounded conformation that a few of the huts were circular; as a rule, however, they were rectan gular, and differed in size in the various localities, averaging about twenty to twenty-seven feet long, and twelve to twenty-two feet broad. The walls were built of poles and hurdle-work, wattled and coated with clay, and the roofs were thickly thatched. At least some of

the habitations were furnished with a wooden door, a specimen of which, in an astonishing state of preservation, is to be seen in the Zurich Museum. These doors in all probability were attached to their frame-work by means of cords or leather thongs; holes near the centre of the opposite side indicate the presence of a bolt, or a fastening of another description. The antlers of deer and the forked branches of trees are conjectured to have been inserted in the wicker-work of the walls, and used for the disposal of garments and tools. It has been stated that seemingly a crescent-shaped ornament was affixed above the entrances to the houses. Should this supposition be correct, it may imply that the Swiss lake-dwellers held a form of religious belief in which the moon was worshipped as their chief divinity.

The platforms upon which the groups of dwellings were erected are believed to have been sometimes entirely isolated, and accessible only by boat or raft; and sometimes connected with the shore by a narrow fagot causeway, supported on piles. Obviously this fragile structure, as in the case of a mediæval drawbridge, could speedily be rendered impracticable as a means of transit. When the advent of bronze tools afforded increased facilities for working in timber, the settlements were more distant from land, and were, in some instances, as far as two thousand yards from the shore; usually, however, they were much nearer.

There was a model of a lake-dwelling village in the Zurich Museum at the time of my first visit, six years ago. It was, I believe, a faithful illustration, upon a very diminutive scale, of Dr. Keller's descriptions; and, to the mind not overburdened with imagination, it presented an intelligible idea of these strange homesteads. But possibly it was considered too toylike for its position, for it has since been removed to a shop window in the handsome new Bahnhofstrasse.

Philologists tell us that the word "savage" means one who lives in woods. Consequently this term cannot justly be applied to the primitive Swiss, who skilfully constructed their dwellings; and who, though probably rude, uncouth, and but semi-civilised in not a few respects, were undoubtedly immeasurably superior to the barbarian who takes no thought for the future, and leads a precarious life, feasting or starving according to the success or failure of his hunting expeditions. The social order that must have been dominant in the populous lake-villages can only be explained by the existence of a code of laws or of customs which every individual was expected to obey. We have seen that in these communities the

nomadic habits of primeval man had given place to tribal and family life, and the settled routine necessitated by agricultural pursuits; also, as before hinted, there are proofs that these people were essentially a trading and commercial race. With well-nigh perfect certainty we may assume that factories, where many craftsmen worked, were not unknown; for at a spot near the small Lake of Mooseedorf, in the neighbourhood of Berne, the flint chippings are stated to be unusually numerous, which leads to the inference that this was the site of an important implement manufactory. The presence of warehouses or shops is likewise indicated by the discovery of large stores of different kinds of grain, and of flax, in hanks and skeins, and woven or platted into articles of domestic or mechanical use. It is concluded that the lake-dwellers traded with tribes from other countries, because amber, which is believed to have come from the Baltic, has been discovered in the lakes, and also celts made of jade, a stone that is said not to occur in Switzerland or adjoining localities. The copper and tin, too, it may be presumed, were procured from foreign soil. These metals, however, need have been brought from no great distance, being native to Austria. Travellers who have visited the Tyrol are not likely to forget how portions of that beautiful region are defaced by copper-mining operations.

A considerable advance in civilisation is implied when a race becomes acquainted with the use of metals. Especially must this be so when an alloy like bronze is produced by the knowledge of blending tin and copper in due proportions. Apparently it is uncertain whether the Stone and Bronze Ages in Switzerland were continuous, or whether they were separated by a line of demarcation. Circumstances, however, seem to attest that the Neolithic gradually merged into the Bronze Age. The metal tools, for instance, are often mere repetitions in form of the earlier stone tools, and, as previously stated, implements of both materials are found intermingled. The lake-dwellers, as a matter of course, may themselves have discovered the art of working in metals, or a friendly tribe may have peaceably imparted the acquirement, or a conquering race in the Bronze Epoch may have appropriated the island-homes of their vanquished opponents. And anyway, a section of the lake-dwelling community would probably continue to patronise stone implements after the introduction of metal, there being always the temperaments that cling to the past, as well as those that are eager to forego the old for the new, and cut themselves adrift from all which their fathers held dear.

In these days few are unacquainted with the facts that there

are tribes now in the Stone Age, and that the usage of living in huts built above the water still prevails in various parts of the world, and has been customary amongst ancient races other than the primitive Swiss. As seems fitting, Herodotus, "the father of history," who was born 484 B.C., is said to have first mentioned lake-dwellings, when he described a Thracian tribe that inhabited such homes in the region now called Roumelia. Remains of aquatic abodes have also been detected in England. Even in the River Thames, near London, piles, the supposed substructure of dwellings, have been discovered, with a number of flints, celts, and skulls of a pre-historic type. Lake-dwellings likewise have existed in Scotland and Ireland. However, they were not raised upon piles, but upon artificial islands composed of a framework of beams and posts, and successive layers of small trees and sticks—a form of foundation extremely rare in Switzerland.

Necessarily there is a great difficulty in determining with an approximation to accuracy the antiquity which may be ascribed to the Swiss lake-dwellers. Their origin and their passing away are alike lost in the mists of a vague far distance. We are entirely ignorant of their forefathers, and it is vain to question if they were a tribe of the phantasmal Aryans, who had wandered thus far from their home in Central Asia. There appears to be no reference by the ancient classical writers to natives of Helvetia who lived upon the water instead of upon the land, although some authorities consider that the Swiss lake-dwellings had not ceased to exist at the commencement of the Christian era.

Many facts, however, prove that the time which has elapsed since the first lake-villages were founded must be estimated not by hundreds but by thousands of years. The works of art are frequently buried below a great thickness of mud ; and a more significant proof of an indefinite age is the circumstance that piles, which originally were above the water, are now many feet beneath peat. Climatic influences are known to affect the rate of increase in peat-moors, but under conditions of moderate degrees of temperature scientific observation has noted that their growth is exceedingly slow. It has been computed that ten to thirty feet of peat in Denmark (in which were found pre-historic works of art, and trees that had flourished in a temperate climate) may have been sixteen thousand years or more, and must have been at least four thousand years, in forming. A higher antiquity than this, by several thousands of years, is attributed by a French scientist to the peat that we see piled up in stacks as we travel through the valley of the Somme in Picardy. Indeed, the growth
states Sir C. Lyell, is so inappreciable, that men empl

this substance declare that no cavities which they have made or discovered have ever been in the slightest extent refilled during their lifetime. But this distinguished geologist also remarks that caution is needful in attempts to estimate the age of relics by the amount of overlaying peat, seeing that peat-bogs have burst and overflown, and deposited as much as fifteen feet of bog-earth upon adjacent districts. Still, Nature oftener works "without haste and without rest" than by cataclysms. Thus we may venture to infer that, after allowing for a past somewhat milder climate, Switzerland peat-mosses have in all likelihood been very gradually formed.

Then the lake-dwelling epoch itself was far from transitory in duration. A dateless number of centuries is testified to by the piles of the earliest age being worn down to the surface of the mud, whilst those of a later period project above it. And not a few, but very many, generations must have been occupied in building the villages, of which some 200 have already been discovered. A single settlement is believed often to have comprised 300 huts, containing about 1,000 inhabitants. We read that the village of Wangen, on the Baden side of the Boden See, covered twenty-five acres, and rested upon 40,000 piles; and it is reckoned that no less than 100,000 piles supported the little town on Lake Pfäffikon, at Robenhausen, near Zurich.

And there is a proof which is perhaps the most conclusive of all in favour of the high antiquity of the Swiss lake-dwellers, viz., that indisputably they lived in a warmer climate than their present countrymen experience. For, associated with their memorials are remains of the water-chestnut, which is now indigenous to lakes on the south side of the Alps only; and the plants they cultivated show a connection with those that flourish in the countries of the Mediterranean. It seems likely that this difference in climate was caused by Switzerland having been less elevated during the Stone and Bronze Ages than it is now. To some extent we are all acquainted with statements referring to the subsidence and elevation of land. The whole of Denmark, we are told, is being upheaved at the rate of two or three inches in a century. And apparently men of science are agreed that a climatic change, through any reason, is almost invariably brought about by exceedingly slow processes.

Nor is it only what we read of long-ago physiographical alterations in Switzerland. The tourist, with but limited scientific knowledge, can see for himself that this enchanting country has had a chequered career, in common with other and more prosaic regions of our planet. Pieces of shale that we procured near Chamounix bear the impress of the Neuropteris, a fern of the

Carboniferous period, and belonging to our coal measures. Therefore it seems to tell of a time when semi-tropical heat reigned in this now-a-days glacial mountain-valley of Savoy. And whilst sojourning in the Oberland, the proprietor of one of the wayside stalls—that so disfigure the most frequented parts of Switzerland—importuned us to purchase some fossil sea-shells that appeared to be the self-same species which a few weeks previously we had found in the blue gault on our own Kentish coast. The gault is stated to occur in the Swiss Alps, and its presence there not only reveals the former dominion of the ocean, but, being a rock of recent formation, it emphasises the teaching of geologists that these loftiest European mountains are young in the world's history. Thus, geologically speaking, even the earliest lake-dwellers are comparatively modern, albeit, from a human point of view, they lived in a far-removed vanished past. The latest conclusions of naturalists and archæologists seem to assign an antiquity of 5,000 to 7,000 years to the lake-dwellings of Switzerland's Stone Age, and to those of its Bronze Age an antiquity of 3,000 to 4,000 years. These computations, the result of much patient investigation, demand our respectful attention, but not of necessity our unquestioning credence, for the date of prehistoric man waxes and wanes, and is a decidedly movable epoch with scientists. There is every reason, however, to conclude that even the oldest Swiss lake-dwellers are greatly nearer to these times than to the age when their cave-dwelling Palæolithic predecessors hunted the reindeer and extinct species of animals from the Pyrenees to our own country, which was then probably ice-coated and formed part of the Continent, or was separated from it only by frozen straits.

To many of us living in this somewhat undiversified sea-girt country the name of Switzerland alone conjures up entrancing visions of hoary riven peaks and snow-clad heights; of gleaming glaciers; of lakes, mountain-encompassed and clear as crystal; and of mighty rushing torrents and eddying streams. Were all the first inhabitants of this beautiful land insensible to the loveliness that surrounded them? Was there no seeing eye to note the mountains bathed in radiant noontide sunshine, or smitten with the roseate hues of the dawning or the close of day? And in the stillness of the night, watching the solemn march of the stars, did no poet-spirit seem to hear the music of the spheres? Who can tell now? The history of the Swiss lake-dwellers is to be deciphered only from the long-entombed simple relics of their household. They have left behind them no majestic monuments to spe[illegible]
of hopes and aspirations.

BRAINS AND INCHES.

"EXCEEDING tall men have ever very empty heads," writes Lord Bacon. Thomas Fuller says more warily, "Often the cockloft is empty in those whom Nature hath built many storeys high"—a metaphor seemingly borrowed from Bacon's "Nature did never put her precious jewels into a garret four storeys high." Compare Fuller's moderate "often" with Bacon's sweeping "ever" and "never," which surely smack of some personal ill-will. Can it be that the "wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind" was dealing a side thrust at Elizabeth's tall favourite, my Lord of Leicester?

Meanwhile there needs no ghost to tell us that both Bacon and Fuller were men of middle height. But now Balzac steps forward in cap and bells to give us the same "old dog in a new doublet"—"Tous les grands hommes ont été petits," says he, and we defy all England to translate that phrase—it bears too many meanings. It may mean that the tallest of the tall once wore long clothes; or that the greatest of great men was once small enough for a cradle; or—but "that way madness lies" for us; hence we leave it to the clear-headed reader to thread his way through this maze of double meanings, and lay bare the full depth of Balzac's jovial depravity. It fogs us.

But through the fog we dimly discern his intention to "say ditto" to Bacon and Fuller. For he forthwith proceeds to cite cases in proof that the men of few inches are the men of much brain, and it pleases us to note that the rich dole of "breadcrumb kneaded up with milk" which filled *his* upper storey offers a striking contrast to his stunted stature—five feet two.

Like himself, Balzac's list of little great men is very short, but to lengthen it is as easy as lying; nay, to a truth-loving man far easier. Confucius, we learn from a back number of this magazine, was a man of middle height. We should have preferred him short. But one must not rob a man of his inches to fit a theory. Socrates was stumpy, also St. Paul, and Alexander the Great, great only as a warrior. In stature, both he and his far more intellectual father, Philip of Macedon, scarce reached middle height. In this regard

we may rank them with the famous Spartan general, Agesilaus ; with Attila, the "Scourge of God"—broad-shouldered, thickset, sinewy, short ; with Theodoric II., King of the Goths, of whom Cassiodorus writes : "He is rather short than tall, somewhat stout, with shapely limbs alike lithe and strong." Aëtius, too, commander in chief of the Roman troops, and prop of the tottering Roman Empire in the days of Valentinian, was a man of low stature ; therein resembling Timour the Tartar, self-described as a "puny, lame, decrepit little wight, though Lord of Asia and Terror of the World ;" also the great Condé, and his pigmy contemporary Marshal Luxembourg, nicknamed "the Little" by those who admired him for making Louis the Fourteenth Louis the Great ; who, by the by, less his high-heeled shoes and towering wig, dwindles to about five feet six. But even thus pared down to the inches Nature gave him, he was a giant compared with Sir Francis Drake and with Admiral Keppel—"little Keppel" as every sailor in the fleet fondly dubbed him from pure love and admiration. Whereby a tale, if but to break the jog-trot of this catalogue. When, then, Keppel—a commodore at twenty-four—was sent to demand an apology from the Dey of Algiers for an insult to the British flag, he took so high a tone that the Dey exclaimed against the insolence of the British king for charging a "beardless boy" with such a message to him. Replied the beardless boy, "Were my master wont to take length of beard for a test of wisdom, he'd have sent your Deyship a he-goat."

Oliver Cromwell, Claverhouse, and Mehemet Ali must be content to take it out in brains, for they all lacked inches. Two of these great names naturally suggest that of another famous soldier and usurper, Napoleon Buonaparte. *Le petit Caporal*, as his men lovingly called him, stood about five feet (French) in his stockings, say, five feet one and three-quarters English. In stature, the Iron Duke beat him by about six inches, while the five feet four of Nelson place him midway, or thereabouts, between the victor and the victim of Waterloo.

Everybody knows that a scratch crew is one raked together at random by way of makeshift. Well, this—though the fruit of years of raking—claims to be nothing better than a scratch catalogue. We have not read everything—improbable as that may seem—nor can we remember a tithe of that "not everything," nor easily arrange the fragments that consent to stick "in this distracted brain." But, if the reader will kindly forgive our gross neglect of ch
order, and blink the glaring gaps in our begga
we will strive to make amends by leading

bare names into the refreshing pastures of anecdote. We shall start, however, with a stumble; for our skittish jade of a memory jibs at the name of that ancient sage who, though of great renown, carried so little weight of flesh and bone that he durst not face a capful of wind without ballasting himself with his own tomes. To plug this gap we note in passing that tradition paints Æsop as a misshapen hop-o'-my-thumb, and that Bocchoris, King of Egypt, who far surpassed all his predecessors in wisdom and statecraft, was a mere dwarf. Turn we now to the story which tells how Pope Eugenius IV., needing an architect, begged the loan of one from Cosmo dei Medici, Duke of Florence. That shining patron of art and learning sent him the illustrious Brunelleschi, armed with a letter of introduction thus worded: "The bearer is a man to move the world." "*You* move the world!" cried the Pope with a scornful glance at the puny, stunted, ill-favoured letter-bearer. "Yes, *I*, if your Holiness will but grant me a spot whereon to plant my lever," replied Brunelleschi, "cribbing," no doubt, from Archimedes, but with a readiness of wit which surely merits praise. Anyhow, the story clearly entitles us to class Brunelleschi with Balzac's great little men.

Anecdote for anecdote, maybe, some will prefer the one which points to the conclusion that another world-famous architect—Sir Christopher Wren—resembled the smallest of British birds not in name only. Staying with Charles II. at that monarch's Newmarket hunting-lodge, Sir Christopher heard him complain that the rooms lacked height. "Pardon me, Sire," he broke in, "to me they seem high enough." "Ay, and to me, too, *now*," replied the Merry Monarch, crouching till his buttocks nearly touched the floor. For this king, who "never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one," would have made two Sir Christopher Wrens.

And here we get a glimpse of an exception to the rule. For who can believe that lanky Charles lacked brains? *Could* a brainless man, even to save his neck, have framed that crushingly witty answer to the fore-quoted "sting" of Rochester's epigram: "My acts my ministers', my words my own"? We pack it tight to fit this parenthesis. Besides, everyone knows where to find the *ipsissima verba* of the witty king whose many feet have led us so far astray. To return to the track—from the exceptions to the rule—we claim the poet Terence as a man of middle height and eke of slender build. The ideal poet is lean. Not so Horace, a sleek fat little fellow; yea, so little that Augustus's pet name for him was *lepidissimus homuncio*—so fat that writes the Emperor, "though you lack inches, you lack

not paunch." Virgil, indeed—confound him!—must pair off with the grand exceptions to which we are coming; only, they *will* thrust themselves upon us in this churlish fashion. As a rule, we insist, poets run short—of cash, of course! albeit Virgil—out upon the rascal!—stands accused of £2,000,000. But poets, in the main, "run short" in the sense in which gardeners thus speak of dwarf plants. Among these rare plants of the garden of literature we find Milton shortish, like his revered master Edmund Spenser and his bosom friend Andrew Marvell; whose poetic merits, by the way, have been marvellously overlooked. Dryden's dumpy figure earned him the nickname of "Poet Squab." Sir John Suckling was a "slight-timbered man of middling stature," Pope a pigmy of four feet six, Voltaire a mere manikin. Voiture and Scarron stand out, in their own lively pen sketches of themselves, as a pair of uncomely Liliputians; though how many of his few inches the latter may have lost by the surgeon's knife, we know not. Neither "Night Thoughts" Young, nor Goldsmith, nor Tom Campbell, nor Leigh Hunt had any inches to spare.

"And those anecdotes?" Dear reader, thanks for your patience. We will try to keep faith with you. Poet Ambrose Philips—from whose name Pope coined the word "namby-pamby" and stuck it on Philips's style—prided himself on his personal appearance; yea, and in that age of knee-breeches he boldly wore bright red stockings, over which Pope, of course, made merry. In truth, the vanity of Philips was of that frank, robust description which disarms dislike by tickling one's sense of humour. Witness the scene reported by Spence, who tells us how Philips, Congreve, Swift, and others began to discuss the character of Julius Cæsar. Presently, quoth Philips, "What sort of a person do you suppose him to have been?" "A small, thin-faced fellow," said one of the company. "Ay," rejoined Philips; "for my part I should take him to have been a lean man, of pale complexion, very neat in his dress, and five feet seven inches high." To this exact description of Philips *by* Philips, Swift promptly replied, "And I should take him to have been a plump man, none too neatly dressed, in a black gown with puddingbag sleeves, and just five feet eight and a half inches in height." An outline sketch of Swift by Swift! "And that's the humour of it."

The foregoing story has a natural pendant which we lately unearthed, and which, though irrelevant to our theme, 'twere a sin to suppress, "flat burglary" as ever was committed! In the early days of the French Revolution, Mirabeau—ugly and pock-
was dilating, in Talleyrand's presence, on the diver-

to a leader of free France. "He must be brave, well born, wise, eloquent, prompt, and——"

"And pitted with the small-pox, eh!" added Talleyrand the sly to this list of qualities with which Mirabeau so modestly credited himself.

Unless jade Memory misleads us, we were among the bards when we wandered from the subject to quench the reader's wholesome thirst for good stories, or rather, to give him what we deemed his due. To the bards we now return, and to their brevity—we speak of their persons, not their poems. Milton, we have said, was shortish; but lives the man who ever reached the end of "Paradise Lost"? Still, parts of it are beautiful, and some of his shorter poems beautiful throughout. Hence 'tis but one stride from him to Shakespeare. But what of Shakespeare's height? Strange! No one seems to have cared to take his measure; they say that no one can. Perhaps his tailor's order-book might throw some light on the question of his inches. But where is that order-book? It escaped the microscopic eye of the minute Malone, a little bit of a fellow, whom one loves for his worship of Shakespeare, and for his saying that he felt thankful to the man who told him that Milton wore shoe-buckles. Thanks, busy little bee of a Malone! But for thee that interesting little fact might have gone to Lethe's wharf with Shakespeare's height.

In this dearth of information one thing seems sure—that Shakespeare was neither noticeably tall nor noticeably short. Else Greene, or Nash, or some other of his detractors, would have taken care to let us know it. From Shakespeare we pass to Michael Angelo, poet as well as painter, sculptor, and architect. He was considerably under middle height. Richard Savage was shortish. But who now reads Savage?—or even Dr. Johnson's life of him, in which alone he can be said to live? And since we have stooped to this low level, let us here note that Robert Bloomfield, the once much praised author of the once widely read "Farmer's Boy," stood exactly five feet four without his boots.

With Byron we rise in more than one sense. For he stood five feet eight in his stockings—a liberal allowance of inches for a poet. But his friend Tom Moore redresses this disturbance of the average. Moore never reached five feet, save in his verses, the first of which, by the by, he published under the pen-name "Thomas Little." And when at length he doffed the mask, some impudent wag hailed the change with the undeniable assertion, "Moore *was* Little, and little *is* Moore." We trust that Mr. Swinburne, the nightingale of our nineteenth century "singing birds," will forgive us for branding him as every inch a poet, even to the fewness of his inches.

Glancing back over our band of shortling bards—we beg to apologise to Cowper for overlooking him in the crowd, along with Metastasio, Crabbe, and Savage Landor—Cowper barely reached middle height. His name recalls Byron's harsh description of him, "that Calvinistic madman," which we accept merely by way of easy transition to the great French Reformer, John Calvin, as *we* call him; Cauvin as he calls himself. Chauvin, by the by, is but a variation of the same name—a very common one in France; hence chosen by the French caricaturist, who in the first decade of this century satirised his countrymen's Gallo-John-Bullism by putting their brag into the mouth of his imaginary Chauvin, and thus enriched his mother tongue—and indirectly ours—with the word *chauvinisme*. In for a penny, in for a pound! To this long digression, therefore, we add that Chauvin—hence Cauvin—obviously means Baldling. Well, the most eminent bearer of the name was a very little man.

One would like to know the height of Zwinglius, the great Swiss Reformer. But, failing that, we must content ourselves with his description of Erasmus, for the sake of seeing whom he journeyed to Basle, and found him "stunted, thin, ghost-pale, and hollow-cheeked." And in a letter to Erasmus, penned after Zwinglius returned home, he writes: "*Et corpusculo hoc tuo minuto, verum minime inconcinno, urbanissime gestientiem te videre videor*;" which, for the sake of the lady readers of the "Gentleman's Magazine," we venture to English, "And I seem to see thee, with that tiny—though anything but ungainly—little body of thine, bearing thyself most courteously." Clearly the brevity of Erasmus must have been something uncommon, thus to have tickled his correspondent's fancy. Turning to Martin Luther, *clarum ac venerabile nomen*—among Protestants, of course—we find him a man of medium stature; while his henchman, Melanchthon, the theologian of the Reformation, was a mere mite of a man.

One can hardly class Erasmus with the Reformers. 'Tis well known that he stood neutral between them and their sworn foes. Hence we must rank him rather with the great prose writers; though certainly not on a level with the greatest. For these are the creators—poets who have declined the fetters of verse—"makers," to call them by that old English equivalent for "poet," which I deem them fully entitled to share, the power to create being the poet's gift by pre eminence. High among these choice spirits stands Cervantes; but he did not stand high in his stockings. Witness the following interesting portrait

"Profile aquiline, hair chestnut-coloured, brow smooth and open, eyes merry, nose hooked but shapely, moustache large. This and the beard silvered. They were pure gold twenty years ago. Teeth nothing to boast of; I have but six, three in sorry plight, and all ill-set. Stature, neither tall nor short, but of middle height." Could mere pen portrait be clearer?

Lest we forget him, we will here wedge in Henry Beauclerc, the author king—the first of the Henries. Whatever his rank in the republic of letters—where, says Theodore Hook, *sovereigns* there are none—Hume describes him as strong, well-proportioned, and of middle stature.

Rochefoucauld, author of the famous "Maxims," gives a portrait of himself as full and clear as Cervantes', but we can't in conscience do him equal honour with the author of "Don Quixote," by quoting his self-portraiture. Enough that this middling author was of middling height.

Therein we may pair him with Isaac Barrow, Dick Steele, Horne Tooke; but Godwin, author of "Caleb Williams" and "Political Justice," is described by a grand-niece of Mrs. Barbauld's as "a *little* old man, with a clever striking face, and polite, almost cringing manners." So Lord Jeffrey, and his more famous brother Scot, Carlyle, were little men. The latter has bequeathed us the following graphic description of the still shorter Adolphe Thiers, whom we may class at pleasure either among orators, authors, or statesmen:—"Close-cropped bullet-head, *now* almost white (1850); laughing little hazel eyes, jolly hooked nose, and most definite mouth. Short—five feet three at most—swells slightly in the middle—soft, sausage-like on the whole; and ends neatly in fat little hands and feet." Ah! would the historians but stoop from their stilts to sprinkle their pages with pen-and-ink portraits in that style, why, then, the compilation of an article like this were mere child's play to the writer and pure nectar to the reader.

In one of Mrs. Carlyle's letters she speaks of "poor little Dickens running about the stage"—of his private theatre at Tavistock House—"and twisting his features into all sorts of shapes." But my impression, founded on personal observation, is that Dickens did not stand under five feet nine in his boots. If I err, many persons still living can set me right. The first Lord Lytton—better known as Sir Bulwer—was about five feet six; Anthony Trollope about five feet ten; John Stuart Mill about five feet eight and a half. Mr. Gladstone, a very voluminous author, must be about five feet eight. Lord Beaconsfield's height I should reckon at five feet nine. But

in his case, as in those of Gladstone, Mill, and Trollope, I judge solely from the impression left on my own eyes. That great classical scholar, the late Dr. J. W. Donaldson, scarcely reached five feet six. Lord Macaulay, as described to me by a lady who knew him, was "a dumpy little fellow, without"—I rather shrink from this addition—"the slightest trace of a gentleman in his aspect." Of Douglas Jerrold's inches let the following story tell:—One night at a certain Strand tavern, a well-known haunt of the literary Bohemians of the period, Jerrold kept pestering the over-busy barmaid for a glass of brandy-and-water—"the hot, the brown, the strong." At last came his turn to be served, and as the buxom Hebe handed him the steaming jorum, she sauced it with the friendly warning, "There you are, you tiresome little man; now mind you don't tumble into it and drown yourself."

"Most of us scribblers look best on paper," a grandson of Jerrold's once remarked *to* me. I humbly trust the remark may be true *of* me. Else—but no matter! Height and good looks—though useless to a writer as such—are great helps to a barrister. A fine presence makes a favourable impression, especially on a common jury. Hence, other things equal, you may back the longest gentlemen of the long robe to win the great Woolsack stakes. We feel sure that Lord Chancellor Chelmsford—a six-foot Adonis—owed his success far more to his striking personal advantages and his punctuality than to the brightness of his brain. Nor was the late Sir John Karslake—with his six feet two—called "Handsome Jack" for nothing. Would it be high treason to say that his great and tall rival on the Western Circuit, the present Lord Chief Justice, found *his* six feet no hindrance in his race to eminence? Meanwhile, we freely admit that he carries brains enough to make him an exception to Lord Bacon's sweeping proposition; and, *as* an exception, we drop him and haste back to the general rule. Spite of what precedes, we shall find that many great lawyers have been men of few inches. Passing over the great Lord Somers as a man of middle height, we light on the nervous couplet in which Dryden paints the outer as well as the inner man of Lord Keeper Shaftesbury:

> An eager soul that, working out its way,
> Fretted the *pigmy* body to decay.

Then an amusing passage in our old friend "Boswell's Johnson" comes in pat to yield us an inkling as to the height of Lord Chief Justice Camden. "I told Dr. Johnson," writes Boswell, "that one morning when I went to breakfast with Garrick, who was very [illegible] intimacy with Lord Camden, Garrick accost[illegible]

did you—did you—meet a little lawyer turning the corner—eh?' 'No, sir,' said I. 'Pray, what do you mean?' 'Why,' replied Garrick with feigned indifference, 'Lord Camden has this moment left me. We have had a long walk together.' Quoth Dr. Johnson, 'Well, sir, Garrick talked very properly. Lord Camden *is* a *little* lawyer to associate so familiarly with a player.'" Poor, envious old Dr. Johnson! You never could forgive your old pupil "Davy" for his dazzling success.

The late Sir Alexander Cockburn—not a great judge certainly, but one of the greatest of advocates—stood about five feet six in his boots, and Richard Lalor Sheil—another great forensic orator—was shorter still; while Lord St. Leonards—that burning and shining light on the dark subject of Real Property Law—may pair with his great little successor on the woolsack, Lord Westbury, nicknamed "Little Bethel" from his conspicuous lack of inches.

Indeed, the silver-tongued Bethel was shorter even than the silver-tongued Samuel Wilberforce, in whom—and in whom only—he met his match in the wordy warfare of the House of Lords. And "S. Oxon."—true, he died Bishop of Winchester, but he will live as *the* Bishop of Oxford—stood about five feet three with his socks on. We *doubt* whether his father, William Wilberforce, could boast even that short measure of inches. But we *know* that a dear old friend of ours—now at rest—who had seen and listened to him on the hustings, described him as a mere shrimp of a man whom you might easily have mistaken for a baboon in rusty broadcloth, till he opened those magic lips whence the speech flowed sweeter than honey.

Here we glance at our notebook in sheer despair. The cry is, "Still they come." "What! will the line stretch out till the crack of doom?" Then, in parallel column with these Liliputian brain-giants, marches a longish file of long exceptions that threaten to make a yawning breach in Balzac's rule. Hither trots little Johnny Russell; but by his side stalks big Bobby Peel. Bulky Belisarius scowls at us, and, pointing to little Frederick the Great, seems angrily to protest, "I also won many a battle with my brains. If you doubt it, ask my imperial master, Justinian." We admit the justice of his claim; whereupon Charles the Great begs to assure us that, though he owed his nickname mainly to his giant frame, he deems himself quite as good a man in every way as his great little grandfather, Charles Martel, and a far better man than his dwarf of a father, "King Pippin." We yield rather than contest the point, at the imminent risk of betraying an ignorance of history worthy of William Cobbett himself. Seemingly we must have voiced that

thought. For now up springs that most combative of authors, and wrathfully exclaims, "Call six feet short, or *me* a fool?" And with that he hurls his "Advice to Young Men" at our head, scornfully exclaiming, "There! Read that, and see what *I* think of your short men!" This kindles a merry twinkle in the eye of sweet-tempered, humour-loving, six feet Scott. But tall, gaunt Wordsworth fails to see the fun; while lofty Thackeray "smiles superior," and casts a scornful glance at Balzac, who calmly murmurs, "Thankless thief!" And now they come upon us in a rush—these tall exceptions. "You forgot me. Was *I* brainless?" shouts Constantine the Great, and marches past, quite eclipsing poor little Titus, about the best and shortest of the Roman Emperors. "And you forgot *me*," cries Edward Longshanks. "And me," shouts his grandson, the English Justinian.

Tertius Edwardus fama super æthera notus,

the gallant hero of Sluys and Cressy. "And *me*," chimes in a towering figure, full six feet three, "George Washington at your service." This nettles us, and we retort, "We don't deny you brains. But *you* forgot your own inches when you sent that order to your London tailor, describing yourself as a man of six feet." Then Admiral Duncan, the hero of Camperdown, marches by as large as life—with six feet four, and with him, but one inch shorter, comes old Sir James Gordon, the last, though not the least, of Nelson's famous captains. Next comes Dutch William—tall and spare—the last of England's great monarchs; and behind him, in "most admired disorder," James Thomson, armed with his "Seasons," Dr. Johnson with his "Dictionary," Schiller, Goethe, Cardinal Mazarin, Lord Bolingbroke, William Longland—nicknamed "Long Will" from his own height, not from the length of his "Piers Plowman"—Sir Hans Sloane, Sir Samuel Romilly, "Jock Campbell," Chief Justice and Chancellor, with a whole tribe of lanky lawyers of renown following in his wake; and Audubon, the eminent ornithologist, and Turgenieff—a mountain of a man—and Longfellow—the fellow of his name—and Abraham Lincoln, with both the Pitts, and Charles Kingsley, and Coleridge, and Edward Irving; and how many more tall fellows full of brains we know not, but more than enough to make Bacon feel he never spoke a rasher word than that which heads this rigmarole.

"*Medio tutissimus ibis.* Better shun extremes," quoth Fuller sententiously.

"They sometimes meet," said Balzac, pointing one forefinger at Scott and t'other at himself "Still, I contend that genius generally

houses itself in dwarf tenements. Look at our friend J. M. W. Turner yonder, and David Garrick, and——"

"Cut it short, like *me*," interrupted Cleopatra, pertly.

"I am of a just stature," remarked Queen Elizabeth,[1] "yet Sir Walter—I mean *Scott*—accurately describes my figure as tall and commanding. It follows from the premises that my kinswoman, Mary of Scotland, was too tall."

"By a *head*!" suggested Egypt's Queen. "Well, short or tall, it seems a woman may have wits enough to fool the men."

"Much depends on the length of her nose," observed Blaise Pascal.[2] "Half an inch off yours, madam, would have changed the face of the world."

"Say, rather, off Wellington's nose," grunted Napoleon.

"*I* never tried to fool the men," quoth Madame Roland, "yet I lacked neither brains nor inches."

'Ditto! ditto! ditto!' echoed Madame de Sévigné.

"Ditto! ditto! ditto!" chimed in Joan of Arc, darting an indignant glance at Voltaire, and drawing herself up to her full height, which made her a fair match for poor Mary with her head on.

"And I flatter myself that I, too, employed my talents to better purpose," quoth a little chit of a body who turned out to be Charlotte Brontë.

"Say what you will," cried Balzac, "your long, lanky men lack *go*!'[3]

"Stuff!" cried Cobbett.

"You've shifted your ground," added Thackeray.

"Why, look at that lazy fellow Thomson, fit tenant for his own 'Castle of Indolence.' Then there's your great Dr. Johnson, as idle as he could hang together. Witness his own confessions."

"Sir, you're impertinent," roared the Doctor. "Moreover, sir, you're illogical—which is worse, if worse be possible. For you jump to your preposterous conclusion by generalising from isolated instances. And when you presume to point a moral with *my* name, I utterly deny——"

"Oh! Doctor," murmured a brisk little woman whom we at once identified as Mrs. Thrale-Piozzi, "remember what lectures you used to read poor me touching the necessity of sticking rigidly to the truth. Nay, then, heaven only knows what you might have achieved had you given your gigantic intellect fair play. But still a lazy dog you were, on your own showing and on mine."

[1] Her very words to Sir James Melvil.
[2] A quotation from Pascal's *Pensées*.
[3] A quotation from Balzac's *Béatrix*.

Softened by the lady's flattery, the Doctor abandoned his intention of giving Monsieur de Balzac one of his tightest hugs. And up spoke Sir Joshua Reynolds: "Obviously, height is not incompatible with great activity"—(here he bowed to Admiral Duncan, Lord Camperdown)—"nor yet with genius of the rarest stamp"—(a bow to Sir Walter Scott)—"yet, on the whole, I lean to the opinion of M. de Balzac, that the little fellows are the fellows for work. At least, I feel sure that every inch added to my own five feet six would have diminished the activity of my brush."

"Possibly," remarked Dr. Johnson, "but I wish that rogue Burke were here to give us his views of the whole question."[1]

And though we might not all be prepared to "say 'ditto' to Mr. Burke," who would not echo Dr. Johnson's wish?

PHILIP KENT.

[1] A quotation from a snatch of his table-talk preserved, not by Boswell, but by "Nollekens" Smith.

JUNE DAYS IN WYE-LAND.

HIGH up amid the mountain fastnesses of Plinlimmon, the watershed of at least three rivers, the Wye rises at a spot known as "The Rest on the Stones." It is but a sparkling stream which splashes delightfully over its rocky bed, wandering in irregular fashion down the mountain-side, and fed by numerous tributary rivulets such as the Bidno and Marteg, from among the Welsh hills of Cardigan, Radnor, and Montgomeryshire. The waters gradually gather to form a single river; Llangurig is the first village on its banks, and a few miles lower down the wild scenery culminates in a succession of deep salmon pools with foaming torrents leaping in rapid descent to create the "Falls of the Wye" above Rhayader, which is the first point on the river accessible by railway from the outer world. Thence to the Severn estuary the Wye flows through undulating pastures intensely green in the fresh verdure of summer; through deep clefts where the water has carved a narrow course, and where ancient castles crown the rugged heights, to the sea a hundred miles below. Thousands of English folk who are perfectly familiar with Rhineland utterly neglect the readily accessible Wye, which, if the scenery is on a smaller scale, fully equals the beauties of the more famous rival. Anglers alone know the peaceful surroundings of the upper Wye; there are hindrances in the way of navigation even for small boats amid the shallows and rapids, and people will not trouble to map out the details of a tour so close at home: hence it comes that the splendid river valley is comparatively unknown to English people in general and the world at large.

Some fifteen miles from the miniature falls at Rhayader, where the salmon leap and burn trout abound, the Wye, after passing the strangely named Strata Florida, reaches Builth, an old Welsh town grandly situated amid an amphitheatre of distant mountains. The views are fine and varied, and the expeditions almost endless. Within a few miles lies the secluded glen of Aber-edw, suggestive of Bettys-y-coed, in North Wales, or a Highland glen of the wildest description. The entire locality is impregnated with the traditions of

the great chieftain Llewellyn. Here he fought a terrific battle, or there he was slain at the old bridge: and yet another site marks the grave of the Welsh hero Prince. Like William the Conqueror, in Normandy, his relics turn up on every side.

From Builth to Hay, Hereford and Ross, the Wye passes through a more open country, the stretches of river being almost entirely devoted to fishing. From Three Cocks Junction an excellent road follows the river by Whitney and Boughrood. Although there is no right of waterway, canoes can get down from Builth. A correspondent in the "Field" lately stated that at one place only, near to Hay, was permission refused to paddle by the salmon fishermen, so that he carried his boat along the bank for a mile and a half. Clifford Castle, founded by the Norman Knight FitzOsborne, Earl of Huntingdon, stands boldly on the rising ground overlooking the Wye, before we reach Hay. The river passes from Brecknockshire into England at a place called Rhydspence. Offa's Dyke, that great Saxon rampart which defended the Welsh border from Chester to the Severn, can be traced at Byford in the same neighbourhood as the remains of the Roman settlement at Kenchester. From Hereford to Symond's Yat, viâ Ross, a distance of forty-four miles, I have seen a Canadian birch-bark canoe, propelled by three paddles, travel easily within the day.

From Ross to Symond's Yat a boat drawing nine inches can be rowed in three hours. The fine old ruin of Goodrich Castle stands overshadowing the right bank, an hour's pull below Ross. The wild beauty of the gorge increases at every turn, some degree of skill being requisite as the successive rapids are shot. At Lydbrook, for example, and at Kerne Bridge, the navigation is intricate, sunken rocks blocking the main portion of the channel. Large masses of the floating flowers of the white water crowfoot here and there entirely choke the river. I paused to examine a fragment of the floating weed. Small crustacea and annelids infested the plant, affording an unlimited food supply for fishes lurking below. Some large dragon-flies were just feeling their freshly developed wings over the weed in midstream. The strange larva with hammer-shaped head and formidable proboscis might still be found by careful search amongst the willow roots fringing the bank. Yellow sallies and alders, dear to the heart of fly-fishermen, deftly skimmed the surface of the stream, and the abundance of fish food seemed to explain why the Usk and Wye trout are satiated soon after the great rise of blue duns in April. In the interest of angling many of the weeds should be cleared away; the food supply is too plenteous in the river

Symond's Yat (*i.e.* gate, or barrier) is formed by solid limestone rock effectually barring the direct course of the Wye. To avoid the natural obstruction, the river has made a bend of four or five miles, doubling back upon itself in a great horseshoe, the intervening neck of land being little more than a quarter of a mile across. It is well to land outside the barrier in order to walk through the dense woods by footpaths zigzagging up the rocks to the top of the Yat. From Lydbrook Station (the junction of the Wye Valley and Midland railways) there is a magnificent walk on the top of the Coldwell rocks to Symond's Yat, through shady woods which border the precipitous escarpment of the Wye cliffs as far as the great horseshoe bend. Rare flowers thrive in these woods. Beneath the beech-trees the white Helleborine (*Cephalanthera grandiflora*) and the Bird's Nest Orchis (*Neottia Nidus-avis*) grow in full vigour, together with stray specimens of the round-leaved winter green (*Pyrola rotundifolia*), the Butterfly Orchis and other attractive plants. We are on the extreme border of the Forest of Dean, which occupies the neck of land between the Severn and the Wye. The real forest extends here for many miles, green drives leading through wild oak woods in all directions on the left bank of the Wye. In olden days the wooden war-ships of England were constructed from the timber of the Forest of Dean, and a good portion of the forest was thus effaced. Through the woodlands it is little more than four miles to the Speech-house, and a bridle path leads from the river valley to the Druidical loggan stone, known in these parts as the Buckstone. In primitive days the sacred rites connected with such erections were sufficient to preserve them from injury. Nowadays the pendulous stone has to be cemented at the base to prevent ill-usage at the hands of holiday trippers. A few years ago, the Buckstone was rolled down the hill-side by some heedless visitors.

Descending to the river-side village at Symond's Yat, there is a charming little hotel for those who care to spend a day or two amid the pleasant woodlands, deep down in the gorge of the Wye. The fishermen may be seen skilfully paddling among the rapids in their frail coracles, sculling right or left with one hand as occasion demands, whilst a fly is thrown with the other hand. I have seen a well-known keeper in these parts cleverly catch his grilse on a light rod in this manner. Presently he landed on the grassy bank, placed his coracle over his head, and marched away with his fish to the hidden depths of the woods beyond, for all the world like an ancient Briton in the days of Saxon England. Traces of ancient races, indeed, exist on every side. Tumuli crown the hills on the

Monmouthshire side of the river, and distinct traces of Roman ironworks are found in the valley. The ironstone was obtained from lateral shafts driven into the very ribs of the hills. The smelting was of the rudest description, the iron-bearing material being simply enveloped in clay and imperfectly fused in fires frequently replenished with timber logs. The slag, invariably containing a large proportion of iron ore, was used in the construction of the Roman roads throughout the western district. The old material is often unearthed on the roads, some four feet from the present surface. In the neighbourhood of Symond's Yat the refuse and clay has actually been collected for re-smelting according to modern methods with remunerative results. The stalactite caves, a mile below Symond's Yat, are, perhaps, disused iron workings, for the ferruginous cliffs reveal the presence of iron oxides. Several springs issuing from the rocks beneath the "Severn Sisters" possess powers of incrustation, and are commonly known as petrifying springs. A little farther down lies the deepest salmon-hole, some fifteen feet from the surface. It is dead water, with rapids both above and below, known to the salmon netters as "Martin's Hole."

Last May (1891) has been the best month that the fishermen have experienced on the Wye, as far as netting is concerned, for several seasons. In one week fifty fish were taken by one set of nets between Symond's Yat and Lydbrook. Not even the most experienced fisherman can anticipate the fitful migrations of the salmon. After several bad seasons on the Wye, the fish have arrived in considerable quantities. The careful experiments made in Norway by Mr. Archer with marked fish seem to prove conclusively that the same salmon return generally to the same haunts after a short visit to the sea. Off the fjords they roam for a hundred miles or so seawards, probably remaining near the coast. What the food supply is during that period of eight or nine weeks is an unsolved problem, although it has recently been suggested that salmon shed their teeth after returning to inland waters. A salmon parr cannot live in salt water until it has developed the smolt scales. Then the young fish descends to the estuaries to change with incredible rapidity into a grilse. On the second migration to the sea a young salmon in eight weeks will gain as many pounds in weight. What is the food consumed during this season? Almost every fish that is netted or otherwise captured has an empty stomach; the food is said to be ejected from the mouth directly a salmon is surrounded by a net. On one occasion an angling authority (Pennell in the Badminton volur

net throw up a quantity of young eels. In British Columbia a smolt has been found inside a river salmon. Last year, on the South Devonshire coast, I saw a large salmon leap from the water driving a heavy shoal of sand-eels before it, in the same way that pike often chase young fish in fresh water. Within the last month (June 1891) a salmon received from Grimsby on being cut open was found to contain half-a-dozen small sea fish of the sardine or young pilchard kind in the stomach. All this evidence tends to the conclusion that salmon feed extensively and voraciously on immature fish. The suggestion that some of the teeth disappear when the salmon enter the rivers is not without interest to ichthyologists, for in the elucidation of this point may be the key to the true feeding habits of its kind.

Most of the Lower Wye salmon are taken with seine or stop nets, but in June two fine fish were caught the same morning with a fly by a gentleman fishing the broken waters by the railway viaduct between Symond's Yat and Welsh Bicknor.

Leaving Symond's Yat, where a few days can be spent in the most enjoyable manner, our boat glides easily down to quaint old Monmouth in an hour and a half, passing through exquisite scenery. The grey limestones are half hidden by gnarled yews growing in the most impossible situations among the cliffs. A good deal of the foreground is fringed with beech-woods, and the silvery light of the bushes of white beam affords an agreeable contrast to the sombre yew and tender green of the young beech shoots. It is the rest of complete change, and the life of the woods is all-absorbing. Rare birds make a home in the thickets, the silence being broken only by a chorus of song. It is so wild on every side that one expects to see herds of deer amongst the bracken, boars and wolves in the silent glades. As late as the fourteenth century Langland, the monk-poet of Malvern, speaks of wolves still lingering in Malvern Chase, and beavers still flourished in the western country. The cattle were wild, as those at Chillingham still are, and peregrines, night herons, kites and buzzards, preyed on the unprotected before the reclamation of marsh and forest lands. But this is all a dream ; we live in a utilitarian age. Forests have well-nigh disappeared, and the indigenous fauna becomes beautifully less: the war of extermination progresses with relentless energy. Cereals flourish where reed-covered meres gave shelter to the bittern or the crane ; the bustard has been driven from the plains. If I lived now by the side of the Wye I should want to keep tame otters by the river, trained to catch fish in the tidal part of the stream. Bishop Heber, in his Indian journals,

describes the manner in which these animals are kept in readiness at the water's edge, being attached to stakes by the river bank. In parts of Wales otters are now so trained; and a few are habitually used for fishing purposes in Radnorshire. The great drawback is that in captivity all otters seem to develop a peculiar delicacy which rapidly kills them off.

All the way from Symond's Yat to Tintern the oarsman must beware of sunken rocks and rapids. At Redbrook the channel is intricate, whilst at Bigsweir there is a sudden fall of four feet. The boat appears to be on the brow of a hill; suddenly she darts downwards, the nose of the boat going underneath the stream unless an exactly true course is steered. In some places a boat-hook is necessary to keep her head straight. As we approach Tintern there is a shallow which often hinders the passage even of the lightest boats. On one occasion, when the bows had run hard on a shoal, a good-natured friend sprang out on to the islet to free the craft by pushing her head back into the proper channel. He accomplished his purpose, but before it was possible for him to re-enter the boat, she had dashed off in the swift race, leaving a passenger stranded in mid-stream. To return with the boat was impossible, so nothing remained but to wade either to the right or left bank. People shouted directions to him from the shore which were utterly lost in the roar of the foaming waters. There was not depth of water sufficient to swim ashore, nor could a foothold be maintained amongst the slippery stones of the stream. Twice he failed in an attempt to wade through, risking his life on each occasion; in the end an ignominious rescue was effected by means of a flat-bottomed punt. "Oh yes," one of the country folk observed by way of consolation, "several have been drowned at this spot."

The placid vale of Tintern, with the glorious Early English ruin nestling deep down amid the hills, creates a longing for the peaceful life of the mediæval monk, secure from the turmoil and burdens of a too-busy world. Wandering through the roofless nave, where velvet turf has taken the place of stone paving, a glimpse is revealed of past ages, and we may enter into the spirit of the monastic days, when the monastery was the centre of all culture and the abbot a territorial magnate. Through the chapter-house and the cloisters towards the river-side we reach the kitchens of ample dimensions, the buttery, and cellars. The commissariat department was by no means neglected by the jolly monks. The transcriptions of ancient chronicles, the illumination of missals, and

to occupy the main r

lands, the orchards, and the farm supplied the necessary exercise. To relieve the yoke of ecclesiastical discipline and the routine of monkish duties, there were surely the chase of venison and the ample stock of fish in the Wye to tempt those of sporting inclinations. No salmon laws hindered the piscatorial monk; the river was simply at their mercy, and many a noble salmon must have fallen to the fixed engines of the fraternity. I am not sure that some of the stone breakwaters running out into the stream, and now used by the salmon fishermen in the working of the various kinds of nets, were not originally constructed by the monks, to assist them in the more ready capture of their prey. Even under the modern conditions of society, I am not certain that if Tintern Abbey could be adequately restored there would not be found many men ready and eager to abandon the turmoil of the world to seek a regular and quiet life in the cloisters of the abbey, enjoying the fellowship of collegiate life without the return to a monkish system. Perhaps Mr. Walter Besant could be induced to elaborate the proposal.

The drive from Tintern viâ the Windcliff and Chepstow is equally beautiful with the rest of the Wye. The same characteristic of the foliage are found, thousands of yews covering the limestone with patches of white beam, beech, oak, and other timbers. A ridge of Scotch firs, visible as a landmark from the distant vale of the Severn crowns the Windcliff, from which seven counties can be seen. A path descends the face of the cliff, through shady woods, by the famous Moss Cottage, almost to the gates of Piercefield Park, which flanks the river banks to Chepstow, as fine a drive as could well be pictured. Chepstow, with its ruined Castle overlooking the river occupies a semicircle following the bend of the Wye. Just beneath Brunel's hideous high-level bridge there is a remarkable fault in the limestone rock. The tide at Chepstow is one of the highest in the world, ranging from 35 to 50 feet, according to the season of the year and phase of the moon. It is worth while to go down on the ebb tide in one of the boats employed at Beachley Point to witness the curious system of stop-net fishing in the estuary. In June the water becomes sufficiently warm for the salmon to swim near to the surface of the stream. The boats are moored to stakes broadside to the incoming tide. The pocket-shaped net is supported on a V-shaped frame, extending some 30 feet across the opening, and gradually diminishing like the pocket of a trawl. The net is let down into the river, the extremity passing beneath the boat, and being held by a rope which remains in the fisherman's hands. As the water is clouded the fish cannot see the obstruction until it has

bolted head foremost into the meshes of the net. A violent twitching of the rope reveals the capture of a salmon; the pocket is hauled up, and perhaps a 20-lb. fish is thrown into the boat to be knocked on the head and stowed away for the London market. A little knowledge of the style of fishing is required, for at the flood there is some danger of the boat being capsized unless the ropes are unloosed at the proper time. Once in the surging waters, a man has little hope of being rescued, the rush of water at full tide being something like twelve miles an hour.

If the Wye scenery is beautiful in June, I think it is equally attractive in October, when the blaze of crimson, yellow, and brown tints are suggestive of autumn on the Canadian lakes, or the mountain-sides of New England. The intermixture of deciduous foliage with the dark evergreens deck the grey limestones with every variety of tint, right into the days of early wintertide; and no two bends of the river present the same colours.

C. PARKINSON.

A PROFESSOR OF THE DRY WIT.

OF all the professors of "the dry wit"—and they are few—the one who "arrides" us the most—Elia's word—tickling our palates with a quince-like flavour, is the late Master of Trinity, Dr. Thompson, whose *mots*, quips, reflections, and, above all, irony, are really of the highest and most elegant kind. Your regular jesters—Sidney Smiths, Theodore Hooks, and the rest—are thoroughly English; that is to say, the jest is plain, "writ large," as it were, and obvious at the first hearing. But with these double-refined jesters, the hit is screened—wrapped up. You must have a faculty delicate as itself to appreciate it. It is reflected to us indirectly by mirrors. Someone said to Voltaire that a person he was always praising was always abusing him; to which he replied, "Perhaps both of us are mistaken." With some folk this might require reflection. Quin's and Foote's jests, though a little rough, had something of this suggestiveness. Some one helping himself to pudding, took it nearly all on his plate, and passed the dish to Quin. "Which," said the latter with *insouciance*, "is the pudding?" And Foote's ready reply to the caution, "Your handkerchief, sir, is hanging out of your pocket," was of high merit, both from the surprise and for the cordial way in which the caution was accepted: "Thank you, sir; you know the company better than I do."

But, as I have said, the "dry wit" is rare indeed, and we can boast barely any professors of it. No pastime is surely more dismal than reading through what are called "jest books," collections of "good things," and the like. They are perfectly bewildering from their "flatness." The only entertainment imparted is wonder at the obtuseness of the collector—at the sort of mind he must possess to see anything amusing in such things. We should like to take a candle, and say, with Charles Lamb: "Allow me, sir, to look at the bumps of your head." Mark Lemon, a professional salaried joker, prepared such a work for "The Golden Treasury" series, and we read with wonder the dull things he sets out as "bits of humour"—which seemed to *him* bits of humour. And if we turn over other collections

—formed by very capable men—we shall find the same subject for astonishment, namely, how persons who could appreciate a fair jest could at the same time admire dull platitudes.

This Master of Trinity, and also professor of "the dry wit," was an unassuming character, greatly relished by his acquaintances and by those dependent on him. From familiarity they learned to interpret his tones, cadences, glances, as being all part of the language of the dry wit, and supplementing it as it were. This was the reason of that rather extravagant appreciation of his favourite admirers who clarioned his praises. Without these accompaniments, which mere readers, or those who heard at secondhand, could not see or hear, the wit lost somewhat. He is described as being exceedingly modest, shy, and reserved. Especially when a little nervous, he had a fashion of letting his words fall into slightly sarcastic sentences, quite unconsciously. And then, we are told, the most ordinary remark made by him became an epigram. This is akin to the understanding established between a favourite actor and his audience. They come at last to know his bearing perfectly; they interpret his smallest glance, or wink, or movement; to those who are not trained it seems unintelligible. Thompson's "dry" wit is really French in its fashion and origin; it seems to take the shape of apparent toleration, agreement, or even compliment; and it requires a sort of intellectual exertion, or training, to discover the sly stroke of raillery underneath. Purely English sarcasm, as I said, must be direct, plain, and obvious to the senses, if it is to tell at all.

It is difficult to select, or to give a preference, where all is so good. Perhaps the best pattern of his style—the best and most perfect of his *mots*—is the following. Soon after the appearance of Conybeare and Howson's "Life and Letters of St. Paul," Dean Howson came down and preached before the University of Cambridge. Thompson heard the performance, and coming out of the church quietly remarked: "What a very clever man Conybeare must be!" This we have often repeated to ordinary matter-of-fact persons, who invariably took it literally, and considered it a colourless, rambling sort of speech. It might seem that he had altogether avoided giving an opinion on the subject. The form of depreciation, however, is exquisite, though remote. He does not condescend to appear conscious of the sneer he is uttering. On being reproached, or "brought to book," he might defend himself: "Well, I was only *praising* Mr. Conybeare; I said nothing whatever of Dean Howson."

In the same spirit was his re[illegible] "Lectures on History" he had [illegible]

had resigned his office, he replied, innocently enough: "I suppose he did not know any more." This, too, was finely ironical, based on the assumption that the professor was genuine, and had really exhausted all that he knew; whereas, the insinuation was that the professor had not at any time anything to say. But when a certain professor was appointed as Kingsley's successor, Thompson attended the first inaugural lecture, and being asked his opinion of it, he replied: "I could not have believed poor Kingsley would have been so soon missed!" Here was the same mechanism as in the Conybeare speech. His praise of one conveyed depreciation of another. It might have been said by Voltaire, and is a most artful and delightful form of depreciation. For both it was plain that he had a contempt, yet he indicated a preference for the bad over the worse. And again, it will be seen, he has the air of sympathy.

But this was his higher manner, or, perhaps, his highest. Sometimes his admiring friends claimed praise for what were mere smart or sarcastic sayings of the ordinary pattern. And it may be added, that there is yet a lower order of his sayings for which friends demand our admiration, based on the character of the man himself, as though everything that he said *must* be good.

Mr. Sedley Taylor, of Oxford, gives an instance of what he calls "a castigation in a delightfully compact form," which was addressed to a pupil who sought to escape punishment by a loquacious and over-acted contrition. "I am glad, sir, to find you in this state of mind, but you must be conscious that these feelings are their own reward; *you are gated for a fortnight.*" Here there is that true element of wit, *surprise*; there is the apparent acceptance of the display of contrition with satisfaction, but on a ground totally unexpected by the penitent. We can fancy how ruefully the praise was accepted.

Once accompanying a popular preacher to the church of St. Mary's, and being prevented entering by the crowd, he called out: "Make way, gentlemen, or *some* of us will be disappointed." Here, again, we have the delicate "olive" flavour. We have to pause and think this over. At first it seems a mere businesslike or official statement. But the limitation to "*some* of us," as though he were guardedly cautious not to undertake for more than a few, is the sting, and supplies the air as of deliberation and of authoritative judgment.

Another delightful fashion of his depreciation was the affecting to confess inferiority to a limited extent: the confession, however, implying much more; he admitted the truth of what he or she questioned about, but in a self-denying, qualified way. On being asked

whether he had really corrected one of Dr. Whewell's books for the press, he made answer: "Well, I certainly did run my pen through *some of the grosser blunders*." This is exquisite. While thus modestly depreciating his share in the business, he contrived to insinuate that what he did was only a beginning—that a good deal more might have been done, only that the task was too heavy.

There is an indefinable, delicate flavour about the following which would escape many.

"Professor Stanford," says Mr. Taylor, "when an even younger man than he is now, was thought to throw at times into the voluntaries in the college chapel Wagnerian or Brahmsian effects not altogether consonant with the severest views of ecclesiastical propriety. Having occasion to introduce our brilliant young musician to some visitor at the Lodge, the Master touched off this point with characteristic neatness and grace, as follows: "This is Mr. Stanford, organist of the college. Mr. Stanford's playing always charms and occasionally astonishes; and I may add that the less it astonishes the more it charms." The apparent courteous compliment here, with the concealed rebuke, is delightful.

Having one day noticed a brilliant young clerical Fellow of the college wearing a hat of a pronounced sacerdotal shape, Thompson is said to have remarked: "I have generally seen hats of that description on far weaker heads." This, too, is pleasantly misty, and the wearer of the hat would be in uncomfortable doubt whether a compliment was intended or the reverse. "Far weaker heads" seems an awkward phrase, but he could contend that he meant "not so clever."

There was something very original and quaint in this turn. When it was urged that a subscription should be given at an early stage of some business, he interposed: "We had better, I think, postpone this matter until we have received a subscription-list and seen what other people are contributing; for if we give now, it will happen to us according to the old adage—*bis dat qui cito dat*—'if you give *early*, you'll have to give *again*.'"

A country clergyman bewailed to him the growth of the Colenso objections. "These difficulties," he replied, "are not new; they have been frequently raised before, and *covered up again*." Here is an exquisite subtlety. It seems to me that in this distinction there is a sort of cynical neutrality. He disdained to say that the objections had been answered, or that they had been successfully asserted. They had been merely "covered up again," put aside, and, he would convey, were not touched at all. The processes of fallacy,

dishonest controversy, and artful misapplication are described or insinuated here.

I have said that the genuine admiration of his friends or his quaint accompanying manner tended to exaggerate the merit of some of his sayings. The following, it seems to me, is grotesque certainly. On one occasion he referred to a former Master as "Old Kit," and then, suddenly pulling himself up, added with an instantaneous resumption of his highest magisterial tone and manner: "I mean *my revered predecessor.*" And some one asked whether he did not find the house at Ely which he inhabited as canon of the cathedral damp: "Damp? I should think so, indeed; why, *even my sermons* won't keep dry there!"

"Happening to want a bedroom in town, he called at a large London hotel to inquire whether one was at liberty. The distribution of the bedrooms was at that time presided over by a young woman whose extreme rudeness had led to her being familiarly known among the *habitués* of the house as 'the Miss-manager.' To a polite inquiry from Thompson whether he could have a bedroom she replied with repellent curtness: 'Bedroom? No, you can't have a bedroom, the house is full.' 'Owing, no doubt, madam,' said Thompson with a courtly bow, 'to your agreeable manners.' There was nothing very striking in this.

"While making one of his nocturnal perambulations as proctor, Thompson observed a stalwart youth not in academical costume abruptly take to flight. A strenuous pursuit by his attendants having resulted in capture, the fugitive was asked the usual proctorial question with the usual proctorial courtesy. He replied in tones of scornful indifference: 'No, sir, I am not a member of your *University*; I am what *you call* a *cad*.' 'I presume, sir,' rejoined Thompson, 'it was *that* that made you *run away*.'

"At one of his college lectures a man put on to construe ran two sentences into one, and in consequence evolved, with an air of entire self-satisfaction, a meaning not merely contrary to historical fact, but even inconsistent with the laws of nature. 'That catastrophe, sir,' said Thompson, 'would undoubtedly have occurred, had it not been for the providential interposition of a *full stop*.'

"It happened that, of the two Judges going this circuit at a particular assize, the elder was reputed to have little predilection for any sermons, and therefore, probably, least of all for assize sermons. When the Master, arrayed in his academicals, presented himself in the dining-room of the Lodge, ready to accompany Her Majesty's representatives to St. Mary's, he met with the following reception

from the senior Judge: 'I see, Master, that you are good enough to propose going with us to the assize sermon. I myself am *not* going. My learned brother and I think it quite sufficient if *one* of Her Majesty's Judges attends the sermon. We are quite of *one mind*, Master.' 'And of *one soul* too, I presume,' retorted the Master."

A "Johnian Don" once asked him had he heard what a much smaller entry of freshmen they had had that year, and he answered: "Well, I did hear indirectly, for I was aware that emigration had greatly increased among the lower orders." This seems a little offensive and rather too obvious. Of one of the tutors he said: "That little man! he devotes all the time he can spare from the adornment of his person to the mismanagement of his pupils." This is of the same family as Johnson's famous retort to the bargee. An ordinary person would have said: "He devotes all the time he can spare from the management of his pupils to the adornment of his person." This is what was to be expected, but by a mere twist the Master makes it witty.

One of the best, because the most compressed and most often quoted of his sarcasms was that on some forward young men—junior Fellows: "Gentlemen," he said, "let us remember we are none of us infallible—not even the *youngest* of us!" No French wit of the first water has beaten this. The surprise is delicious—the unexpected inversion—for one would have reckoned on "not even the oldest of us."

The following, too, is good. Someone at a college dinner made a rather offensive speech, when his neighbour heard Thompson say, in a meditative manner: "He reminded me of his father." People near him turned, expecting some reminiscence of a laudatory kind, when he added: "He succeeded in being at once dull and flippant;" then, after a short pause, "no uncommon combination."

I always fancied that there was in the report here that he said "not a very common combination," which would have strengthened the notion of ironical praise. It really comes back to this, that irony, and sustained irony, is a delightful and acceptable form of humour, or *persiflage*. But the difficulty is to sustain it with an air of reality, as the effort too often slips into exaggeration or grotesqueness, and thus loses effect. It was thus that he said gravely, as though gratefully acknowledging light or assistance that had been given him, "he had never realised the full force of the expression in the Bidding Prayer, 'The inferior clergy,' until he had seen the *minor Canons* of a certain northern cathedral."

The quiet malice of the following, to say nothing of the surprise,

is excellent. An inoffensive Fellow of college had expressed ignorance of some subject. "I am surprised," he said, "that Mr. —— is not acquainted with the fact." One would expect, naturally, to follow something to the effect that he was so familiar with that range of subject, &c. Not at all. "I am surprised that Mr. —— is not acquainted with the fact, it *is so unimportant.*" How unexpected, and, it must be said, how venomous!

A writer in *Temple Bar* of December 1886 gives the best sketch we have of the Master, and tells some stories of him in the most coherent and consistent shape. He brings the awe-inspiring presence—always part of the emphasis or colouring of the jest—perfectly before us: a stately being whose boy-quailing eye, well-cut face, and fine figure—with the majesty of his position—added a dread weight and point to his sarcasms.

"My first acquaintance with 'the Master of Trinity' was made—under very awful circumstances—in the month of June 1844. (He was then known as the Rev. William Hepworth Thompson, Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, having graduated as fourth classic and second chancellor's medallist in 1832—a great year for Trinity—Lushington, Shilleto, Dobson, Thompson coming one after another, before any other college had anything to say. He had been invited by Dr. Donaldson, then head-master of Bury School, to examine the fifth and sixth forms. There we boys sat, in nervous expectation, when the door was suddenly thrown open and the great man entered. His appearance was always awe-inspiring—so much so, that a story is told of some Rugby boys, at Bletchley Junction, instinctively throwing away their cigars at the very sight of him. Well can I recall him to my memory as he stood before us that morning, when, throwing open his coat, he displayed his well-known double-breasted velvet waistcoat, and, placing his massive gold watch on the desk, for some moments regarded us, fixing his magnificent eyes on each boy successively all down the line. When he had finished, our courage was all gone, and, I well remember, I never translated so badly in my life.

"The future Master was in every way an admirable tutor, making himself really *in loco parentis* to those who were fortunate enough to have been entered 'on his side'; always ready to stand by them in trouble, provided they had done nothing to derogate from the character of gentlemen. His power of sarcasm was peculiarly effective with conceited young men; and it even operated as a check on the awful Whewell, whose manners were at that time at their very worst. Who that was at Cambridge then can forget Thompson's

lectures on the Republic of Plato, which, I am thankful to say, it was my duty as well as privilege to attend? Attended they were by men of 'all years'; even graduates and men of other colleges (an unheard-of thing) obtained leave to be present. The room was completely crowded. Occasionally a man 'keeping lecture' would come in late. Then would be shown Thompson's remarkable powers of sarcasm. Well do I remember this happening to my friend P——ll at his entrance late one morning. The lecturer, in the middle of a magnificent paragraph, paused and regarded him for some moments. At length he spoke. 'I'm afraid, sir, you have some difficulty in finding a seat. If these gentlemen will kindly excuse me for a few moments, I will go and look for my servant—who should be somewhere outside—and he will endeavour to procure one for you.' The servant duly appearing in course of time with a chair, Thompson proceeded to place it in the centre of the room in front of him, and said: 'I think, sir, you will find this a good position for hearing.' P——ll, the picture of misery, had nothing to do but to sit down. At the conclusion of the lecture, Thompson thus addressed him: 'Mr. P——ll, for *the future*, sir, the lectures will commence *at eleven* o'clock.'

"Very uncomfortable indeed did a man feel when, in obedience to the summons under these circumstances, he knocked at Thompson's door; which, occasionally, with an excess of put-on civility, he would open himself, and say: 'Good-morning, Mr. A. I hope, sir, you are quite well this morning. Which side of the fire do you like to sit? I think, sir, you will find this arm-chair a comfortable one; or, perhaps, you would prefer the sofa.' But when the miserable man was seated, good heavens! how he gave it him!"

After some disturbance in college, he sent for a suspected delinquent, when the following dialogue took place: T.: "Mr. O., pray be seated, sir. I have merely sent for you to contradict a report I have received, that you were creating a disturbance in the New Court last night." O.: "I'm very sorry indeed, sir; but some friends of mine had won the 'Pair-Oars,' and we had a supper-party and toasted the winners." T. (after a long pause): "Mr. O., sir, I am astounded! A certain class of men come up to this University for the express purpose of spending a year or two in extravagance and riot —with *these* men we well know how to deal. But, sir, when 'Honour-men' like yourself, who take high places in the College Examinations, do this kind of thing, we find ourselves completely at a loss: authority is paralysed, society is shaken to its foundation. I have nothing to say, sir! You can go"

There seems to be nothing very wonderful in this sort of *persiflag* considering the relation of the parties. The accused were, of cours helpless, and at his mercy, and it is easy to be biting and sarcasti under such conditions. Mr. Squeers, it will be recollected, indulge in this ironical vein when dealing with his wretched pupils. Som of the Master's jests seem unintelligible, but this may be the fau of the too admiring reporters, who have confused them. A when preaching to some undergraduates on the parable of th Talents he began: "Now all of *you* have one talent"—a paus "Some of you *two* talents"—a longer pause. "And some of yo perhaps *even three* talents." I cannot see the point of this—eve after the most conscientious study.

And, again. I well remember, on a certain Sunday which fe in the very thick of the general Parliament Election of 1886, hi appearing—an unique proceeding, I imagine, during his occupatio of the Mastership—in the small combination-room immediatel after morning chapel, anxious to acquaint himself with election re turns contained in the *Observer*, which had not appeared in the even ing papers of the previous day. I read these aloud to him, and the proved extremely unfavourable to the party led by Mr. Gladstone Some one in the room having expressed curiosity as to the view c the situation taken by that statesman—who had presumably bee just engaged in reading the lessons in Hawarden Church—th Master said: "I think he must have wished that the first lesson ha included the passage, 'Curse ye, Meroz; curse ye bitterly the inhabi tants thereof.'" Nor is this very remarkable. We were in conversa tion, when a gyp came up to him and announced that Dr. Whewel had just expired—the fall from his horse having terminated fatally Thompson calmly unbuttoned his coat, took out his watch, an said to me: "A quarter to five o'clock. *Now* we forget all hi faults."

PERCY FITZGERALD.

EYLAU CEMETERY.

From VICTOR HUGO.

'TWAS Uncle Louis spoke, and at his knee
My schoolboy brothers stood entranced. To me
He said with tender smile, "My child, go play."
But I stood still and listened.
"So you say
You want a battle. Well, boys, you must know
A battle is but smoke—you wake—you go
To sleep as soon as it gets dark again.
I will describe one—Eylau. I was then
Captain, and had the cross—what matters?—men
In war are only shadows, counting not.
It was at Eylau then—a quiet spot
In Russia—woods and fields—mist over all.
The regiment camped before a ruined wall;
An old church belfry through the darkness frowned
With crumbling grassy gravestones scattered round.

Benigssen gave one look—'Best quit the place;'
But 'gainst retreat the Emperor set his face,
And wintry snows lay deep upon the land.

Napoleon passed, his lorgnette in his hand.

'"Twill be to-morrow,' so the soldiers said.
Women in terror, children barefoot, fled.
I looked along the ditches pondering.
The fires were lit at night—a cheery flame
Along the blinding darkness flickering.
Gladly we gathered round. The colonel came.
'Hugo?'
'Present.'
'How many men are you?'
'One hundred, colonel.'
'Peste!'
No matter: take the entire

Get yourselves killed.'

'Where?'

'In the cemetery.'

'Parbleu! but that's the very place to die.'
I had my gourd: he drank—I drank. The breeze
Moaned through the leafless branches of the trees.
'Death is not far off, captain! As for me,
I love life—life is a reality.
However, none know better how to die
Than *bon-vivants!* I give my heart away,
But sell my skin: so let us drink to-day
To love and lady fair, and let them toll
The bell who will.'

He was a merry soul,
Our colonel!

'Yours the point they menace most.
It must be kept at whatsoever cost—
The keystone of the battle. You had best
Get wisps of straw for bedding.'

'We have none.'

'Then sleep upon the ground.'

'We'll sleep—no fear!'

'Your drummer-boy is brave?'

'As chanticleer!'

'So—that's good hearing: certes, let him crow,
And beat the charge at random, dark or light—
We must have noise when numbers lack in fight.'
I said, 'You hear, boy?' Nearly hid in snow,
He laughed, 'Ay, sir.'

''Tis indispensable,
Mind you,' the colonel said, 'you do not leave
This place till six o'clock to-morrow eve.
Budge not, alive or dead; and so, farewell.'
I gave the word, and marching to the right,
We scaled the crumbling wall, and stood inside
The sombre cemetery, dark in night,
The little mounds of gravestones, scattered wide
Reminding of sea waves. The snow was deep.
Our cloaks in tatters, we lay down to sleep.

We slept well—sleeping is to practise death.

At dawn I woke—upon my lips the breath

Was icy, something soft weighed down my eyes:
It seemed a grave from which I had to rise.
The snow had wrapped me round from head to feet
In tender whiteness, like a winding-sheet.
A bullet passing roused me. 'Ho!' I said,
'Sound the reveillée!' Head rose after head
Out of the snow.
'To arms!' a sergeant cries.
The dawn rose red in depths of inky skies,
And looked like bleeding lips. When morning breaks
In war, 'tis very often Death that wakes.

At first a truce of silence reigned around:
'Twas but a signal shot upon the ground
That passed me by. The music at a ball
At first some vain and careless notes lets fall.
The night had iced the blood within our veins,
But thoughts of battle warmed us. On the plains
The silent armies lay. For us the fight:
A handful upon which the enemy's might
Was safe to fall. Along the wall we stood,
Each for a step prepared to pay in blood.

In hot haste came the battle: on the air
Six hundred iron mouths poured thunder there,
And flung their lightnings forth from hill to hill.
My drummer beat the charge, and trumpets' blare
Gave answer. Shots upon the cemetery
Rained down as if their purpose was to kill
The tombs. Scared birds from out the ruins fly,
The tower and crumbling belfry circling round;
And I remember one shot tore the ground,
And started from his bier one lately dead,
As if awakened by the earthly din.
And then a darkness worse than death set in:
Nothing was seen but smoke that pall-like spread
And covered round the battle: over all
The snow fell in a steady, ceaseless fall.
I saw my soldiers ranged against the wall
Like spectres: 'twas a grim and ghastly sight—
Pale ghosts above, and underneath—the slain.
Whole villages in flames upon the pl-
They looked in distance lik-

To us, it seemed as if some shadowy hand
Had seized us and entombed. At intervals
Into the night of gloom a phantom falls.
Till six at eve! the order burnt my brain.
'Morbleu! We shall not have the chance again;
Let us advance,' my young lieutenant said,
And then a bullet took him!
There had spread
A feeble light, but nothing yet was clear,
And nothing sure save that we waited here
For shot and shell to fall upon our head.
The Emperor had set us mid the tombs,
But why we knew not, mark for balls and bombs,
And all we had to do was just to try
Till six o'clock at even not to die.
I raised my sword and swung it round my head,
And shouted 'Courage!' I was blind and mad
With rage. Then suddenly my right arm fell,
The sword lay at my feet; I lifted it
With my left hand, and called out jestingly,
'You see, my friends, 'tis only fair and fit
To give both hands a chance!' Jests do no harm,
For soldiers grumble if they lose an arm,
And sometimes are not half displeased to see
The chief a little wounded. Suddenly
The drum ceased beating. 'Fool, are you afraid?'
'No; but I'm hungry.' As he spoke, the land
Was shaken as with earthquake, and a cry
Went hoarsely up to Heaven. *Victory!*
Bleeding, I dragged myself upon my knee
And, dazed and fainting, echoed 'Victory!
Stand up who live!' The drummer answered 'Here!'
The sergeant 'Here!' and now the lights burnt clear.
The colonel came, his red sword in his hand.
'By whom was won the day?' I cried. '*By you.*
How many of you live?'
I answered—'Two!'"

C. F. MEETKERKE.

IMITATORS AND PLAGIARISTS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

NEXT let us look at Shakespeare. Everybody knows the spiteful passage in which the cantankerous Greene refers to the "upstart crow, beautiful with our feathers, that, with his *Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hyde*, supposes he is able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, is, in his owne conceit, the only *shake-scene* in a country." There can be no doubt that in his early years of dramatic authorship he recast, rewrote, and revised the writings of his predecessors and of some of his contemporaries.

Farmer was the first critic who recognised the fact that some of the Shakespearian plays were not written originally by the master. Steevens, in his time, printed six old plays from which Shakespeare had borrowed the general plot, but he was content to indicate those expropriations, without showing how their rude prosaic sketches were transformed into noble poetic creations; how the original of Sir John Falstaff is hinted at in the old drama of "Sir John Oldcastle"; how Greene's romance of "Dorastus and Faunia" is developed into "The Winter's Tale"; how the "Rosalind" of Lodge suggested the beautiful Arcadian dream of "As You Like It." Shakespeare's method of working may be traced in "Twelfth Night." There he has woven together two separate threads. The romantic loves of Viola, Olivia, and the Duke, he borrowed from "The Historie of Apolonius and Silla" in Barnaby Rich's "Farewell to Militaire Profession" (1581), while some additional details and the names of some of his characters he obtained from the English version, then extant, of "Gli Ingannati" (The Deceived).

The plot of "Measure for Measure" he found in George Whetstone's drama of "The Right Excellent and Famous Hystorye of Prumas and Cassandra." But I pass away from a subject which has been exhausted by commentators and critics.

A glance may be hazarded at Milton.

It is certain that from the earliest ages of Christ
indulged in reveries upon the Creation of the

Paradise, and the Fall of Adam. In the fifth century Dracontius composed a "Hexameron," for which he was reprimanded by the Church, because he had neglected to sing the seventh day on which the Creator rested from His work. In the following century, Avitus, Archbishop of Vienne, sang of the Creation, the Fall of Man, and the Deluge; while Cædmon composed a singularly noble poem on the Creation, known as the "Paraphrase." And this is how he sang of the fallen Star of the Morning a thousand years before Milton:

> Satan discoursed, he who henceforth ruled Hell,
> Spake sorrowing.
> God's angel erst, he had shone white in Heaven,
> Till his soul urged, and most of all its pride,
> That of the Lord of Hosts he should no more
> Bend to the word. About his heart his soul
> Tumultuously heaved, hot pains of wrath
> Within him.
> Then said he, "Most unlike this narrow place
> To that which once we knew, high in heaven's realm,
> Which my Lord gave me, though therein no more
> For the Almighty we hold royalties."

Cædmon's fine composition, in which so lofty a note is struck, was well-known from the sixth to the twelfth century; after which it fell out of the people's memory until the middle of the seventeenth, when F. Junius, a philologist of note, obtained a manuscript copy, and printed it at Amsterdam, in 1655, without notes or translation. The elder Disraeli compared the Old English text, word for word, with the Miltonic epic, and discovered some curious similitudes, which are not very easily explained, inasmuch as Milton, who had become blind in 1654 (a year before Junius's publication, and four years before he began his "Paradise Lost"), did not know the Old English or Saxon tongue.

Nearer the time of Milton, this subject was treated very frequently, and no doubt with his precursors one part was more or less familiar. It is said that the French Mystery of "The Conception," of which Les Frères Parfaits have given an analysis in their "Histoire du Théâtre François depuis son origine" (1745), offers some remarkable resemblances to passages in "Paradise Lost." Milton seems to have done little more than translate the speech of Lucifer to his subjects.

In the first half of the sixteenth century, the macaronic poet Folengo presented on the stage at Palermo dramatic spectacles representing the Creation of the World, the Contention between the Powers of Good and Evil, the Garden of Eden, the Fall of Man, and other events in Genesis history.

Again, in 1590 Erasmus of Valvasma published at Venice the "Angeleida," an epic in three cantos, on the struggle between the good and bad angels. It would seem to be from this composition that Milton drew his infelicitous idea of the celestial artillery. There is said to be an unfinished Latin poem on the same subject by F. Taubmann, who died in 1615.

Milton probably made use of Drayton's religious poems of "Noah," "Moses," and "David and Goliath" (1620); and, perhaps, of the Latin poem of Zaroti, "Angelorum Pugna" (Venice, 1642); and the dramas of "Lucifer," "Samson," and "Adam," by the Dutch poet, Joost van den Vondel (1587–1650). During his Italian travels, our great poet was present at a performance of the "Adamo" of G. B. Andreini, a Mystery in five acts and irregular metre, interspersed with choruses and songs (Milan, 1607, reprinted at Venice, 1808). In this wretched affair the principal characters are the Eternal Father, Adam, Eve, and the Archangel Michael, Lucifer, Satan, and Beelzebub, and there are also choruses of Seraphim and Cherubim, of fire-spirits, air-spirits, water-spirits, and demons. The Seven Mortal Sins also figure in it, with the World, the Flesh, Hunger, Vainglory, and the Serpent. The second scene of the first act is a monologue of Lucifer on perceiving the Dawn of Day; and in its movement and thoughts it remotely reminds the reader of the famous Apostrophe to the Sun in the Miltonic poem.

That atrabilious Scotch critic, Lauder, who, for some unknown reason, conceived a bitter animosity against Milton, adopted a singular device for the purpose of tarnishing his fame. In several works, as the "Sarcotis," a Latin poem by Mason (1654), and in the "Adamus Exul" of Grotius, he inserted numerous verses not belonging to either author, but adapted from "Paradise Lost," and then pretended that Milton had copied them! The forgeries were quickly exposed (see W. Lauder, Essay on Milton's "Use and Imitation of the Moderns," with "Refutation" by Bishop Douglas, edit. 1750). But was there ever a more scandalous plot contrived against the genius and character of a great man? It was as if an unscrupulous bravo should stab his victim in the back, and then accuse him of having stolen the dagger which drew his life-blood!

In every literature numerous examples occur of what we might term "anticipations of the masterpieces of great minds by smaller ones," who, of course, might urge in self-defence that their s[illegible] were common property, and plead the impossib[illegible] seeing that the great minds would afterward[illegible] they did no harm. Their farthing r[illegible]

the world went by unconscious. It is only "the immortal lights" that fix its gaze. There were adumbrations, as it were, of "The Pilgrim's Progress," but we read Bunyan's. There were histories of Voyages to the Sun, Moon, and Planets, but we have no thought except for "Gulliver's Travels."

Pierre de Landron anticipated Corneille with a tragedy, "Les Horaces," in 1596; and Dormion's "Festin de Pierre" anticipated Molière's by six-and-twenty years. Racine was anticipated by a tragedy called "Esther" in 1585, by an "Agrippina" in 1659; and in 1658 the Jesuits performed "Athalie" at Clermont. But Corneille and Racine "keep the field."

So, too, there were several "Henriades" prior to Voltaire's poem—among others that of Garnier, published at Blois in 1594; the "Henricus" of Quillet, a Latin poem, now lost; and the "Enrico" of Malmignati, published in 1625. From the last-named work Voltaire condescended to borrow. There is also the "Iliade Française," written by Chillac.

If we justify, or at least excuse, the masters of song for dealing, to their glory and our advantage, with subjects previously treated by "prentice hands," we have nothing but contempt for those presumptuous scribes who, in their colossal conceit, discovering defects and imperfections in the world's "monumental works," have not hesitated to amend or reconstruct them. This stupendous kind of egotism seems peculiar to small poets and smaller critics; for one never hears of a sculptor proposing to improve the Apollo Belvedere, or a painter undertaking to retouch Raffaelle's "Transfiguration." There was a man named Green, however, who aimed at bringing "Paradise Lost" somewhat "nearer the standard of perfection" by re-writing it in blank verse of his own construction! We know, too, what Dr. Bentley did with it in the freaks and follies of his conjectural criticism. As, for instance, turning the line, "No light, but rather darkness visible" into "No light, but rather a transpicuous gloom"; and, "As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole," into "Distance, which to express all measure fails." And a Madame de Boccage also recast Milton's epic from her own point of view, suggesting to a French wit the following epigram:

Sur cet écrit, charmante Du Boccage,
Veux-tu savoir quel est mon sentiment?
Je compte pour perdus, en lisant ton ouvrage,
Le Paradis, mon temps, ta peine et mon argent.

Upon thy writings, fair Boccage,
Wouldst thou my candid judgment really prize?
I count as lost — o'er each dull page--
My time, thy toil, my cash, and Paradise!

As to plagiarism proper, it seems to have flourished among the mediæval chroniclers, who, encouraged by the ignorance of their age, did not in the least scruple to pillage their predecessors. Thus, Matthew of Westminster preyed upon Matthew Paris, who, on his part, had previously robbed Roger of Wendover. Ralph or Ranulph Higden, author of the "Polychronicon," an encyclopædia of the learning of the time, has absorbed in it the "Polycratica Temporum" of another monk named Roger, yet the initial letters of his chapters form a sentence in which he asserts that he, "Ralph, monk of Chester," is "the author of this worke." Even in our day, however, we hear of people putting their own trade-mark upon other people's wares.

It is not often that plagiarists meet with a punishment so severely appropriate as that which befell the troubadour Fabre d'Uzès. Albertit de Sisteron, one of the same tuneful brotherhood, being dismissed by his lady-love, died of grief at Tarascon, bequeathing his songs to the charge of his friend Feyre de Valernas, to be presented to the Marquis de Mallespina. Instead of respecting his deceased friend's wishes, he sold the poems to Fabre d'Uzès, who forthwith sang and recited them everywhere as his own compositions. But having been detected in the imposture, he was imprisoned and soundly beaten—according to the laws of the emperors, we are told—for having so dishonourably exploited the labour and genius of the dead. Those laws, unhappily, have since fallen into desuetude.

When the Revival of Letters—that pestilent Renaissance which has been praised quite as much as it deserves—took place in the fifteenth century, the plagiarists borrowed at will among the green pastures of the Greek and Latin classics; and, as it frequently happened that only a single manuscript of some great work had survived the flood of barbarism, their immoralities were not easily detected. Aretino (Leonard Bruni of Arezzo) wrote a Latin history of the Goths, in four books; translating, without a word of acknowledgment, from a manuscript of Procopius which had fallen into his hands. But after his death, in 1444, the discovery of a second copy of the Greek historian revealed his fraud.

Petrus Alcyonus, in his treatise "De Exilio," has made free use of Cicero "De Gloria," the manuscript of which he afterwards destroyed.

Perotti, Archbishop of Manfredonia (died in 1480), proposed to credit to himself some fables by Phædrus. At least, this seems a fair inference from the fact that among some Latin fables of composition which he left behind him in manuscript, textually several passages from the Latin fabulist.

Macchiavelli acted more dexterously under similar circumstances. Possessing in manuscript Plutarch's "Apophthegmes des Anciens," he selected those which pleased him most, and put them into the mouth of his hero, Castruccio Castricani.

Barbosa, Bishop of Ugento, in 1649 published among his works a tractate "De Officio Episcopi," which he had obtained in a curious manner. A servant bringing in a fish wrapped up in a sheet of paper covered with handwriting, he had the curiosity to examine it. He was sufficiently interested (says the elder Disraeli) to go out and search the fish-market till he came upon the manuscript from which it had been torn.

Even at a later period, those authors who found their way into the Tom Tiddler's land of the ancient literature freely appropriated to their own use the gold and silver. For instance, Gilles Ménage has patched upon his own poor stuff the *purpurei panni* which he stole from the works of his predecessors. His unscrupulosity drew upon him a stinging epigram (quoted by Lalanne), in which the satirist, alluding to the Latinised name of Mademoiselle de Lavergne (Laverna), whom Ménage loved to sing *of* and sing *to*, avers he is not the least surprised at his choosing the Goddess of Thieves for his muse!

> Lesbia nulla tibi, nulla est tibi dicta Corinna;
> Carmine laudatur Lesbia nulla tuo;
> Sed cum doctorum compiles scrinia vatum,
> Nil mirum si sit culta *Laverna* tibi.

An audacious theft (says Lalanne) was committed by the Italian littérateur and savant, Louis Domenichi, in 1562. His dialogue "Della Stampa" is an appropriation from the "Marino," by Antonio Doni, published only two years before. With sublime insolence the thief broke out into three violent invectives against the man he had wronged!—in one of these actually reproaching him for his bare-faced plagiarisms. But the worst of it was that Doni, having in his time laid violent hands on Sebastian Manilio's translation of Seneca's Epistles, felt unable to defend himself. Though robbed and beaten, conscience compelled him to suffer in silence. What a lesson for all of us!

Coriolanus Martiranus, a Latin poet, who died in 1567, was the author of several dramatic compositions—of which, I confess, I know nothing. These were published in 1556, and the collection having become exceedingly scarce, an obscure versifier ventured, in 1756, to reprint it under his own name, adding certain pieces of verse which had equally fallen into oblivion. But the thief was im-

prudent enough to send a copy to Professor Volpi, of Padua, who immediately detected the imposture and lost no time in exposing it.

This most indecent form of plagiarism has frequently been practised, even by saints, for St. Ignatius Loyola, it is said, copied *verbatim et literatim* the "Spiritual Exercises" of Cisneros (Francisco Ximenes), Abbot of Montserrat, who died in 1510.

The Chevalier Ramsay, according to Voltaire, wrote the once well-known "Voyages de Cyrus," because his teacher, Fénelon, had sent the son of Ulysses over land and sea in his "Télémaque." In the same work he borrowed from an old English author, and in his description of Egypt reproduced the language of Bossuet, copying him word for word, without even acknowledging his authority. There we surely scent something like plagiarism; but when one of Voltaire's friends ventured to remonstrate with the Chevalier, he calmly replied that there was nothing astonishing in his thinking like Fénelon and expressing himself like Bossuet. There is a certain sympathy between great minds, you see!

Next we come to Father Barre, author of the "History of Germany," in two big volumes. Voltaire had just published his "Histoire de Charles XII.," and Barre seized upon upwards of two hundred pages which he inserted in his own dull work, with the oddest conceivable alterations. Thus the sayings of Charles XII. he puts into the mouth of the Duke of Lorraine. Incidents in which the Swedish hero figures he transfers to the Emperor Arnold. Voltaire's remarks on King Stanislas of Poland he repeats in reference to the Emperor Rudolph. He makes Waldemar, King of Denmark, do and say exactly what Charles XII. did and said at Bender. And so the travestie goes on. Voltaire adds, as "the cream of the joke," that a reviewer detecting this surprising resemblance between the two works, laid the blame of the plagiarism on the shoulders of the author of the "Histoire de Charles XII.," which, however, was written thirty years before the work of Father Barre. Just like a reviewer!

A "Discours sur les Mœurs," by Servant, published in 1769, was republished as his own by Bacon-Taun in 1795. And, in like manner, Janvier's poem, "La Conversation," published in 1742 at Autun, and fifteen years later re-issued by a thief named Cadott under his own name, with the alteration of a score of lines or so.

The success of Henry Mackenzie's sentimental novel, "The Man of Feeling," was very great. Eccles, a young Bath clergyman, availing himself of the circumstance that the author's name was very little known, transcribed the whole work, with erasures, corrections, smears, and smudges, and, on the strength of this manufactured

copy, gave himself out to be the author, and adhered to his pretension with so much pertinacity that Mackenzie's publishers were compelled to adopt legal measures to vindicate his claim. In our own time we have seen a similar fraud attempted with regard to "Adam Bede."

Among French writers no one has carried the profession of the literary brigand to such an extent as Madame de Genlis. In 1830 her evil ways brought her into the courts of law under very discreditable circumstances. Bout, the publisher of a series of Manuals, engaged her, for a sum of £16, to write a "Manuel Encyclopédique de l'Enfance." The manuscript, which had been paid for, was on the point of being printed, when it was discovered to be an exact copy of a book of the same kind published in 1820 by M. Dasscha. I do not find it easy to understand the audacity of a writer who would perpetrate a fraud of such enormity, or the imbecility which would suppose that it would not easily be detected. Another time she contributed to a Paris newspaper a *feuilleton* which turned out to be a close reproduction of a romance printed some twenty years before. Surely the poor woman suffered from literary kleptomania.

While the loftier and more daring pillagers have not scrupled to seize upon entire works, there have been many spirits of a timider complexion who have contented themselves with "attaching" a stray poem or two. This sort of plagiarism is so common that there are probably few English editors who have not had some experience of it. At times a touching belief is exhibited in the ignorance or carelessness of "Dear Mr. Editor." I myself have received copies of songs of Burns and lyrics of Shelley—always with a judicious erasure or two—besides copies of the compositions of obscurer writers. The French poet Guinguiné relates that he composed his (best) poem, the "Confessions of Zuliné," when a young man, and in Brittany; and that four years afterwards (in 1772), being in Paris, he placed it in the hands of Rochefort, who read it at various social réunions. It was greatly admired and freely copied, until it came to pass that it was claimed by several persons; while others, like the Duc de Nivernais, permitted it to be printed with their names attached in more than one anthology. Guinguiné had no small trouble in asserting his rights of authorship.

There is a curious anecdote (told by Lalanne). Soon after the battle of Austerlitz, Napoleon saw in the *Moniteur* an "Ode à la Grande Armée," with which he was so much impressed that, perceiving it to be signed "Lebrun," he at once despatched to Ponce-Denis Lebrun Écouchard, then well-known as a poet, a warrant for

a pension. But it was speedily discovered that the author of the ode was Pierre Pigault Lebrun, a young man of twenty, who in after years wrote some tragedies and romances ; and to him, much to the disappointment of his namesake, the pension was transferred.

In 1836 appeared at Paris a poem entitled "Saint Thomas,' which a Prussian, Lajany, described, in the preface, as the production of his leisure hours—"une rêverie émanée de ses loisirs." Yet was it neither more nor less than a poem written by Andrieux, in 1802, after the death of the *danseuse* Mademoiselle Chameroy. Out of the one hundred and seventy lines of Andrieux only one had been changed ; instead of "Vestris, Miller, Delille, et cætera" you read "Taglioni, Vestris, et cætera."

The works of great scholars as well as the writings of poets have been exposed to the depredations of the plagiarist.

Collangi's translation of the "Polygraphia" of J. Trithemius, published in quarto in 1540, was reissued at Embden in 1620,i n French and in the same size, by a Frisian named Dominique de Hottinga, who affixed his own name, and in his preface did not hesitate to speak of the hours of travail it had cost him ; never once alluding either to the author or the translator.

Pellier, or P. du Pellich, a Breton of good family, published as his own, Luinige's "Histoire de l'Origine, Progrès, et Déclin de l'Empire des Turcs" (1614). But the author was not dead, as Pellier supposed. He was very much alive, and in Paris ; and he lost no time in bringing the robber to justice.

The "Traité des Plus Belles Bibliothèques" of Le Gallois was inserted, with little abbreviation, by Limiers in his "Idée Générale des Études," which the latter published under the name of Chevigny in 1713.

In the last century, Longuerni's dissertation on "Les Antiquités des Chaldéens et des Egyptiens" was pilfered, almost word for word, by R. Simon. The plagiarism was exposed by Theynard, who published "Phénomène Littéraire, ou Ressemblance de Deux Auteurs" (1705).

Lefebvre de Villebrune, an indifferent Hellenist, who lived at the close of the eighteenth century, repeated, in his edition of Athenæus, the trick which Domenichi had played upon Doni. He copied 6,200 notes from Casaubon, and not content with doing him this wrong, heaped insults upon the learned librarian of Henry IV.

A man who, in spite of his profound ignorance, contrived to attain a great reputation as an Orientalist, the not[illegible] was one of the most impudent plagia[illegible]

numerous works which he published, either as author or editor—two different rôles which he was not very careful to distinguish on his title-pages—we shall refer only to the "Voyage d'Abdul-Rizzak," professedly a translation from the Persian. This was long accepted as an authentic version, and the best Oriental scholars regarded the book as a proof of his wide acquaintance with Oriental languages. But in 1812 M. Audiffret made a remarkable discovery; and it is now known that the "Voyage d'Abdul-Rizzak" was taken bodily from the French translation, made by Galland, of a history of Shah-Rokh and other descendants of Tamerlane, by this same Abdul-Rizzak, a translation of which two copies were to be found in the Bibliothèque du Roi. So the professed translator had published as his own work that of Galland, and to conceal his theft had removed from one of the copies those sheets which related to the travels of the Persian author, without recollecting that another copy existed, in which he had marked, by brackets, the same paragraphs. This discovery led to another; that Langlès had previously cribbed from a translation by Galland a little book which he published in 1788 with the title of "Ambassades Reciproques d'un Roi des Indes, de la Perse, et d'un Empereur de la Chine."

Another branch of our subject now invites consideration—that of Allusion, or Allusive Imitation; a charming literary embellishment when employed by a master-hand. The art of imitation is one to be carefully cultivated, for the felicitous introduction of an apt quotation is not a grace that comes by nature—it must be acquired by careful thought and assiduous practice. That of allusion, however, is still more difficult, is still more a matter of study and experience. But then it is also a much more delicate and delightful thing than imitation. For imitation, even when used by the most cunning hand, is more or less of an interruption; it checks the flow of discourse. It is, if you will, a purple patch, but 'tis a patch after all, and out of the same texture or colour as the stuff on which it is more or less ingeniously embroidered. But an allusion is woven into the very woof of the composition, and hence it neither impedes nor surprises. We may compare it to a sprinkle of spice in the loving-cup, which heightens the flavour of the wine without changing its quality.

The passing breath of a flower will recall to us all we have heard and learned about it, and send our fancy wandering far away through the wide spaces of the floral world. A couple of bars, or a few chords, will remind the musician of the sweep and scope of the masterpiece from which they are taken—of the genius and idiosyn-

crasy of its composer. In like manner a well-chosen allusion awakens in the reader's mind a living throng of thoughts and images and reminiscences. It is a kind of "open sesame," admitting him at once into the depths of treasure-caves and cells, to their inexhaustible store of precious things.

We read in Milton's "Paradise Lost":

> When the scourge
> Inexorably, and the torturing hour
> Calls us to penance.

In Gray's "Ode to Adversity" occurs a happy allusive imitation of this passage:

> Thou tamer of the human breast,
> Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
> The bad affright, afflict the best!

This I should describe as an *allusion* rather than an *imitation*. Dryden speaks of a world remote—"beyond the year, out of the solar walk." Probably Pope had his predecessor in his mind when he wrote: "Far as the solar walk or milky way;" and Gray may have remembered him when in his "Progress of Poetry" he traced the muse "in climes beyond the solar road." The idea, however, is not very recondite, and might have occurred to each poet independently. Gray, as we all know, is one of the most allusive or imitative of our poets; and, indeed, his glittering verse is often little more than a cento of exquisitely-tuned phrases, adapted from the Latin and Greek writers, from Italian, and even the writers of his own nation. The scholar will hardly impute this as a reproach; he feels a rare and genuine pleasure in following the poet in his researches in many fields; in observing with what care he selects the finest growths—in admiring the taste and elegance with which he weaves them in his own garlands. As for example:

Gray.—The attic warbler pours her throat. From *Pope.* It is for thee the linnet pours her throat?

Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart. From *Shakespeare.*

Streams like a meteor to the troubled air. From *Milton.* Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind.

Even in our ashes live their wonted fires. From *Chaucer.* Yet in our ashen old is fire yreke.

Blasted with excess of light. From *Milton.*

Rosy-bosomed hours. From *Milton.*

The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love. From the Latin.

Tennyson sometimes translates from the old classics, but phrases he takes are those which most cultivated people ar

one is pleasantly reminded of the Horatian carm

Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
Large reponens; atque benignius
Deprome quadrimum Sabina,
O Thaliarche, merum diota.—(*Lib.* i. *c*

In "Edwin Morris" the allusion is pointed by th

Shall not Love to me,
As in the Latin song we learned at sch
Sneeze out a full God-bless-you right an

This is simply a skilful adaptation from the old lc

Hoc ut dixit, Amor sinistram, ut ante
Dextram, sternuit approbationem.—(*Ca*

And in "Ulysses," "the rainy [Hyades vext adapted from Virgil's

Arcturum pluviasque Hyadas, geminosque Triones.–

While in the "Ode on the Death of the Duk is hardly doubtful but that the lines which describe crags" of Duty are scaled, originated in the foll Simonides :

ἔστι τις λόγος
τὰν Ἀρετὰν ναίειν δυσαμβάτοις ἐπὶ πέτρα

"This way and that dividing the swift mind" knows. Virgilian : and "finished to the finger-nail

In canto xi. we read: "Di tal superbia quì si paga il fio." And of such pride the penalty is paid. This has been borrowed by Ariosto in the *Orlando Furioso* (c. xxii. st. 59): "Restate olà, che quì si paga il fio."

In canto vii. of the *Inferno*, "Tutto l' oro ch' è sotto la luna," is almost literally translated by Chaucer in his "Legend of Hypermnestra":

> For all the golde under the coldé mone.

In the same canto the simile

> E'en as a billow, on Charybdis rising,
> Against encountered billow dashing breaks,

is finely amplified by Spenser. ("Faerie Queene," bk. iv. ch. i. st. 42):

> As when two billows in the Irish sounds,
> Forcibly driven with contràry tides,
> Do meet together, &c.

This cannot justly be described as a case of imitation; I should prefer to speak of it as an expanded suggestion.

Purgatorio, canto xxx. Dentro una nuvola di fiori (in a cloud of flowers).
Milton (*Paradise Lost*, bk. ix). Veiled in a cloud of fragrance.
Thomson (*Spring*). Veiled in a shower of shadowing roses.

Shakespeare has not been less helpful to his successors than Dante. We may go further, and say that no author has been more frequently imitated, no author has been found more suggestive, and no author has afforded so much scope for allusion.

I subjoin a few examples:

Shakespeare. — At the first opening of the gorgeous East.—*Love's Labour's Lost.*
In leaden contemplation.—*Love's Labour's Lost.*
To the extreme edge of hazard.—*All's Well that Ends Well.*
The winds, piping to us in vain.—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*
I'll put a girdle round about the earth.—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*
My heart to her but as guestwise sojourned,
And now to Helen is it home returned.—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*
Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?—*Much Ado about Nothing.*
The unfolding star calls up the shepherd.—*Measure for Measure.*
Each one tripping on his toe.
The very substance of the ambitious is merely the
Shadow of a dream.—*Hamlet.*
Goodness, growing to a plurisy,
Dies in his own too much.—*Hamlet.*
Do but mean yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns
That dwell in every region of his face.—*Othello.*
My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, [illegible]
If you be maid or no?—*T*[illegible]

Milton. Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand.—*Paradise Lost*, bk. 4, v. 3.
Milton. With a sad, leaden, downward cast.—*Penseroso.*
Gray. With leaden eye that loves the ground.—*Ode to Adversity.*
Milton. On the utmost edge of hazard.—*Paradise Regained.*
Milton. While rocking winds are piping loud.—*L'Allegro.*
Chapman. I'll put a girdle round about the world.—*Bussy d'Amboise.*
Prior. No matter what beauties I saw in my way,
They were but my *visits*, but thou art my *home.*
Otway. A thousand daggers, all in honest hands!
And have not I a friend to stick one here?—*Venice Preserved.*
Milton. The star that bids the shepherd fold.—*Comus.*
Milton. Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe.—*L'Allegro.*
Sir J. Davies. Man's life is but a dream, nay, less than so,
A shadow of a dream.
Massinger. Thy plurisy of goodness is thy ill.—*Unnatural Combat.*
Congreve. Ten thousand meanings lurk in each corner of that various face.
Spenser. Angel or goddess! do I call thee right? . . .
Nor goddess I, nor angel, but the maid,
And daughter of a woody nymph.—*Faerie Queene.*
Milton. Hail, foreign wonder!—*Comus.*

But in truth, in this matter of imitation, one knows not where to stop. Everybody has read and admired the couplet in Tickell's "Elegy on Addison":

> He taught us how to live; and oh! too high
> The price of knowledge, taught us how to die!

Do we not find (as Gray suggests) the original of this pretty conceit in George Sandys' "Anglorum Speculum"?—"I have taught you, my dear flock, for above thirty years, how to live; and I will show you in a very short time how to die." Thus, wherever one goes, one finds the blossoms one favours to be the growth of seedlings planted long ago by other hands.

Quoting Gray reminds me, though I have already alluded to his imitative skill, that the idea and even some of the lines of his (fragmentary) "Ode to Vicissitude" are taken from Gresset's "Epitre sur ma Convalescence"; but he has greatly improved upon his original.

I have promised that I would say something more about the allusions and imitations which Tennyson manages with such exquisite skill. These have been pointed out by several critics, both English and American, and not always in a very generous spirit; sometimes, indeed, the pretended imitations are the merest verbal coincidences, and, in not a few instances, they do not seem to be imitations at all when fairly examined. For instance, a man must have a microscopic eye to detect a case of borrowing from Shelley's "Cloud"—

I change, but I cannot die,

in the couplet from "Nothing to Die"—

The world was never made;
It will change, but it will not fade.

And life has been so often compared to a game of chess, that because Edward Fitzgerald in his "Rubaiyât" (it is more his than Omar's) describes mortals as—

Impotent pieces of the games he plays
Upon this chequerboard of nights and days,

I do not think it needful to accuse Tennyson of borrowing from him when, in his "Maud," he writes:

Do we move ourselves, or are we moved by an unseen man at a game
That pushes us off from the board, and others ever succeed?

Has not the same image been employed by Professor Huxley? It is possible that Burns's beautiful couplet,

But to see her was to love her,
Love but her and love for ever,

was lingering in the poet's memory when, in "Locksley Hall," he wrote:

Such an one do I remember, whom to look at was to love.

But the idea is not an unfamiliar one, and hints occur among our older writers. At all events, I decline to recognise any indebtedness on the part of Tennyson in the following passage ("Enone"):

Whereso'er I am by night and day
All earth and air seem only burning fire,

to Webster ("Duchess of Malfi"):

The heaven o'er my head seems made of molten brass,
The earth of glowing sulphur.

If this be imitation, no one dare write more! Compare also the following instances:

The bare black cliffs clanged round him, as he bared
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armèd heels.—*The Passing of Arthur.*

Is it possible to detect any actual resemblance here to Wordsworth's much less picturesque description?

Meanwhile the precipices rang aloud,
The leafless trees, and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron.—*The Excursion.*

Of Tennyson's assimilative method, when he s
a suggestion from a predecessor, and works it
fabric, I shall give a few instances, oft

up of the preceding inquiries a modest canon: "That great poets imitate and improve, whereas small ones steal and spoil."

From Persius (Sat. i. 39):

> Nunc non e tumulo fortunataque favilla
> Nascentur violæ?

From "In Memoriam," xviii.:

> And from his ashes may be made
> The violet of his native land.

From Archdeacon Hare's sermon on "The Law of Self-Sacrifice":

> This is the golden chain of Love whereby the whole creation is bound to the throne of the Creator.

From "The Passing of Arthur":

> For so the whole round world is every way
> Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

From George Peele ("The Arraignment of Paris"):

> So may we see for peeping flowers the grass;

(thus tersely put in "The Two Voices"):

> You scarce could see the grass for flowers.

It is a lesson in literary art, in fiction, in refined taste, to trace the adaptations and imitations which enrich the poet-laureate's matchless compositions. Nothing is better calculated to suffuse with shame the brazen face of the unscrupulous plagiarist! For of Tennyson it may be said, as Furius Albinus said of Virgil, that what he has deigned to imitate or appropriate "becomes him much more than the original owner."

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

PAGES ON PLAYS.

"KARIN."

ONCE again the dramatic event of the month comes to us from a northern source. The Scandinavian drama is playing a big part in influencing our stages and our audiences, and the latest and the strongest play that has been given in London for long enough is the work of a Scandinavian author—or rather authoress. This time it is not from Norway nor from Denmark that the inspiration comes, but from Sweden—Sweden familiar to students of the new movement as the country of Strindberg—Sweden that will be henceforward familiar to students of the new movement as the country of Alfild Agrell. "Karin" is really in its way a masterpiece—the most vital, appealing, absorbing piece that I have witnessed since the night when I first saw Miss Achurch in "The Doll's House," at the Novelty Theatre, some three years ago. From the first moment to the last the interest of the spectator is seized and held, and he follows the swift unfolding of the tragedy before him with a sympathy that is painfully intense. The tragedy is in a measure a squalid tragedy. It is one of those tragedies of the single room, those tragedies of commonplace life, of which the highest examples are to be found in "The Doll's House" and "Hedda Gabler." And really "Karin" is so remarkable a play, that it is permissible to mention its name almost in the same breath with the two great tragedies of the Norwegian master.

As to the story of "Karin." If there is one thing I dislike more than another it is telling the plot of a play. It may be laziness; very likely it is laziness. I am quite willing to plead guilty to that indictment. But as the plot of "Karin" has to be told, let me in all gratitude, and with all apologies, tell it in somebody else's words—in the words of one of my clever colleagues, who has the art of telling in a few pregnant sentences the pith and purport of a lengthy play. I feel sure that colleague will forgive me for this appeal to his assistance. I never could succe
of any of my own plays to any one.
dramatist, is in this, as in the rest, n
only fair that he should save m

"Two commanding figures occupy the foreground of the picture. Mrs. Hjerne, the stern uncompromising mother of a son as weak as she is strong, is one; Karin, her daughter-in-law, reduced to the level of a servant in her own house, the other. At the side of Karin stands her uncle, Mr. Milden, eager to champion the cause of his niece. Very skilfully is the situation exposed in the opening scenes of the play. For five years Karin has accepted the position of drudge to her husband, Oscar—studied his fancies and yielded to all his whims. Suddenly her eyes are opened to the true character of the man by the discovery of a woman's portrait which he has accidentally dropped. Meanwhile her uncle has invested for her a sum which, in conjunction with her own work, will at least place her and her little son, Eric, beyond the fear of actual want. Oscar Hjerne, however, is not only a spendthrift, but a scoundrel who has embezzled from the bank in which he is employed certain funds entrusted to his care. The fraud is speedily brought home to him, and, having learned of his wife's good fortune, he first demands, then implores, that she shall save him from dishonour by the sacrifice of her newly acquired wealth. This she declines to do, holding it better that her son should be taught to despise an unworthy father than to respect a false ideal. The scene in which Karin is thus put to the test, although long, is throughout of such sustained power, that never for an instant does the interest flag, while the action progresses with culminating force until the climax is reached in Karin's absolute refusal to accede to her husband's and his mother's request. Their subsequent threat to deprive her of her son brings about a reaction however, and, in return for her own and her child's freedom to depart, Karin signs away her little fortune. So ends a play definite in motive, skilful in treatment, and charged with profound meaning."

There is something terribly painful, terribly powerful, terribly pathetic about this extraordinary play. The mere sketch of it, before I read a line of the text, convinced me that "Karin"—to call it by its English name—was a play of no common order of merit; the reading only deepened and widened that impression; the acting finally confirmed it. On the whole, a play so well played has not been seen on the London stage for a very, very long time. The two women, whose contrasted natures and final strife have all the dignity and horror of an antique tragedy, were each rendered with a degree of artistic truth which makes it difficult to restrain the terms of well-deserved praise within the bounds of a decorous sobriety and critical reserve. As a matter of fact I do not propose to hold back my words. It is so pleasant to be able to praise unreservedly; it

is so seldom that it is possible to praise unreservedly that, when the opportunity does come, the opportunity must be made the most of. The parts of the two women are parts of equal importance, of equal difficulty. If, in some measure, the character of the old woman is what would be called in the slang of the stage a more "showy" part than the other, the interpretation of the character of the young woman calls for an amount of repression in one act, and an outburst of terrible passion in the second act, which places it in the front rank of the difficult parts that have been written in the present generation.

To begin with the older woman, the most horrible character perhaps that has been created in the modern drama. In all the gallery of marvellous womanhood that has been created by Ibsen there is no creation so terrible as this. Dame Inger of Östrat pales before her; Hedda Gabler is young: Hedda Gabler under happier stars might have been a very different woman. But this woman from Stockholm is of the tiger's breed: she is a Lady Macbeth, born out of due time; one who has realised Macbeth's wish and borne men children only. She has borne only a man child into whose veins she hoped to pour something of her own indomitable, desperate, aye, devilish disposition. I have called this a horrible character, and I have called it so advisedly. It is a horrible creation this malignant fury, the more horrible because it seems so perfectly possible, so perfectly life-like. There is only one character more hideous in recent dramatic work, and that character, curiously enough, is also of Swedish creation; I mean, of course, the unnatural, the bestial wife of Strindberg's play "Fadern." I shall have occasion to refer to Strindberg, and to Strindberg's theory of the drama, on a future occasion. For the moment it is enough to note that the two most appalling studies of womankind that have recently been studied for the stage are both of Swedish origin. The old woman of "Karin" was played by Miss Bateman—Mrs. Crowe—and was played by her with a power and a subtlety that were almost heart-breaking. It is difficult indeed to do justice to the deadly suavity, to the icy cruelty with which Miss Bateman presented this most dreadful of old women during the earlier portion of the first act, when the game appeared to be in her own hands, or the malignant hatred, the blind, brutal, choking malice and fury which overcame her and swept her away when she found that the fabric of her life was crumbling about her, and that she was impotent to stay the ruin. To watch her in two scenes alone was to learn two lessons in dramatic technique. The one was in the first act where she faces the old uncle, and listens perfectly calmly t

attacks upon her. The other was in the last act, when Karin has suddenly seized her opportunity, and the old woman, standing by the fire, is watching her, her habitually impassive face writhing with a fiendish rage and her hands clenching and unclenching in their agony of powerless loathing. There were more showy moments for Miss Bateman in the course of the play, and she took full advantage of them and made the most of them, and reaped a richly deserved applause. But to the serious student of the drama, to the lover of what may in a measure be called the new technique, those two episodes were the triumphs of Miss Bateman's creation. In the second instance especially, where she had in the ordinary sense nothing to do, and where the interest of the scene was entirely centred upon Karin, Miss Bateman's acting was so exquisitely finished, so perfectively conceived, that if any inferior woman had been playing Karin, Karin would have passed unnoticed, and all eyes would have been fixed upon the fateful, fearful old woman who stood there by the fireside and glared, and clenched her fingers in a paroxysm of repressed infernal passion.

Luckily no inferior woman was playing Karin. I have not always agreed with Miss Robins' conceptions of art; I have thought—and expressed my thoughts frankly enough—that in certain cases she, from my point of view, misinterpreted characters that were very dear to me. But I must freely and frankly recognise that in Karin Hjerne she did what it would not be exaggeration to call a great piece of work. With Karin's morality I have, here and now, nothing whatever to do; for all that the Swedish authoress is responsible. I may or I may not have certain opinions upon what is called the "Woman question," I may or I may not think that Mahommed was nearer to the true solution than Mill. But here I have little to do with all that; I have no more reason to ask whether Karin was right in refusing to sign the paper than I have to ask whether Nora Helmer was right in drawing the front door behind her on that memorable occasion. My business is solely with the interpretation of a certain character conceived by a certain Swedish authoress. And weighing that character well, I must say that I consider Miss Robins' creation is masterly. Who could have represented better the subjection of the woman in the first act? a subjection the more abject and the more terrible because it was only a masked subjection, because its tranquillity was only the tranquillity of latent insurrection; and when the moment came, when the miserable woman found at last her solitary chance for freedom, and blazed out against the male blockhead and the female fiend who had kept her so long

in torture, there was genius in the way in which the revulsion was presented, in which the weak, oppressed woman became suddenly an avenging, merciless fate. I shall not lightly forget the way in which Miss Robins uttered Karin's tragic admission that the wickedness of others had made her wicked ; in which she expressed Karin's awful powerlessness to forgive her enemies for having made her heart so hard. In all that there was a pathos so poignant that one may truly say, in the splendid phrase, that the sense aches at it. Loving womanhood shamefully marred was never portrayed with a stronger blending of infinite tenderness and terrible strength. Karin is a strange creature. If it is impossible to love her, it is also impossible to hate her ; one's senses are in a whirl, one reels from anguish at her anguish to revolt at her revenge. But in Miss Robins' creation of the part it was consistent from first to last ; to her the woman was a living reality, and she made her a living reality to us ; I must always, thanks to her, count Karin Hjerne amongst the women I have known truly well. All the elements of charm were in her presentation, beauty, weakness, heart-breaking patience, a tragedy begotten of sad stars, and, above all, a nature swift to respond to the wild primal passions of our nature, to that earliest passion of all—the passion of revenge against the thing that has hurt us, that has shamed us, that has struck us ignobly to the ground. Miss Robins has done a rare piece of work ; her creation of Karin Hjerne will live long in the memory of those who love the stage. It will be our pleasure and our privilege to keep that memory green.

Other Plays.

AFTER such a play as "Karin," it is dispiriting to even think upon the number of dismal performances with which the month has been afflicted. There have been *matinées*, like "Nadia" and "An American Bride," which really scarcely call for any serious discussion. "Nadia" had at least the merit of including Miss Olga Brandon among its performers, and Miss Olga Brandon is one of the most interesting actresses we have upon the stage at present. "Nadia" gave her little or no chance. After the first act, with its one strong repulsive scene, her part was sacrificed to make room for some "comic relief" that was as depressing as the average conventional comic relief usually is. I believe that Miss Brandon has not yet shown us all that she is capable of, and that her fine creation of Vashti Dethic, which is at present the best of her performances, does not represent the limit of her art. "An American Bride" had not

even the merit of showing to a weary audience any fine piece of acting. The only recent evening performance of any note is "Vote for Giggs," at the Vaudeville, a piece which had a certain special interest for me, for the central idea of the "Vote for Giggs," or, rather, of the French "L'Homme de Paille," from which it is adapted, is exactly the same as that of the "Deputé de Bombignac," from which another English political play was taken. The most interesting thing in "Vote for Giggs" was the appearance of Miss Mabel Love as a serious actress. She played very prettily indeed, with much spirit and a good deal of bright humour. It really was a very promising beginning.

JUSTIN HUNTLY M'CARTHY.

TABLE TALK.

Letter-writers.

As correspondents, women, by general consent, carry off the palm. To the traveller who "drags at each remove a lengthening chain," the relation of the little nothings that make up domestic life has an inexpressible charm, enabling him to fancy himself back in the beloved haunts and among the familiar surroundings. For one such communication one would under certain conditions give up the most brilliant epistolary products the world has seen. Putting apart, however, that domestic empire over which woman reigns supreme, and judging from a literary standpoint, woman maintains easily her place. Without mentioning such famous works as the correspondence of Mme. de Sévigné or Mme. d'Arblay, the recently published letters of Dorothy Osborne have exquisite charm, and those of Lady Rachel Russell, "that sweet saint that sate by Russell's side," are an acknowledged classic. Letters form, of course, a portion of the literary baggage of every literary man of the eighteenth century. When among letter-writers have to be placed men such as Voltaire, Grimm, Diderot, Walpole, and Gray, a prize for correspondence is not easily carried off.

Johnson's Letters.

THE correspondence of Dr. Johnson has not equalled in interest or value his conversation or his substantive work. As is stated by Dr. Birkbeck Hill in "The Letters of Dr. Johnson,"[1] an authoritative collection of which is published as a supplement to his fine edition of "Boswell's Life," "his letters may be good but his talk has no rival." The publication of the present edition will raise the estimate of Johnson's powers without, however, elevating him into the first rank among letter-writers, and without even planting him very firmly in the second rank. We have, no doubt, weighty aphorisms in abundance, sterling sense, and rules of life and conduct for the study

[1] Oxford: Clarendon Press.

of which the world may be better. When, however, Dr. Birkbeck Hill challenges recognition for "playfulness and lightness of touch," we hum and haw. Johnson is tender, benevolent, and courteous, and sometimes almost amorous in his letters to women, but his gambols are elephantine and his mirth seems forced. Perhaps the saddest thing of all is the proof that is afforded how the tree of Johnson's fortunes, though it rose high, was planted in the mud of Grub Street. Applications for loans continue even to his comparatively late days, and we meet with passages such as the following, written, when he was forty-six, to Richardson the novelist: "I am obliged to entreat your assistance; I am now under an arrest for five pounds eighteen shillings." A curious habit prevails with the great lexicographer of loose spelling, and he rarely fails to abridge a name which ends with a double consonant. Of Dr. Dodd, the forger, he thus writes as Dod.

Self-estimate of Johnson.

WHATEVER verdict the world may pass upon Johnson as a letter-writer, he obviously thought no "small beer" of himself in this regard. In a letter to Mrs. Thrale, written from Lichfield in his sixty-ninth year (October 27, 1777), he describes what masculine letters should be or are. In a man's letters, he says, "You know, Madam, his soul lies naked, his letters are only the mirrour of his breast; whatever passes within him is shown undisguised in its natural process, nothing is inverted, nothing distorted; you see systems in their elements; you discover actions in their motives." By such letters, he holds, "souls are united," and "minds naturally in unison move each other as they are moved themselves." Not easy is the task to fulfil such conditions. "Some," Johnson continues, "when they write to their friends are all affection; some are wise and sententious; some strain their powers for efforts of gaiety; some write news, and some write secrets; but to make a letter without affection, without wisdom, without gaiety, without news, and without a secret, is, doubtless, the great epistolick art." This Johnson claims to have accomplished. He has often praised the letters of his fair correspondent, but he says, "You talk of writing and writing, as if you had all the writing to yourself. If our correspondence were printed, I am sure posterity, for posterity is always the authours favourite, would say that I am a good writer too. *Anch' io sono pittore.* To sit down so often with nothing to say; to say something so often, almost without any consciousness of saying, and without any remembrance of having said, is a power

of which I will not violate my modesty by boasting, but I do not believe that every body has it." This is, of course, to a certain extent banter. Beneath it, however, is a conviction that I am bound to say posterity so far does not seem to share.

Posy-rings.

POSY-RINGS and ring-posies—*les deux se disent*—play a considerable part in our early literature. Shakespeare has more than one allusion to them, Hamlet in especial asking concerning the prologue to the mock play in "Hamlet," act iii., scene 2, "Is this a prologue or the posy of a ring?" The posy on Gratiano's ring given him by Nerissa was—

> For all the world like cutler's poetry
> Upon a knife, "Love me and leave me not."

To these, too, Jaques refers when he says to Orlando, "You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives and conned them out of rings?" Conservator as he is of all that is pretty, quaint, and fantastical in the customs of his time, Herrick abounds in references to rings and posies. To quote one instance only, he says in the "Hesperides":

> What posies for our wedding-rings,
> What gloves we'll give and ribbonings!

In very many of our seventeenth-century poets, including even pious George Herbert, allusions to the devices on rings are to be found. Not wholly to be confounded with the use of "posy" as equivalent to "nosegay," or "bouquet," still current in the North, is its use in this sense. It is simply, as is shown by Professor Skeat, a contraction of "poesy." "A thousand fragrant posies" is by Marlowe, and occurs in "The Passionate Shepherd." It is, however, conjectured by Mr. Wedgwood to have the same derivation, the symbolical use of flowers giving a selected bouquet the same signification as the posy of a ring. In a sense these posy-rings survive, since a ring containing stones in a certain order furnishes a word or phrase—D(iamond), E(merald), A(methyst), R(uby), E(merald), S(apphire), T(opaz)—and thus by initial letters still conveys a loving message.

Ring-posies.

COLLECTIONS of posy-rings are in various hands. I am fortunate enough to possess a book on the mottoes they supply, issued by Mr. James Robert Brown to the "Sette of Odd Volumes," among whose privately printed *opuscula* it holds a place of

honour. The subject has now come more prominently before the public since the delivery, on March 25, by Dr. John Evans, the Treasurer of the Royal Society and President of the Society of Antiquaries, of a discourse on the subject, which has been reprinted in pamphlet form,[1] and is now generally accessible. Much very curious information is supplied by Dr. Evans, not only on the ring-posies, but on posies generally. Handkerchiefs, gloves, bracelets, girdles, scarves, &c., received these rhymed mottoes, and in the "Northward Ho!" of Webster, Doll, addressing her "City Poet" Bellamont, says, "I'll have you make twelve posies for a dozen of cheese-trenchers." Rings with mottoes are found at an early date. Dr. Evans points to a beautiful Roman gold ring with the motto, "Accipe dvlcis mvltis annis," which he translates, "Accept this, dear, for many a year." He gives one also in Anglo-Saxon. As a rule, the motto is amorous. This was to be expected. Cupid has as much claim to be the god of lyric poetry as Apollo. Sometimes, however, there is an underlying touch not wholly loving. A lady who gave thus to her fourth husband a ring with the legend, "If I survive I will have five," had as much eye to the main chance as regard for her husband. The subject is not easily exhausted, and those who care to follow it further may consult this pamphlet of Dr. Evans or the "Finger-ring Lore" of Mr. William Jones, F.S.A.

"Across the Plains."

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S pictures gain in colour and in truthfulness. There is a sincerity about them the charm of which is to me irresistible. I read his later writings with more pleasure even than the earlier. See, for instance, in his latest volume, "Across the Plains," the opening sketch which gives its name to the volume. It is the picture of a journey by an emigrant train from New York to San Francisco. I do not know in this which most to admire: the delicacy and fragrance of the pictures of Nature, good enough for Jefferies, the descriptions of squalid and dishonouring surroundings on the journey, or the digressions on subjects suggested during its course. So terrible were the effects of crowding into the cars an indefinite number of unwashed emigrants that the chronicler is moved to say, "I have stood on a platform while the whole train was shunting; and as the dwelling-cars drew near there would come a whiff of pure menagerie, only a little sourer, as from men instead of monkeys. I think we are human only in regard of open windows. Without fresh air you only require

[1] Longmans.

a bad heart, and a remarkable command of the Queen's English, to become such another as Dean Swift; a kind of leering, human goat leaping and wagging your scut on mountains of offence. I do my best to keep my head the other way, and look for the human rather than the bestial in this Yahoo-like business of the emigrant train. But one thing I must say, the car of the Chinese was notably the least offensive."

Mr. Stevenson on American Place-names.

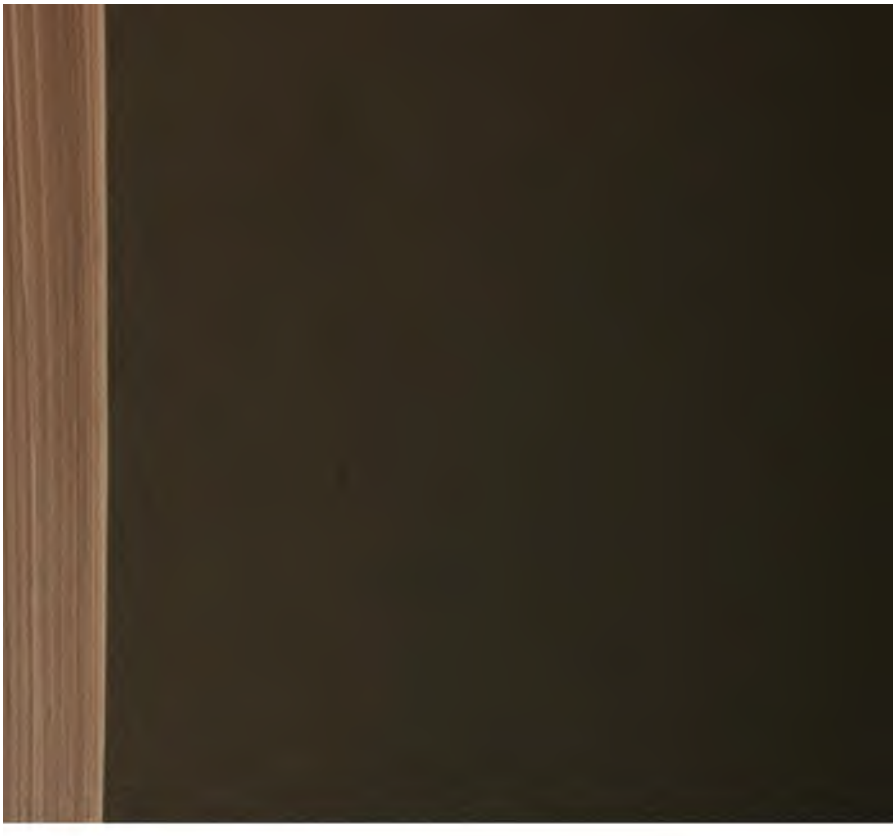
A QUOTATION concerning a dissertation on the beauty of American names will be pardoned. After dwelling on the beauty of much of the scenery through which he passed, Mr. Stevenson says: "And when I had asked the name of a river from the brakesman, and heard that it was called the Susquehanna, the beauty of the name seemed to be part and parcel of the beauty of the land. As when Adam with divine fitness named the creatures, so this word Susquehanna was at once accepted by the fancy." A few lines lower he continues: "None can care for literature itself who do not take a special pleasure in the sound of names; and there is no part of the world where nomenclature is so rich, poetical, humorous, and picturesque as the United States of America. All times, races, and languages have brought their contribution. Pekin is in the same State with Euclid, with Bellefontaine, and with Sandusky. Chelsea, with its London associations of red brick, Sloane Square, and the King's Road, is own suburb to stately and primeval Memphis; there they have their seat, translated names of cities where the Mississippi runs by Tennessee and Arkansas. . . . Old red Manhattan lies, like an Indian arrow-head under a steam factory, below anglified New York. The names of the States and territories themselves form a chorus of sweet and most romantic vocables: Delaware, Ohio, Indiana, Florida, Dakota, Iowa, Wyoming, Minnesota, and the Carolinas. There are few poems with a nobler music for the ear: a songful, tuneful land; and if the new Homer shall arise from the Western continent his verse will be enriched, his pages sing spontaneously with the names of States and cities that would strike the fancy in a business circular." Is not this well said? On the beauty of some of these names many of us have dwelt, but praise such as this is special and delightful. Passages no less beautiful abound in the volume—witness the praise of provincial France (page 110) in an essay on Fontainebleau. Not inferior are either the humorous articles or the more meditative, such as "Pulvis et Umbra." The volume is indeed enchanting.

Ouida on Sport.

ANIMALS have no more zealous or competent advocate and defender than Ouida. I am always glad to meet her on the question of the cruelty of field-sports, and I meet her once more on the ground she occupies in her recent article on "Death and Pity." At the outset this article is a eulogy of Pierre Loti, the latest Academician, and his "Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort." Before long, however, she turns to her favourite theme, and gives eloquent utterance to her condemnation of this age, "the most exacting in small things, the most egotistic, the most silly, and the most nervous which the world has seen." After dismissing the notion that we have made serious progress towards mercy to animals, and pointing to the fact that an amiable young prince, whose recent death she deplores, had during the last hours in which he enjoyed the gladness of the air and the freedom of the woods, been solely occupied in taking the life of innocent and happy creatures, reared merely to offer this miserable diversion to him and his, Ouida continues: "'Walking with the guns' has now become a favourite and fashionable feminine amusement." She pictures the women after their luncheon with rich fare and stimulating drinks returning to the scene of carnage and destruction. "The gladiatorial shows of Rome," she adds, "might be more brutal, but were at least more manly than this 'sport,' which is the only active religion of the so-called God-fearing classes." I cannot deal further with her protest, but I thank her again, as I have before, for her advocacy. Touchstone expresses his surprise on learning that breaking of ribs was sport for ladies, but it is about as appropriate an amusement as contemplating the butchery of hundreds of birds which a week before fed out of your hand.

SYLVANUS URBAN.






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